THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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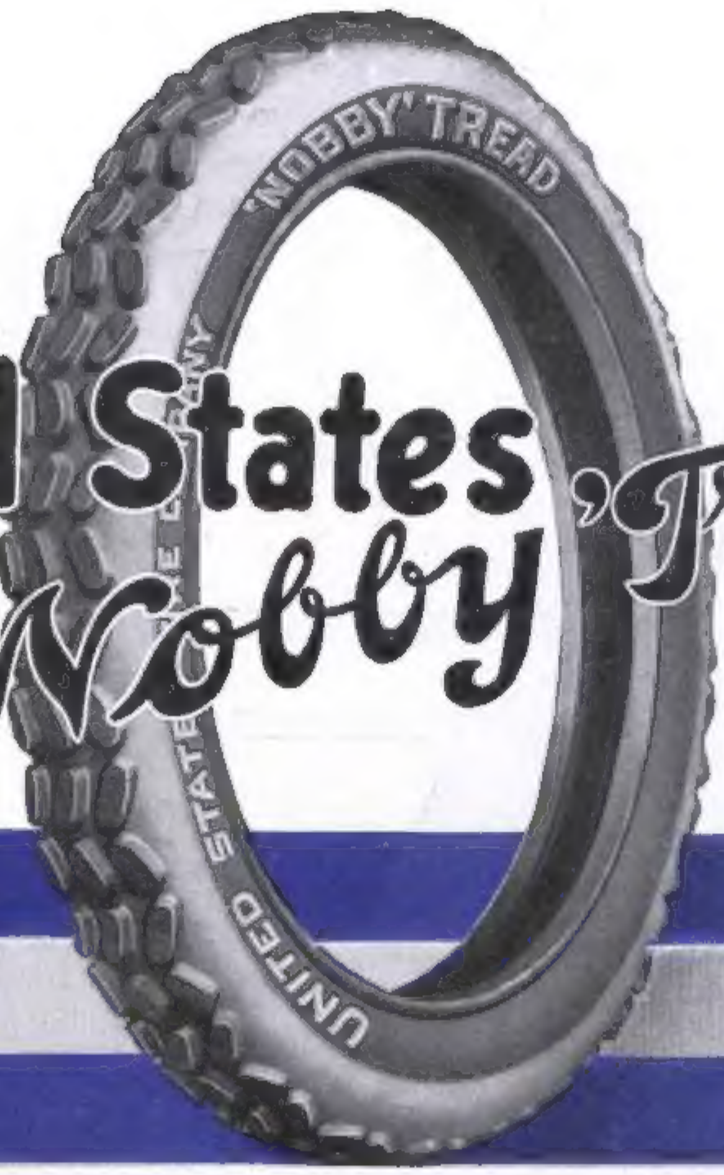
Beginning

IRELAND UBER ALLES—By Peter B. Kyne

United States 'Nobby' Tread Tires



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IRELAND UBER ALLES

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IF YOU have read previous tales of the Blue Star Navigation Company and the various brisk individuals connected therewith, you will recall one Michael J. Murphy, who first came to the attention of Cappy Ricks at the time he, the said Murphy, was chief kicker of the barkentine Retriever under Capt. Matt Peasley. Subsequently, when Matt Peasley presented in his person indubitable evidence of the wisdom of the old saw that you cannot keep a good man down, Michael J. became skipper of the Retriever. This berth he continued to occupy with pleasure and profit to all concerned, until a small financial tidal wave, which began with Matt Peasley's purchase, at a ridiculously low figure, of the Oriental Steamship Company's huge freighter, Narcissus, swept the cunning Matthew into the presidency of the Blue Star Navigation Company; whereupon Matt designed to take Murphy out of the Retriever and have him try his hand in steam as master of the Narcissus.

"They Fought the Bloodiest Draw I Have Ever Seen on the San Francisco Waterfront"

The same financial tidal wave had swept Cappy Ricks out of the presidency of the Blue Star Navigation Company—presumably far up the beach to a place in the sun, where he was to bask for the remainder of his old age as president emeritus of all of his companies. However, if there was one thing about Cappy you could absolutely bank on it was the consistency of his inconsistency. For, having announced his retirement, his very next move was to bewail his inability to retire. He insisted upon clinging to the business like a barnacle to a ship, and was always very much in evidence whenever any deal of the slightest importance was about to be consummated. Indeed, he was never so thoroughly in command as when, his first burst of enthusiasm anent the acquisition of the Narcissus at fifty per cent of her value having passed, he discovered that his son-in-law planned to order Mike Murphy off the quarter deck of the Retriever onto the bridge of the Narcissus, while an unknown answering to the name of Terence Reardon was slated for chief engineer.

Cappy listened to Matt Peasley's announcement; then with a propitiatory "Ahem! Hum! Harump-h-h-h!" he hitched himself forward in his chair and gazed at Matt over the rims of his spectacles.

"Tell me, Matt," he demanded presently, "who is this man Reardon? I do not recall such an engineer in our employ—and I thought I knew them all."

"He is not in our employ, sir. He has been chief engineer of the Arab for the past eight years, and prior to that he was chief of the Narcissus. It was Reardon who put me wise to what ailed her. She's a hog on coal, and the Oriental steamship people used to nag him about the fuel bills. Their port engineer didn't agree with Reardon as to what was wrong with her, so he quit. He assures me that if her condensers are retubed she'll burn from seven to ten tons of coal less per day."

"Hum! So you're going to give him the job for telling you something our own port engineer would have told us after an examination."

"No, sir, I'm going to give him the job because he earned it. He put me wise to the wretched condition of her electric-light plant and the fact that there is a crack, cunningly concealed, in the after web of her crank shaft ——"

"Oh, by thunder," piped Cappy, "that's worth knowing! Ship a new crank shaft, Matt, and save the Blue Star a salvage bill sooner or later."

"All that inside information not only saves us money in the future," Matt continued, "but it enabled me to drive a closer bargain when dealing with MacCandless, of the Oriental Steamship Company. Consequently Terence Reardon gets the job. He's only making a hundred and fifty a month in the Arab, and as he is a rattling good man—I've looked him up, sir—I've promised him a hundred and seventy-five a month in the Narcissus."

"Oh, you've already promised him the job, eh? Mistake, Matt, serious mistake. You say you looked him up, but I'll bet you a plug hat there is one thing about him that you failed to discover, and that is: What kind of Irish is he?"

"Why, regular Irish, of course—mighty good Irish, I should say. Keen, observing, not too talkative, a hard worker, temperate in his habits and a crackajack engineer to boot."

Cappy settled back wearily in his chair and favored his youthful partner with a glance of tolerant amusement.

"Matt," he announced, "those are the qualifications we look for in an engineer, and it's been my experience that the Irish and the Scotch make the best marine engineers in the world. But when you've been in the shipping game as long as I have, young man, you'll know better than to pick two Irishmen as departmental chiefs in the same ship! I did it—once. There was a red-headed scoundrel named Dennis O'Leary who went from A. B. to master in the Florence Ricks. That fellow was a bulldog. He made up his mind he was going to be master of the Florence and I couldn't stop him. Good man—damned good! And there was a black Irishman, John Rooney, in the Amelia Ricks. Had ambitions just like O'Leary. He went from oiler to first assistant in the Amelia. Fine man—damned fine! So fine, in fact, that when the chief of the Florence died I shifted Rooney to her immediately. And what was the result? Why, riot, of course. Matt, the Irish will fight anybody and anything, but they'll fight quicker, with less excuse and greater delight, among themselves than any other nationality! The Florence Ricks carries a million feet of lumber, but she wasn't big enough for Rooney and O'Leary, so I fired them both, not being desirous of playing favorites. Naturally each blamed the other for the loss of his job, and without a word having been spoken they went out on the dock and fought the bloodiest draw I have ever seen on the San Francisco waterfront. After they had been patched up at the Harbor Hospital both came and cussed me and told me I was an ingrate, so I hired them both back again, put them in different ships, slipped each of them a good, cheerful Russian Finn, and saved funeral expenses. That's what I got, Matt, for not asking those two what kind of Irish they were. Now, then, sonny, once more: What kind of Irish is Terence Reardon?"

"Why, I don't know, I tell you. He's just Irish."

Cappy lifted his eyes to the ceiling as if praying for the great gift of patience.

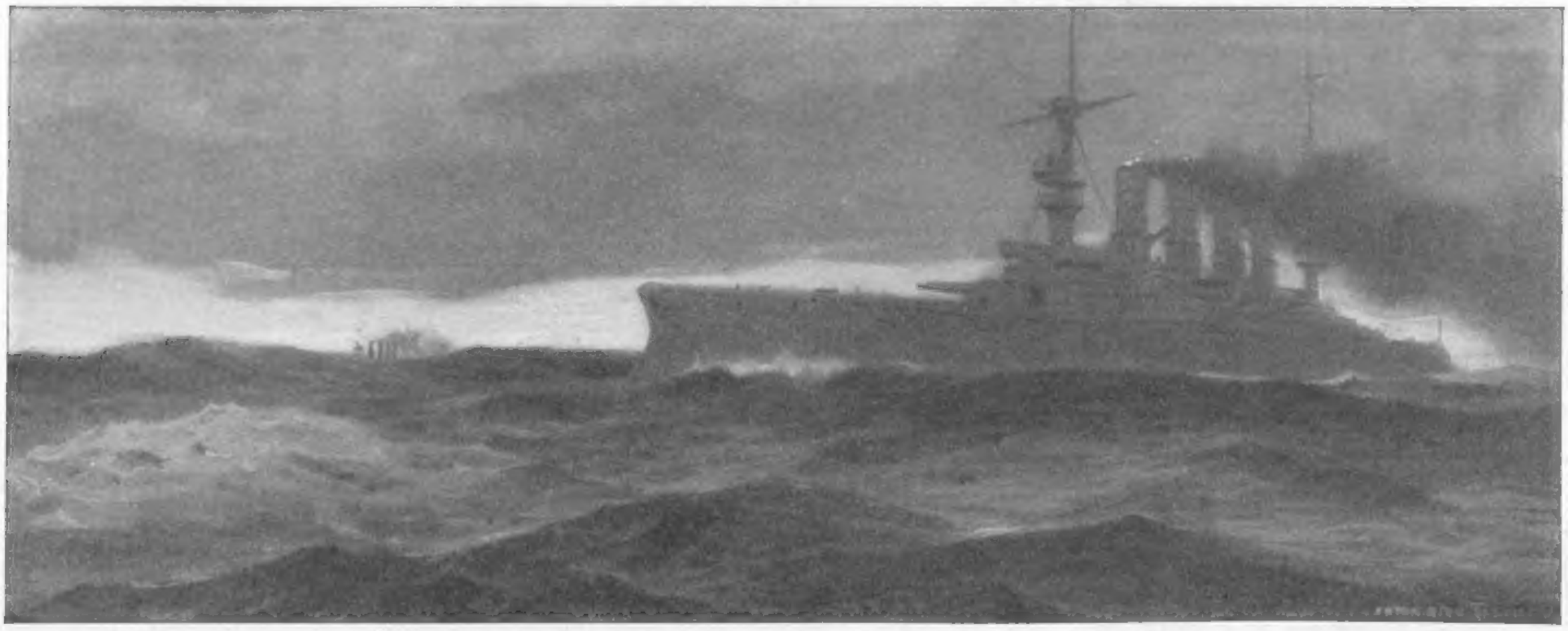
"Listen to the boy," he demanded of an imaginary bystander. "He doesn't know! Well, stick your head down over his engine-room grating some day, you boob, sing the Boyne Wather—and find out! Now, then, do you happen to know what kind of Irish Mike Murphy is? You ought to. You were shipmates with him in the Retriever long enough."

"Oh, Mike's from Galway. He goes to mass on Sunday when he can."

"Hum! If he's from Galway, where did he leave his brogue? He runs to the broad *a* like an Englishman."

"That's easily explained. Mike left his brogue in Galway. He came to this country when he was six years old and was raised in Boston. That's where he picked up his broad *a*."

"That doesn't help out a bit, Matt. He's Irish just the same, and what a Yank like you don't know about the Irish would fill a book. You know, Matt, there are a few rare white men that can handle Chinamen successfully; now and then you'll run across



"The Fleet Will Probably Come Ranging Up the Coast of South America, Destroying Commerce"

one that can handle niggers; but I have never yet met anybody who could figure the mental angles of the Irish except an Irishman. There's something in an Irishman that drives him into the bandwagon. He's got to be the boss, and if he can't be the boss he'll sit round and criticize. But if I want a man to handle Chinamen, or niggers, or Japs, or Bulgarians I'll advertise for an Irishman and take the first one that shows up. A young man like you, Matt, shouldn't monkey with these people. They're a wonderful race and very much misunderstood, and if you don't start 'em right on the job you'll always be in trouble. Now, Matt, I've always done the hiring and firing for the Blue Star Navigation Company, and as a result I've had blamed little of it to do, considering the size of our fleet; consequently I'll just give these two Harps the Double-O. Have Murphy and Reardon at the office at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and I'll read them the riot act before turning them to."

II

CAPPY RICKS was at his office at eight-fifty the following morning. At eight-fifty-two Mr. Terence Reardon, plainly uncomfortable in a ready-to-wear blue-serge Sunday suit purchased on the Embarcadero for twenty-five dollars, came into the office. He was wearing a celluloid collar, and a quite noticeable rattle as he shook hands with Cappy Ricks betrayed the fact that he was also wearing celluloid cuffs; for, notwithstanding the fact that he bathed twice a day, Mr. Reardon's Hibernian hide contained much of perspiration, coal dust, metal grit and lubricating oil, and such substances can always be washed off celluloid collars and cuffs. To his credit be it known that Terence Reardon knew his haberdashery was not *au fait*, for his wife never failed to remind him of it; but unfortunately he was the possessor of a pair of grimy hands that nothing on earth could ever make clean, and even when he washed them in benzine they always left black thumb prints on a linen collar during the process of adjustment. He had long since surrendered to his fate.

At eight-fifty-four Mike Murphy arrived. Murphy was edging up into the forties, but still he was young enough at heart to take a keen interest in his personal appearance, and a tailor who belonged to Michael's council of the Knights of Columbus had decked him out in a suit of English tweeds of the latest cut and in most excellent taste.

"Good morning, Captain," Cappy Ricks greeted him. "Ahead of time as usual. Meet Mr. Terence Reardon, late chief of the Arab. He is to be a shipmate of yours—chief of the Narcissus, you know.

"Mr. Reardon, shake hands with Captain Mike Murphy. Captain Murphy has been in our employ a number of years as master of sail. The Narcissus will be his first command in steam."

"Terence Reardon, eh?" echoed Mike Murphy pleasantly. "That sounds like a good name. Glad to meet you, chief. What part of the old country are you from? The West?"

The wish was father to the thought, since Mike was from the West himself.

"I'm from the Nort'—from Belfast," Mr. Reardon replied in a deep Kerry brogue, and extended a grimy paw upon the finger of which Mike Murphy observed a gold ring that proclaimed that Mr. Terence Reardon, an Irishman—presumably a Catholic—had risen to the third degree in Freemasonry.

Cappy Ricks saw that ring also, and started visibly. A Knight Templar himself, Terence Reardon was the last person on earth in whom he expected to find a brother Mason. He glanced at Mike Murphy and saw that the skipper was looking, not at Mr. Reardon but at the Masonic emblem.

"Sit down, chief," Cappy hastened to interrupt. "Have a chair, captain. Mr. Reardon, my son-in-law, Captain Peasley here, tells me you were chief of the Narcissus when she was on the China run for the Oriental Steamship Company."

Mr. Reardon sat down heavily, set his derby hat on the floor beside him and replied briefly: "I was."

Captain Murphy excused himself and drew Matt Peasley out of the room. "God knows," he whispered hoarsely, "religion should never enter into the working of a ship, and I suppose I'll have to get along with that fellow; but did you mark the Masonic ring on the paw of the Far-Down? And on the right hand too! The jackass don't know enough to wear it on his left hand."

"I didn't notice it," Matt replied. "But you're mistaken about him being a Far-Down. He's a Far-Up—from the North—Belfast."

"He's a Far-Down—from the South—Kerry. His brogue gives him the lie. If he was from the North he'd be clipping his 'i's' and talking more like a Scotchman."

"Why, what's wrong about being a Mason?" Matt protested. "Cappy's a Mason and so am I."

"Nothing wrong about it—with you and Cappy Ricks. That's your privilege. You're Protestants."

"Well, maybe the chief's a Protestant too," Matt suggested, but Mike Murphy silenced him with a sardonic smile.

"With that name?" he queried, and laughed the brief, mirthless laugh of the man who knows. "And he says he's from Belfast! Man, I could cut that Kerry brogue with a belaying pin."

"Why, Mike," Matt interrupted, "I never before suspected you were intolerant of a shipmate's private convictions. I must say this attitude of yours is disturbing."

"Why, I'm not a bigot," Murphy protested virtuously. "Who told you that?"

"Why, you're a good Catholic, and you're sore on Reardon because he's a Protestant."

"Not a bit of it. You're a Protestant, and don't I love you like a brother?"

Matt thought he saw the light. "Oh, I see," he replied. "It's because Reardon is an Irish Protestant."

"Almost—but not quite. God knows I hate the Orangemen for what they did to me and mine, but at least they've been Protestants since the time of Henry VIII. But the lad inside there has no business to be a Protestant. The Lord intended him for a Catholic—and he knows it. He's a renegade.

"I don't blame you for being a Protestant, Matt. It's none of my business."

Matt Peasley had plumbed the mystery at last. He had been reading considerable in the daily papers anent Home Rule for Ireland, the Irish Nationalists, the Ulster Volunteers, the Unionists, and so on, and in a vague way he had always understood that religious differences were at the bottom of it all. He realized now that it was something deeper than that—a relic of injustice and oppression; a hostility that had come to Mike Murphy as a heritage from his forebears—something he had imbibed at his mother's breast and was, for purposes of battle, a more vital issue than the interminable argument anent the only safe road to heaven.

"I see," Matt murmured. "Reardon, being Irish, has violated the national code of the Irish ——"

"You've said it, Matt. They're Tories at heart, every mother's son of them."

"What do you mean—Tories?"

"That they're for England, of course."

"Well, I don't blame them. So am I. Aren't you, Mike?"

"May God forgive you," Mike Murphy answered piously. "I am not. I'm for the Germans. I'm for anything that's against England. Ireland is not a colony. Man, man, you don't understand. Only an Irishman can, and he gets it at his mother's or his grandmother's knee—the word-of-mouth history of his people—the history that isn't in the books! Do you think I can forget? Do you think I want to forget?"

"No," Matt Peasley replied quietly; "I think you'll have to forget—in so far as Terence Reardon is concerned. This is the land of the free and the home of the brave, and even when you're outside the three-mile limit I want you to remember, Mike, that the good ship Narcissus is under the American flag. The Narcissus needs all her space for cargo, Mike. Don't ever poke your nose into Terence Reardon's engine room except on his invitation or for the purpose of locating a leak. Treat him with courtesy and do not discuss politics or religion when you meet him at table, which will be about the only opportunity you two will have; and if Reardon wants to talk religion or politics you change your feeding time and avoid meeting him. I've taken you out of the old Retriever, Mike, where you've been earning a hundred and twenty-five a month, to put you in the Narcissus at two hundred and fifty. That is conclusive evidence that I'm for you. But Terence Reardon is one crackajack chief engineer, and I want you to remember that the Blue Star Navigation Company needs him in its business just about as much as it needs Michael J. Murphy, and if you two get scrapping I'm not going to take the trouble to investigate and place the blame. I'll just call you both up on the carpet and make you draw straws to see who quits."

"Fair enough," replied the honest Murphy. "If I can't be good I'll be as good as I can."

At that very instant Cappy Ricks was just discovering what kind of Irish Mr. Terence Reardon was.

A most innocent remark brought him the information he sought.

"Captain Murphy, whom you have just met, is to be master of the Narcissus, chief," he explained. "He's a splendid fellow personally and a most capable navigator, and like you he's Irish. I'm sure you'll get along famously together."

Cappy tried to smile away his apprehensions, for a still small voice whispered to him and questioned the right of Terence Reardon to call him brother.

Mr. Reardon's sole reply to this optimistic prophecy was a noncommittal grunt, accompanied by a slight outthrust and uplift of the chin, a pursing of the lips and the ghost of a sardonic little smile. Only an Irishman can get the right tempo to that grunt—and the tempo is everything. In the case of Terence Reardon it said distinctly: "I hope you're right, sir, but privately I have my doubts." However, not satisfied with pantomime, Mr. Reardon went a trifle farther—for reasons best known to himself. He laved the corner of his mouth with the tip of a tobacco-stained tongue and said presently: "I can't say, Misther Ricks, that I quite like the cut av that fella's jib."

That was the Irish of it. A representative of any other race on earth would have employed the third person singular when referring to the absent Murphy; only an Irishman would have said "that fella," and only a certain kind of Irishman could have managed to inject into such simple words such a note of scorn supernal. Cappy Ricks got the message—just like that.

"Then stay off his bridge, Reardon," he warned the chief. "Your job is in the engine room, so even if you and Captain Murphy do not like each other there will be no excuse for friction. The only communication you need have with him is through the engine-room telegraph."

"Then, sor," Terence Reardon replied respectfully, "I'll take it kindly av you to tell him to keep out av me engine room. I'll have no skipper buttin' in on me, tellin' me how to run me engines an' askin' me why in this an' that I don't go aisy on the coal. Faith, I've had thim do it—the wanst—an' the wanst only. Begorra, I'd have brained them wit' a monkey wrench if they tried it a second time."

"On the other hand," Cappy remarked, "I've had to fire more than one chief engineer who couldn't cure himself of a habit of coming up on the bridge when the vessel got to port—to tell the skipper how to berth his ship against a strong flood tide. I suppose that while we have steamships the skippers will always wonder how the vessel can possibly make steerage way, considering the chief engineers, while the chiefs will never cease marveling that such fine ships should be entrusted to a lot of Johnny Know-Nothings. However, Reardon, I might as well tell you that the Blue Star Navigation Company plays no favorites. When the chief and the skipper begin to interfere with the dividends, they look overside some bright day and see Alden P. Ricks waiting for them on the cap of the wharf. And when the ship is in safely, the said Ricks comes aboard with five bones in his pocket, and the said skipper and the said chief are invited into the dining saloon to roll the said bones—one flop and high man out. Yes, sir. Out! Out of the ship and out of the Blue Star employ—forever."

"I hear you, sor. I hearrd you the firrst time," Terence Reardon replied complacently, and reached for his pipe. "All I ask from you is a square deal. I'll have it from the captain wit'out the askin'."

Thus the Reardon breathing his defiance.

"I'm glad we understand each other, chief. Just avoid arguments, political or religious, and treat the skipper with courtesy. Then you'll get along all right. Now with reference to your salary. The union scale is one hundred and fifty dollars a month ——"

"Beggin' yer pardon for the intherruption, sor, but the young man promised me a hundhred an' siventy-five."

"That was before the Blue Star Navigation Company took over the young man and his ship Narcissus. Hereafter you'll deal with the old man in such matters. I'm going to give you two hundred a month, Reardon, and you keep the Narcissus out of the shop. Hear me, chief—out of the shop."

"No man can ordher me to do me djooty," said Terence Reardon simply. "Tell the fine gintleman on the bridge to keep out av the kelp, an' faith, she'll shtay out av the shop. Thank you kindly, sor. When do I go to wurrk?"

"Your pay started this morning. The Narcissus goes on Christy's ways in Oakland Harbor at the tip of the flood this afternoon. Get on the ship and stay on her. It's a day-and-night rush job to get her in commission, and you'll be paid time and a half while she's repairing. Good-day and good luck to you, chief. Come in and see me whenever you get to port." And Cappy Ricks, most democratic of men, extended his hand to his newest employee. Terence Reardon took it in his huge paw that would never be clean any more, and held it for a moment, the while he looked fearlessly into Cappy's eyes.

"'Tis a proud man I am to wurrk for you, sor," he said simply. "Tip-top serrvice for tip-top pay, an' be the Great Gun av Athlone, you'll get it from me, sor. If ever the ship is lost 'twill be no fault of mine."

Mr. Reardon's manner, as he thus calmly exculpated himself from the penalty for future disaster, indicated quite clearly that Cappy Ricks, in such a contingency, might look to the man higher up—on the bridge, for instance.

When Terence Reardon had departed Cappy Ricks called Mike Murphy into the room.

"Now, captain," he began, "there are a few things I want to tell you. This man Reardon is a fine, loyal fellow, but he's touchy ——"

"You Two Do the Praying. I'm Going to Sit Here and Cuss"

"I know all about him," Murphy interrupted with a slight emphasis on the pronoun. Unlike Mr. Reardon he employed the third person singular and did not say "that fella," for he had been raised in the United States of America.

"I have already given the captain his instructions," Matt Peasley announced. "He understands the situation perfectly and will conduct himself accordingly."

III

A SMALL army of men swarmed over, under and through the huge Narcissus for the next three weeks, and the hearts of Cappy Ricks and Matt Peasley were like to burst with pride as they stood on the bridge with Capt. Mike Murphy, while he ran the vessel over the measured course to test her speed, and swung her in the bay while adjusting her compass. She was as beautiful as money and paint could make her, and when Terence Reardon, in calm disregard of orders, came up on the bridge to announce his unbounded faith in the rejuvenated condensers and to predict a modest coal bill for the future, Mike Murphy so far forgot himself as to order the steward to bring up a bottle of something and begged Mr. Reardon to join him in five fingers of nepenthe to celebrate the occasion.

"T'ank you, sor, but I never dhrink—on djooty," Mr. Reardon retorted with chill politeness, "nor," he added, "wit' me immejiate superiors."

A superficial analysis of this remark will convince the most skeptical that Mr. Reardon, with true Hibernian adroitness, had managed to convey an insult without seeming to convey it.

"Isn't that a pity!" the skipper replied. "We'll excuse you to attend to your duty, Mr. Reardon"; and he bowed the chief toward the companion leading to the boat deck. The latter departed, furious, with an uncomfortable feeling of having been outgeneraled; and once a good Irishman and true has undergone that humiliation it is a safe bet that the Dove of Peace has lost her tail feathers.

"That's an unmannerly chief engineer," Mike Murphy announced blandly, "but for all that he's not without his good points. He'll not waste money in his department."

"A virtue which I trust you will imitate in yours, captain," Cappy Ricks snapped dryly. "Is Reardon working shorthanded?"

"Only while we're loading, when he'll need just enough men to keep steam up in the winches. When we go to sea, however, he'll have a full crew, but the fun of it is they'll be nonunion with the exception of the engineer and officers. The engineers will all belong to the Marine Engineers' Association and the mates to Harbor 15, Masters' and Pilots' Association."

"He'll do nothing of the sort," Matt Peasley declared quietly. "We have union crews in all our other steamers, and the unions will declare a strike on us if we put nonunion men in the Narcissus."

"Of course—if they find out. But they'll not. Besides, we're going to the Atlantic Coast, where wages are lower and the men unorganized, so why should we bring a high-priced crew into a low-priced market, Mr. Ricks? Leave it to me, sir. I'll load the ship with longshoremen entirely and we'll sail with the crew of that German liner that came a few days ago to intern in Richardson's Bay until the European war is over."

"I'm not partial to the German cause," Matt Peasley announced. "So I'll just veto that plan right now, Mike."

"Matt, we're neutral," Cappy declared.

"And it pays to ship those Germans, Matt," Murphy continued. "I confess I'm for the Germans, although not to such an extent that I'd go round offering them jobs just because they *are* Germans. But the minute I heard about that interned boat I said to myself: 'Now, here's a chance to save the Narcissus some money. The crew of that liner will all be discharged now that she is interned. However, the local unions will not admit them to membership and they cannot work on any Pacific Coast boat unless they hold union cards. Consequently they must seek other occupations, and as the chances are these fellows do not speak English, they're up against it. Also they are foreigners who have paid no head tax when coming into the country, because they are seamen. They have the right to land and stay ashore three months, if they state that it is their intention to ship out again within that period; but if they do not so ship, then the immigration authorities may deport them as paupers or for failure to pay the head tax; and in that event they will all be returned to the vessel that brought them here, and the owners of the vessel will be forced to intern them and care for them.' Under the circumstances, therefore, I concluded they would jump at a job in an American vessel, for the reason that under the American flag they would be reasonably safe; and even if the Narcissus should be searched by a British cruiser she would not dare take these Germans off her. Remember, we had a war with England once for boarding our ships and removing seamen!"

"By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet," said Cappy Ricks, "there's something in that, Matt."

"There's a splendid saving in the pay roll, let me tell you," the proud Murphy continued. "I took the matter up at once with the German skipper and he fixed it for me, and mighty glad he was to get his countrymen off his hands. We get all that liner's coal passers, oilers, firemen, six deckhands and four quartermasters at the scale of wages prevailing in Hamburg. I know what it is in marks, but I haven't figured it out in dollars and cents, although whatever it is it's a scandal! It almost cuts our pay roll in half."

"Do you speak German, captain?" Cappy queried excitedly.

"I do not, sir—more's the pity. But the four quartermasters speak fair English, and I have engaged two good

(Continued on Page 77)

"T'ank You, Sor, But I Never Dhrink—on Djooty," Mr. Reardon Retorted With Chill Politeness

MAKING A STRIKELESS STATE

By CHARLES G. WOOD

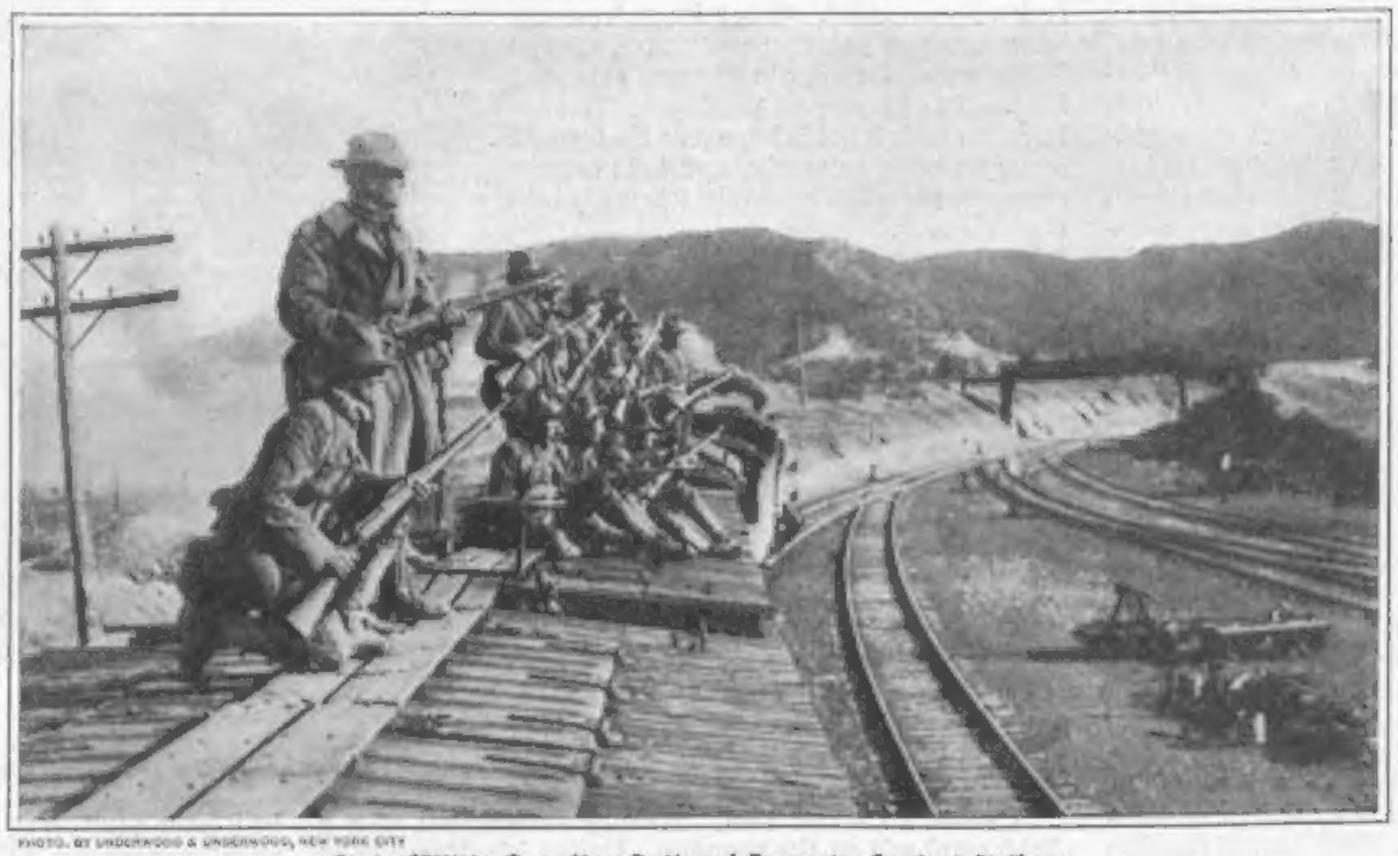


PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

State Militia Guarding Railroad Property Against Strikers

A COMMITTEE from the Master Builders' Association in a large city in Massachusetts was discussing with a state mediator the feasibility of submitting to arbitration the questions involved in a threatened strike and thus preventing an interruption in the normal conduct of a trade.

"To hell with arbitration!" objected a big-fisted master builder who employed three carpenters. "Let the help strike, and we'll lick 'em so hard that they won't strike again for three years."

"But why have a strike in three years?" the state mediator inquired.

"Why not insure your business against interruption now and in the future by making an arbitration agreement with the employees?"

"I don't believe in doing business with any such soft soap. I want to run my own business without dubbing round with arbitration, which means giving the help something every time they holler. Beat the stuffing out of them now and they will be glad enough to work. Teach them a lesson that they will remember for years."

"How long has it been since your last strike?"

"Two years ago last May," one of the other master builders replied.

"How long did it last?"

"Six weeks."

"During that time did you conduct your business in a normal and usual way and to the normal and usual extent?"

"Of course not! We did what we could with such help as we could get; but we finally compromised with the strikers, and since then there hasn't been any trouble until now."

"How much did it cost you?"

"Cost enough all right!" another man muttered.

"If this strike takes place have you any reason to believe that the trade will be free from strikes in the future?"

"Fight 'em to a finish now. Bust them so full of trouble that the future will take care of itself!" the first speaker shouted.

His counsel prevailed. In the Builders' Association were two or three large employers of men who favored arbitration as an efficient method of determining the dispute. But a majority in the association comprised employers of three or four men, like the big-fisted contractor, whose capacity was limited to the erection of tenement houses. The big employers were outvoted.

Strikes and Lockouts Condemned by All

THE strike took place. Industry in the building trade was practically enjoined for two months. Contracts were unfilled, those in contemplation suspended, public and private enterprises disturbed, simply because a few men had not outlived the Stone Age period of dealing with employees.

Subsequently the strike was settled on about the same terms that might have been agreed to before it occurred. There were two months of wasteful disturbance to the parties and to the public. Nobody gained anything, but everybody lost something. The employer did not recover the time lost to production; the employees could not spend the wages they did not get; and the public will never retrieve its share of the expense incurred.

This controversy merely typifies the usual one in Massachusetts. The relations between employer and employees at such times serve to emphasize the weakness in our control over such conditions. The public was without adequate protection against breaches of industrial peace—for a strike or a lockout isn't anything else.

Why a strike or a lockout? This is the question I endeavored to find an answer for soon after my appointment to represent the employers on the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration. The board is made up of an employer, a member of a union and a member of the bar. After looking over a few strikes and observing many instances of business inefficiency, my mind inevitably reverted to the question: Why a strike? I passed it along.

"Oh, yes; strikes are bad things," the employers agreed.

"We don't want to strike," representatives of organized labor announced.

"Strikes hurt business," merchants resolved.

"Strikes increase public expense," municipal authorities pointed out.

"A strike causes innocent women and children to suffer hunger and privation," social workers declared.

Then why a strike or a lockout?

The good old Constitution was set up as a defense when anyone ventured the opinion that there ought to be compulsory arbitration; that strikes ought to be prohibited by law; that employers should be compelled to pay what the employees asked—and all that sort of thing.

There is a very clear obstacle to dreams of this kind. No employer can or should be compelled to employ or continue in employment those whom he deems incapable and unfit to perform work to his satisfaction. And no employee can be or should be compelled to work for any employer. Such conditions would be contrary to the provisions of the Constitution which clearly define industrial freedom.

There is compulsory arbitration in Massachusetts—to a greater extent, in fact, than elsewhere; but it is by agreement of parties and not compulsion by statute. A trade agreement made by an employer and his employees, which contains a provision that a dispute not otherwise adjusted shall be determined by arbitration, compels the parties to resort to this means of settlement. It is compulsory—made so by themselves.

But there were not enough of these trade agreements in Massachusetts wholly to protect the people from the occurrence of strikes and lockouts. With more than eighty thousand employers and three million employees engaged in diversified industries, too many were without proper knowledge or not in possession of efficient methods to deal with industrial disputes.

The chief barrier in practically all disputes is the inability of one party to convince the other by argument that his is the right viewpoint. No one has ever been so convinced. It is labor lost when two persons who disagree try to persuade each other that either viewpoint is entirely right. Each hopes rather to find a mental halfway house; but neither tries to, because of the fear that the other will stiffen up on the assumption that his opponent is weakening. There is where a third party comes in. Mere argument is then succeeded by real reasoning.

So the statutes of Massachusetts were amended to require compulsory investigation for those who believe that a strike or a lockout is the last word in the settlement of industrial grievances. Compulsory investigation of any labor dispute in which twenty-five or more employees are involved was enacted by the General Court in 1914. In advocating this provision of law in his inaugural address to the members of the legislature the governor said:

"Public opinion in nine cases out of ten will determine the issue of strikes when their causes are understood, and neither the employer nor the employees will dare to be wrong when they know that public authorities will investigate the facts and make them publicly known. This is a species of moral compulsion that is wholesome and cannot be objectionable to workmen who want to be right; nor will it burden the Massachusetts employers with restrictions not imposed on competition in other states, for the competition will always be one of the facts in issue, to be investigated and reported on by the investigators.

"Thus, while not jeopardizing the equilibrium between our own industries and those of sister states, we would take a long step toward industrial peace. Such investigation is not an invasion of private rights, and is a simple and effective method of securing the peace of the community. I am unalterably opposed to compulsory arbitration, *but favor amending our present laws so as to insure compulsory investigation and reports placing the blame for labor disputes.*"

When the State Board Steps In

COMPULSORY investigation superseded the policy which formerly obtained—that the board should offer its services to the parties and then placidly await the call that seldom came.

Thus began the making of a strikeless state. During 1914 and 1915, since public investigation of industrial disputes has been compulsory, the board has investigated forty-four cases of strikes and lockouts. In nearly every case the board's recommendations were substantially adopted, and a settlement followed the conclusion of the hearing.

Under the present system a mayor of a city or the selectmen of a town must at once give notice to the State Board when a strike occurs or is seriously threatened. Notice may be also given by the employer or employees concerned in the controversy, or information of a strike or a threatened strike may come to the State Board from sources other than those specified. When the board has knowledge that a controversy exists it at once gets in touch with the parties. It ascertains first what, if any, negotiations are going forward, and whether any conference is pending contemplating an amicable adjustment of the controversy.

If the parties appear to be in a state of deadlock and an understanding has not been reached, the board endeavors to get them to agree. If the parties are friendly a conference is arranged, thus providing an opportunity for them to make a settlement. If the parties are unfriendly, and a good purpose would not be served by a conference, the board acts as mediator, trotting from one side to the other in an endeavor to

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Taking a Shot at a Factory Guard

establish an agreement. Conciliation and mediation are compulsory—that is, the board is compelled to assure every reasonable opportunity for the conflicting parties to get together and work out their own salvation.

This, perhaps, is the hardest work the board does. It comes at a time when the antagonists are not in a frame of mind to give tolerant consideration to any of the matters in controversy, and the board must exercise a most tactful influence to compose the differences. It must act as a sort of sluiceway by which the turbulent feelings of each party can be safely and pleasantly reduced. Negotiations are intentionally delayed so long as the system of either party shows forceful symptoms of hate or anger. It is mighty difficult for two parties in controversy to sit down together in conference and conduct a businesslike session when each is ransacking his vocabulary for words of meaning and force to dismay the other.

Parties in this frame of mind have to be given "treatment"—just plain treatment. I simply sit in—first with one side, then with the other—and listen. When the violence subsides from sheer weakness I prod it up again until I am convinced that it has spent its fury, and only then do I attempt to lead the conversation into saner channels. While I am hearing all the bad things each says about the other I am busy looking for the good points in both.

After a few hours of thus relieving themselves of the dynamic influences of fury, the parties are generally ready to proceed with the regular business. So far I have simply acted as the reservoir into which they pour a lot of reactionary talk, which does me no great harm and relieves them beyond measure.

It is tedious, of course; but it is all a means to the end, which is industrial peace. And some men do like to talk—especially when they can address an official who is compelled by act or statute to listen with interest and tolerance.

As soon as the proper frame of mind is reached we make every endeavor to induce the parties to agree. In our opinion an agreement reached by the parties in controversy is much more satisfactory than an award made arbitrarily by the State Board or any board of arbitration.

But we insist, pursuant to statute, that the parties shall reach some definite conclusion—either settle the thing between themselves or agree to submit the matters in dispute to arbitration by a board selected by themselves or by the State Board.

Putting It Up to the Public

IN A MAJORITY of cases where the parties make any real endeavor to reduce their controversy to a good understanding an agreement is reached without great difficulty. When they fail, however, to get together themselves and refuse to join in a submission of the questions in controversy to arbitration, the State Board proceeds publicly to investigate for itself.

An investigation in Massachusetts is a very searching inquiry conducted in the city or town where the strike or lockout exists. The sessions are open to the public.

The parties are notified to appear before the board and their testimony is taken under oath. The statutes give any member of the board power to summon persons, but this power is seldom exercised; in response to a notice the parties usually appear without question.

The member or members of the board sitting interrogate the witness. The parties are frequently represented by counsel, but his service is seldom made use of. These controversies do not involve questions that may be the subject of an action at law or suit in equity; so the retention of an attorney is not essentially important.

In the earlier investigations the board permitted attorneys to interrogate and cross-examine witnesses, but this privilege was discontinued for the reason that the line of questioning did not develop useful information; and further, in his desire to satisfy his clients, an attorney in speech and manner of speaking frequently created a deeper feeling of hatred between the parties.

I recall a case in the boiler-making industry in which it required three days of tactful conciliation to repair the damage done by an attorney who, in a sentence containing nine words uttered in a belligerent tone, incurred a state of mind in one of the parties that outclassed and outlasted any industrial brain storm we ever encountered. Thereafter the board ruled that an attorney might interrogate only witnesses for the side he represented.

Even though the processes of conciliation have failed, and the parties in controversy have declined to join in submitting the questions in dispute to arbitration, it does not mean that a public investigation makes impossible an amicable adjustment. Conducted in an impartial way, animated by a spirit of common-sense fairness, a public investigation is bound to serve the best interests of the disputants and the public.

Unless a settlement is reached soon after the investigation closes, the board makes and publishes a report finding the cause and assigning the responsibility or blame. It usually adds a recommendation advising what ought to be done to adjust the controversy.

This recommendation does not have the legal, binding force of an arbitration award, but it does possess a moral force that is tremendously effective—the powerful agency of public opinion! To adapt the phraseology of President Wilson, an official recommendation, as the result of a finding after a fair, calm, orderly, searching inquiry, "is an instrument not of legislation but of opinion, exercising the authority of influence, not of law."

It is not unusual for an employer or employee at the conclusion of a hearing to admit that the investigation has been beneficial.

"I thought at first you were all on the labor side," an employer remarked; "but I see now that you are just fair, and I've learned a lot I ought to have known before."

"Why did you order the men to strike before exhausting the resources provided by statute for the settlement of industrial disputes?" I asked the representative of a union.

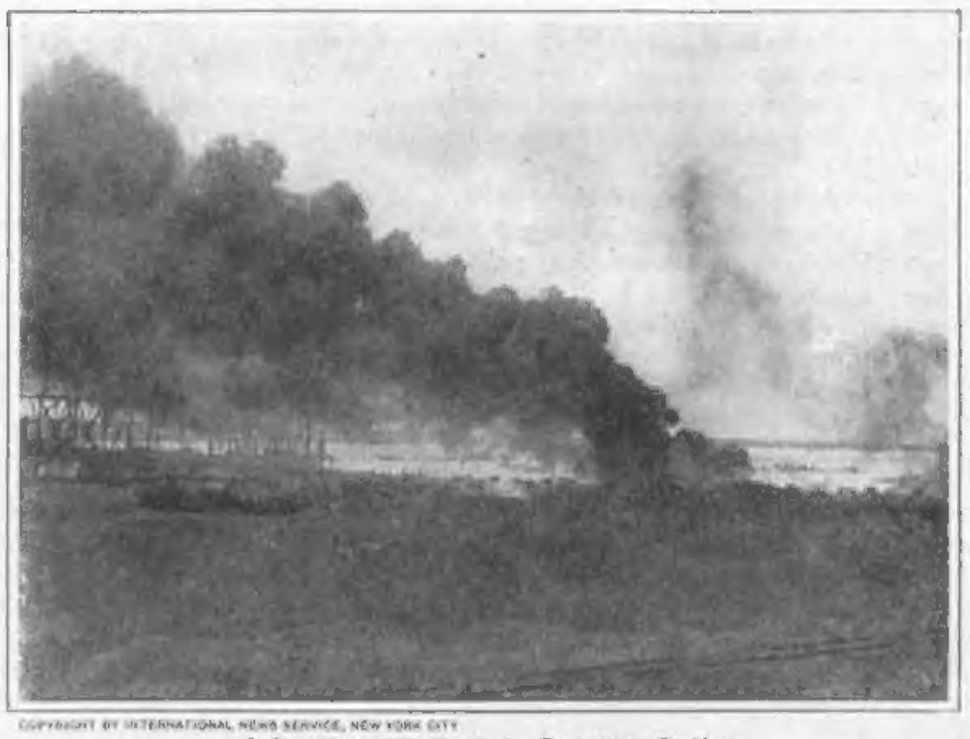
"I didn't know that Massachusetts had such laws," he replied.

"Is it not your duty, as a representative of men, to have knowledge of all matters affecting their interests?"

"Yes, sir; it most certainly is."

"And is it not a fact that the opportunities provided for the peaceful adjustment of differences are of vital concern to the employees?"

"Yes, sir; I know it now. But, if you will permit me to speak frankly, I have regarded the laws and state boards as political things of little use to parties in controversy. We've never taken them very seriously. But this hearing has proved to me that Massachusetts is different; this is an investigation—this is the real thing. You are after the facts—the motives—and you've got them. You've treated the employer just the same as you have us. I can see now that we were hasty, and I assure you that so long as I hold office no strike will be sanctioned in Massachusetts by our organization unless the local has notified the State Board and exhausted every chance to adjust the dispute. And, further, the employees whom I have the honor to represent will adopt any recommendation or abide by any decision your honorable board may make in this case."



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A Burning Oil Tank in Bayonne Strike

The High Cost of Striking

STRIKES, broadly speaking, are caused by dissatisfaction on the part of the employees with wages, working conditions or hours of labor. Oddly enough, some of the most difficult disputes to adjust have been caused by some slight change in method by which a normal working condition had been disturbed. A little matter of eighty cents a day cost a company capitalized at two million dollars, and doing a business in excess of twelve million dollars a year, over five hundred thousand dollars as a result of a strike of twelve hundred employees in their shops.

Sixteen men employed as teamsters and helpers, each receiving as such two dollars a day, requested a wage of $13.50 a week, or an increase of twenty-five cents a day. The president of the company, to whom the matter was referred, was away at the time and the employees consented to continue in their employment until he returned. A few days later the matter was considered and the employees were informed that the teamsters would be given an increase of two cents an hour, which would give them a wage of $2.20 a day. No change was made in the wage of the helpers.

This was a radical departure from the system that had prevailed in the teaming department for a number of years.

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At one time there was a difference of five cents between the wages paid the teamsters and the helpers—the former receiving $1.50 and the latter $1.45 a day. The teamsters and helpers later received an advance in wages and were put on a similar basis—$1.80 and $1.75 a day. Four or five years ago their wages were again advanced, each receiving the same wage—two dollars daily.

It is a condition of employment in most places where teaming is done that a teamster shall be paid a higher wage than a helper. The difference in wages is about twenty-five cents a day. In making a decision in this case the president of the company was of opinion that there should be about the same difference in the wages of teamsters and helpers employed by him. Therefore he decided to make the distinction and the difference in wages. He apparently did not take into consideration that the same wage had been paid to each class for a number of years, and that at no time in the history of his company's organization had a difference existed between the two branches of employment of more than five cents a day. His decision, therefore, created a new condition in the teaming department—one which failed to satisfy the employees and which resulted in a costly strike.

Among the helpers so employed who did not participate in the increase in wage was an Italian of considerable prominence and influence among the Italian-speaking people of the community. When the decision was received he proceeded at once to start trouble. The other helpers joined him in the effort, and the teamsters, though having opportunity to profit by an increase in wage of twenty cents a day, were embarrassed by the fact that the helpers, their associates, were not so benefited; and, aside from the motives of sympathy that doubtless inspired their action, they, too, felt obliged to join the helpers and "start something." All hands ceased work; and, after some parley carried on by emissaries between the office and themselves, the employees were ordered discharged, and at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon were paid off. The men remained in front of the main gate until noon. Then, as the employees in other departments came out, the striking and dismissed employees informed them of what had taken place.

About a third of the twelve hundred employees were Italians, and the discharged helper, because of his prominence and influence, very readily roused their interest and sympathy. This took place on Saturday. The factory closed down at noon and remained closed until Tuesday morning, Monday being a holiday. The teamsters and helpers used this time to explain their grievance. That they found a substantial number of sympathizers was manifest on Tuesday morning when fewer than half the help reported for work; and a majority of those who did go into the factory came out a few hours later.

A feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction had been growing for some time and the comparatively small grievance of the teamsters was sufficient to touch it off. In two or three days there was hardly anybody working in the factory. Whole departments were shut down, and all persons seeking to work were obliged to run a gauntlet composed of Italian and Polish speaking workmen and Americans, who, though not so excitable as the other two races, were able, nevertheless, to convince the most fearless among those seeking to continue at work that it was not the most suitable time or place to seek employment.

The employees were unorganized and without coöperative leadership. They had not been approached or influenced in any way by direct appeal on the part of any organizer, nor had any person skilled in the knowledge of organizing for collective bargaining pointed out to them any condition on which could be based a grievance.

At a conference with these employees I was informed that if the employer had only offered to increase the wage of the helpers ten cents a day the offer would have been accepted. This would have made a total increase of eighty cents a day and doubtless would have removed the cause of the strike, which subsequently cost hundreds of thousands of dollars in disturbed production, sacrifice of orders, and other untoward expenses that arise in any breach of industrial peace.

The decision, as I have pointed out, was made by the official head of the company, a man who had grown up with the business from clerk to treasurer and president. His had been really a directing force in the creation of a business extending to all parts of the world, involving millions of dollars in capital and close association with projects of great scope. Yet, regardless of his training as a business man of such magnitude as would give him the title of captain of industry, he made what would appear to the average employer to be a serious error in dealing with this particular employment question.

Of course, employers differ in their methods of dealing with employees in controversy or on strike. Temperament has a whole lot to do with it; but employers having a wide knowledge of business and men, assisted by a sense of humor and tolerance, are of best assistance to the commonwealth in the maintenance of industrial peace.

There was a strike in one of the departments of a big factory in the western part of the state. The employer, approaching the office about eight-thirty o'clock, noticed a veteran workman loitering outside the entrance.

"Hello, Pat!" he said. "Aren't you working?"

"No, sir; the men in our shop are on strike."

"I see. Well, that's too bad. But what are you doing here? Why aren't you at home enjoying yourself?"

"I'm a picket on picketing duty."

"Well, it's a shame to make you stand out here in the hot sun. Wait a moment."

(Continued on Page 56)

The Man With Two Left Feet

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"It Must be Splendid to Know a Lot. I Think You're Wonderful"

STUDENTS of American folklore are doubtless familiar with the quaint old story of Clarence MacFadden. Clarence MacFadden, it seems, "was wishful to dance, but his feet wasn't gaited that way. So he sought a professor and asked him his price, and said he was willing to pay. The professor"—the legend goes on—"looked down with alarm at his feet, and marked their enormous expanse; and he tacked on a five to his regular price, for teaching MacFadden to dance."

I have often been struck by the close similarity between Clarence's case and that of Henry Wallace Mills.

One difference alone presents itself. It would seem to have been mere vanity and ambition that stimulated the former; whereas the motive power that drove Henry Mills to defy Nature and attempt dancing was the purer one of love. He did it to please his wife. Had he never gone to Ye Bonnie Brier Bush Farm and there met Minnie Hill, he would no doubt have continued to spend in peaceful reading the hours not assigned to work at the bank which employed him as one of its paying tellers. For Henry was a voracious reader. His idea of a pleasant evening was to get back to his little flat in Harlem, take off his coat, put on his slippers, light his pipe, and go on from the point where he had left off the night before in his perusal of the BIS–CAL volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. He read the BIS–CAL volume because he had finished the A–AND, the AND–AUS, and the AUS–BIS.

In Henry's method of study there was something worthy of praise, and yet perhaps a little gruesome. He went after learning with the cold and dispassionate relentlessness of a stoat pursuing a rabbit. The ordinary man who is paying installments on the Encyclopædia Britannica is all too apt to get overexcited and to skip impatiently to Volume Twenty-eight—VET–ZYM—to see how it all comes out in the end. Not so Henry. He meant to read the thing through, and he was not going to spoil his pleasure by peeping ahead.

It would seem to be an inexorable law of Nature that no man shall shine at both ends. If he has a high forehead and a thirst for wisdom he is rarely able to fox trot; while if he is a good dancer he is nearly always petrified from the ears up. No better examples of this law could have been found in New York than Henry Mills and his fellow teller, Sidney Mercer. Paying tellers, like bears, lions, tigers and other fauna in captivity, are always shut up in a cage in pairs, and are consequently dependent on each other for entertainment and social intercourse when business is slack.

Henry Mills and Sidney Mercer simply could not find a subject in common. Sidney knew nothing of even such elementary things as Abana, Aberration and Acrogenae; while Henry, on his side, was scarcely aware that there had been any developments in the dance since the polka. It was a relief to him when Sidney threw up his job to join the chorus of a musical comedy and was succeeded by a man who, though full of limitations, could at least converse intelligently on bowling.

Such, then, was Henry Wallace Mills. He was in the middle thirties, temperate, studious, a moderate smoker, and—one would have said—a bachelor of the bachelors, armor-plated against Cupid's well-intentioned but obsolete artillery. Sometimes Sidney Mercer's successor in the tellers' cage, a young man of sentiment, would broach the

topic of Woman and Marriage. On such occasions Henry would look at him in a manner that was a blend of scorn, amusement and indignation; and when the other urged Henry to get married and learn the magic of a good woman's love he would reply with a single word:

"Me!"

It was the way he said it that impressed you.

But Henry had yet to experience the unmanning atmosphere of a lonely summer resort. He had only just reached a position in the bank where he was permitted to take his annual vacation in the summer. Hitherto he had always been released from the cage during the winter months, and had spent his ten days of freedom at his flat, a book in his hand and his feet on the radiator. But the summer after Sidney Mercer's departure they unleashed him in the heat of July.

It was meltingly warm in the city. Something in Henry cried out for the country. After reading much Summer-Resort literature he decided to go to Ye Bonnie Brier Bush Farm, because the advertisements spoke so well of it.

He Had a Momentary Feeling as if He Were Going Down Niagara Rapids in a Barrel

Ye Bonnie Brier Bush Farm was a rather battered frame building many miles from anywhere. Its attractions included a Lovers' Leap, a Grotto, a five-hole Golf Links, where the devotee of the sport found unusual hazards in the shape of a number of tethered goats, and a silvery lake, only portions of which were used as a dumping ground for tin cans and old sugar boxes. It was all new and strange to Henry, and caused him an odd exhilaration. Something of gayety and recklessness began to creep into his veins. He had a curious feeling that in these romantic surroundings some adventure ought to happen to him.

At this juncture Minnie Hill arrived. She was a small, slim girl, thinner than she should have been, with large eyes that seemed to Henry pathetic and stirred his chivalry. He began to think a good deal about Minnie Hill. And then one evening, on the shores of the silvery lake, he met her. He was standing there, slapping at things that looked like mosquitoes but could not have been, for the advertisements expressly stated that none were ever found in the vicinity of the farm, when along she came. She walked slowly, as if she were tired. Her pallor struck Henry, and a strange thrill—half pity, half something else—ran through him.

"Good evening," he said.

It was the first time he had spoken to her. She never contributed to the dialogue of the dining room and he had been too shy to seek her out elsewhere.

She said "Good evening" too—ticing the score. And the conversation flagged for a moment.

Commiseration overcame Henry's shyness.

"You're looking tired," he said.

"I feel tired." She paused. "I overdid it in the city."

"It?"

"Dancing."

"Oh, dancing. Did you dance much?"

"Yes; a great deal."

"I guess you overdid it."

"Yes."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

A promising, even a dashing start. But how to continue? For the first time since the volumes had been delivered at his flat Henry regretted his steady determination not to read ahead in the Encyclopædia. It would have been pleasant if he could have been in a position to talk easily of Dancing. Then memory reminded him that, though he had not yet got up to that, it was only a few weeks since he had been reading of the Ballet, which was practically the same thing.

"I don't dance myself," he said.

"No?"

"But I am fond of reading about it. Did you know that the word ballet incorporates three distinct modern words—ballet, ball and ballad. You see, ballet dancing was originally accompanied by singing."

It hit her. It had her weak. She looked at him with awe in her eyes. One might almost say that she gaped at Henry.

"I hardly know anything," she said.

"The first descriptive ballet seen in London," continued Henry quietly, "was The Tavern Bilkers, which was played at Drury Lane in—in seventeen-something."

"Yes?"

"And the earliest modern ballet on record was that given by—by some one to celebrate the marriage of the Duke of Milan in fourteen-eighty-nine."

There was no doubt or hesitation about the date this time. He always remembered it because it was his telephone number. He gave it out with a roll, and the girl's eyes widened.

"What an awful lot you know!"

"Oh, no! No. Oh, no! Of course I read a great deal."

"It must be splendid to know a lot," she said wistfully. "I've never had time for reading. I've always wanted to. I think you're wonderful."

Henry's soul was expanding like a flower and purring like a well-tickled cat. Never in his life had he been admired by a woman. The sensation was intoxicating.

Silence fell on them. They started to walk back to the farm, warned by the distant ringing of a bell that supper was about to materialize. It was not a musical bell, but the magic of that unusual moment lent it charm. The sun was setting. The creatures, unclassified by science, which might have been mistaken for mosquitoes had their presence at Ye Bonnie Brier Bush Farm been possible, were biting harder than ever. But Henry heeded them not. He did not even slap at them. They drank their fill of his blood and went off to put their friends onto this good thing; but for Henry they did not exist. Strange things were happening to him. And, lying awake that night, he recognized the truth. He was in love.

"You're dead wrong about Love, Mills," said his sentimental fellow teller shortly after Henry's return. "I tell you there's nothing on earth like the love of a good woman. Why don't you get married?"

"Going to get married," replied Henry briskly. "Week to-morrow; La'l' Church Round Corner."

Which stunned the other so thoroughly that he gave a customer who entered at the moment fifteen dollars for a ten-dollar check, and had to do some excited telephoning after office hours.

Henry's first year as a married man was the happiest of his life. He had always heard this period described as the most perilous of matrimony. Even the sentimental teller had admitted that a fellow had to watch out the first year. Henry had braced himself for clashings of tastes, painful adjustments of character, sudden and unavoidable quarrels. Nothing of the kind happened. Minnie merged with his life as smoothly as one river joins another. He did not even have to alter his habits.

Every morning he had his breakfast at eight-fifteen, smoked a cigarette, and walked a block to the Subway. At five he left the bank, and at six he arrived home, for it was his practice to walk the first forty blocks of the way, breathing deeply and regularly. Then dinner. Then the quiet evening. Sometimes the moving pictures, but generally the quiet evening, he reading the Encyclopædia—aloud now—Minnie darning his socks, but never ceasing to listen.

Each day brought the same sense of grateful astonishment that he could be so wonderfully happy, so extraordinarily peaceful. Life was as perfect as it could be. He had not a care in the world and Minnie was looking a different girl. She had lost that drawn look of hers. She was filling out. She was growing prettier daily.

Sometimes he would suspend his reading for a moment and look across at her. At first he would see only her soft hair as she bent over her sewing. Then, wondering at the silence, she would look up and he would meet her big eyes. And then Henry would simmer with happiness and demand of himself silently:

"Can you beat it!"

And then into the middle of his peace fell the dance craze, like a shell.

It began on the anniversary of their wedding. They had celebrated this event in fitting style, with dinner at an Italian restaurant off Seventh Avenue, where the management was so carelessly princely that it threw in a bottle of red wine free, as if it were a mere nothing; and, as if that were not enough, practically gave you the dinner. After this they had gone to a musical comedy. Finally, to wind up in a burst of splendor, they went to supper at a glittering restaurant near Longacre Square.

There was something about supper at an expensive restaurant that had always appealed to Henry's imagination. Earnest devourer as he was of the solids of literature, he had tasted from time to time its lighter fare—those novels that begin with the hero supping in some glittering resort and having his attention attracted to a distinguished-looking elderly man, with a gray imperial, who is entering with a girl so strikingly beautiful that —— Well, Henry had always liked that sort of thing, and here at Geisenheimer's he seemed to be getting it.

They had finished supper and he was smoking a cigar—his second that day. As he leaned back in his chair, surveying the scene, he felt braced up, adventurous. He had the feeling, which comes in similar circumstances to all quiet men who like to sit at home and read, that this was the sort of atmosphere in which he really belonged. He liked it all—the brightness of the lights; the music; the movement;

the hubbub in which the shrill note of the chorus girl calling to her mate blended with the deep-throated gurgle of the wine agent surprised while drinking soup. All these things stirred Henry deeply. He would be thirty-six on his next birthday, but he felt a youngish twenty-one.

As he sat there a voice spoke at his side:

"Henry, by Heck!"

It was a familiar voice. He looked round, to perceive Sidney Mercer.

The passage of a year, which had turned Henry into a married man, had converted Sidney Mercer into something so wondrous that for a moment the spectacle deprived Henry of breath. Faultless evening dress clung with loving closeness to Sidney's lissom form. Gleaming shoes of perfect patent leather covered his feet. His light hair was brushed back into a smooth sleekness on which the electric lights shone like stars on some beautiful pool. His practically chinless face beamed amiably over a spotless collar. Henry wore blue serge.

"What are you doing here, Henry, old top?" said the vision. "I didn't know you ever came among the bright lights."

His eyes wandered off to Minnie. There was admiration in them, for Minnie was looking her prettiest.

"Wife," said Henry, recovering speech. And to Minnie: "Mist' Merce'. Old friend."

This was not an accurate description of his attitude toward Sidney. Even in the bank, where he had worn paper cuff-protectors, he had disliked him; and now, seeing him all dressed up and very much at his ease in this gay place, he found himself -for no reason that he could discover—disliking him more. It was as if Sidney was a symbol of something menacing to the quiet peace of his orderly life.

"So you're married? Well, well! Wish you luck, old man! How's the bank?"

"All right. You still on the stage?"

"Me? No, sir! No stage for me! Got a better job than fooling round at twenty-five per. I'm a professional dancer at this joint. Rolling in the stuff! Why aren't you dancing?"

The words struck a jarring note. Until that moment the lights and the music had had a subtle psychological effect on Henry, enabling him somehow to hypnotize himself into a belief that it was not inability to dance that kept him in his seat, but he had really had so much of all that sort of thing that, just for a change, he preferred to sit quietly and look on. He was now obliged to face the truth.

"I don't dance."

"For the love of Mike! I thought everybody did nowadays. I bet Mrs. Mills does. Would you care to have a turn, Mrs. Mills?"

Minnie shook her head.

"No, thank you—really."

"Do!"

Remorse began to work on Henry. He felt that he was standing in the way of Minnie's pleasure. Of course she wanted to dance. All girls did. She was only refusing because she did not like to leave him alone. He achieved a sort of heartiness.

"Don't be silly, Min. Go to it! I shall be all right. I'll sit here and smoke."

The next moment Minnie and her partner had gone, and simultaneously Henry had ceased to feel a youngish twenty-one and was even conscious of a fleeting doubt as to whether he was really only thirty-five.

Boil the whole question of old age down and what it comes to is that a man is young as long as he can dance without getting lumbago; while if he cannot dance he is never young at all. This was the truth that forced itself on Henry as he sat watching Minnie. Even he could see that she danced well. He thrilled at the sight of her gracefulness. For the first time since his marriage he became introspective. It had never struck him before how much younger Minnie was than himself.

When she had signed the paper at the City Hall, on the occasion of the purchase of the license, she had given her age, he remembered now, as twenty-six. At the time it had made no impression on him. Now he saw clearly that between thirty-five and twenty-six there is a gap of nine years; and a chill sensation of being old and stodgy came over him. How dull it must be for poor little Minnie, cooped up night after night with such an old fogy. Other men took their wives out and gave them a good time, dancing half the night with them. All he could do was to sit at home and read Minnie dull stuff from the Encyclopædia.

What a life for the poor child!

The music stopped. They came back to the table—Minnie with a glow on her face that made her look younger than ever; Sidney, the insufferable pill, grinning and smirking and pretending to be about eighteen. An acute envy of Sidney seized Henry Mills. He caught sight of himself in a mirror and was surprised to find that his hair was not white.

Half an hour later, in the cab going home, Minnie, half asleep, was roused by a sudden snort close to her ear. It was Henry Wallace Mills resolving that he would learn to dance.

The mind of man being essentially dramatic, it never even occurred to Henry to confide his resolution to Minnie. That would hopelessly rob the thing of its punch. Her birthday would be coming round in a few weeks, to be attended with celebrations exactly similar to those of the wedding anniversary; and not till they were seated once more in Geisenheimer's on that distant night did Henry intend to breathe a word of his plans. He would spring the completed thing on her abruptly as a wonderful birthday present.

Natural as this resolve may have been, it was the cause of complicating life a good deal. He had narrow escapes. Once, when he was practicing the one-step in the parlor—he had bought a half-dollar book entitled The A-B-C of Modern Dancing, by "Tango," and studied the plates at the office—she came in from the kitchen to ask if he wanted the steak rare; and only the statement, in a moment of inspiration, that he was suffering from a touch of cramp could appease her curiosity.

And then there was the question of how to fit the lessons into his day. He had had no difficulty about finding an instructor. The papers were full of their advertisements. He selected a Madame Gavarni because she lived at a convenient spot. A Subway express station stood at the end of her street. The difficulty was that his life until now had run on such a regular schedule that he could hardly alter so important an item as the hour of his arrival home without exciting comment. Only deceit could provide a solution. It was not easy to force himself to practicing deceit with Minnie; but he did it.

"Min, dear!" he said at breakfast.

"Yes, Henry?"

Henry blushed. He was bracing himself for his first lie to her.

"I've got an idea that I'm not getting enough exercise."

"Why, you look so well!"

"I get a kind of heavy feeling. A sort of—a sort of heavy feeling. I guess I'll put on another mile or so to my walk on my way home. So—so I'll be back a little later from now on."

"Very well, dear."

It made him feel like a particularly low type of criminal; but by abandoning his daily walk he was now in a position to devote an hour a day to his lessons and still reach home in time for dinner, and Madame Gavarni had assured him that would be ample.

"Leave it to me, Bill," she had said. She was a breezy old lady with a military mustache and an unconventional way of addressing her clientèle. "You come to me for an hour a day, and if you haven't two left feet we'll make a pet of Society out of you in a month. I never had a failure with a pupe yet, except once. And that wasn't my fault."

"Had he two left feet?"

"Hadn't any feet at all. Fell from a roof after the second lesson and had to have 'em cut off of him. At that, I could have learned him to tango with wooden legs; but he got kind of discouraged and quit. Well, see you Monday, Bill. Be good!"

And the kindly old soul, retrieving her chewing gum from the panel of the door, where she had placed it to facilitate conversation, dismissed him.

And now began what, looking back in later years, Henry unhesitatingly considered the most miserable period of his existence. There are few times when a man who is past his first youth feels unhappier and more ridiculous than when taking a course of lessons in the modern dance. It was not so much the physical anguish of it, though every-day muscles, the existence of which he had never suspected, seemed to come into being for the sole purpose of aching. Far worse was the mental suffering.

This was partly due to the peculiar method of Madame Gavarni with her pupils and partly to the fact that that lady was assisted in her tuition by her niece, a strikingly blond young lady, whose slim waist Henry could never clasp without feeling like a black-hearted traitor to his absent Minnie. Conscience racked him. Also, he had the sensation of being a strange, jointless creature, with abnormally large hands and feet. Finally, it was Madame Gavarni's custom while playing the piano to accompany the music with spirited comments:

"More pep! More pep!"

"Stick it, Vernon!"

"Don't hold the girl at arms' length, Bill. Hug her!" And she had a trying habit of comparing Henry's progress with that of a certain cripple whom she claimed to have taught at some previous time. This unfortunate, though—it appeared—entirely deprived of the use of his lower limbs, had been a far superior performer to Henry. She and the niece would have lively arguments as to whether or not the cripple had one-stepped in a more agile manner after his third lesson than Henry after his fifth. The niece said no. As well, perhaps, but not better. Madame Gavarni said that the niece was forgetting the way the cripple had slid his feet. The niece said yes, that was so; maybe she was. Henry said nothing. He merely perspired.

He made progress slowly. The blame for this, however, could not fairly be laid on his instructress. Madame Gavarni's niece did all that one woman could to speed him up. Sometimes she would even follow him into the street to show him on the sidewalk a means of doing away with one of his numerous errors of technic, the elimination of which would help to make him definitely the cripple's superior. The misery of embracing her indoors was as nothing to the furtive guilt of clasping her in his arms on the sidewalk.

"More Pep! More Pep! Don't Hold the Girl at Arms' Length, Bill"

(Continued on Page 73)

Henree Demands His Rights

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"LET'S run down to the lake to-morrow and get some ducks," suggested M'sieu Sam Field. And that, my friend, was the beginning of the business. Those simple words launched the mighty crusade that has set a continent aflame. They, and nothing else, led to that remarkable indorsement of my name for the presidency of your great country that has so stirred the emotions of the press.

You have asked for the true inwardness of those doings, those plots and counterplots which recently split asunder countless family ties and set the town to ringing with the exploits of Henri Giraud. *Bien*, I will tell you. Everything starts there—in that harmless proposal by an inoffensive gentleman with a double chin. Have you ever observed, m'sieu, how frequently the crises of life are precipitated by trifles—a careless word, a heedless act?

We were gathered at a dance given by his wife to the younger set of the Bluff, when M'sieu Field remarked lazily: "I tell you what, boys, let's run down to the lake to-morrow."

M'sieu Joe Hicks gave a pull to his collar to ease it and inquired: "Going to take your wife along, Sam, or going for pleasure?"

"What'd women be doing on a duck hunt?"

"You're on, then. Count me in. Say, I hope to die if Patsy ever talks me into wearin' one of these shirts agin. How about it, Henree? You coming too?"

"With all my heart."

At that our host winked jocularly at M'sieu Joe.

"*Eh bien*, my friend!" I said sharply. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Only," he replied with a grin, "I'm betting five to four you won't."

"And pray, why not?"

By way of answer both laughed, and my partner observed with seeming relish: "It's good to see, ain't it, Sam? Sort of carries a feller back to his youth."

Their behavior exasperated me to a degree, and I again demanded: "What do you find so extraordinary? You have invited me to go duck hunting. I have accepted. That is all."

"Let him go on," begged M'sieu Joe in a sort of ecstatic aside. "Don't wake him up yet. A man who's only been married three months has got a moral right to talk foolish."

Behind Us Streamed the Host of Leaguers, Rank on Rank, Never Ending

My patience was being rapidly exhausted, but the arrival of Madame Field at this juncture prevented my obtaining an explanation. She came to insist that we mingle with the guests, instead of herding together for doubtful purposes.

"I know you dance divinely, Mr. Giraud," she declared, "because your wife told me so. And you must be nice to the ones who haven't got their programs filled, you know. This is a coming-out dance."

"A what, madame?"

"A coming-out dance."

I could well believe it. *Ma foi*, some of the married ladies seemed to be coming out, too, m'sieu; but I refrained from mentioning this expectation to Madame Field.

Later I found an opportunity to inquire further concerning the duck hunt.

"At what hour do we go, my friends?"

"I," responded M'sieu Field, "will start at seven sharp to-morrow night."

"But how about us, Sam? Ain't there room in your car for us?"

Our host indulged in a tolerant smile. "I'm betting," was his enigmatic reply, "fifty to forty that neither of you boys turns up."

I was astounded. "What? Fifty dollars to forty that—I take that bet."

"Me too," put in M'sieu Joe. "And say—you've got me down wrong, Sam. You sure have. Patsy can't run it over me; no, sirree. She eats out of my hand."

It was patent that M'sieu Field heard him with skepticism, for he stared up at the ceiling and whistled softly.

"All right, if you don't believe me. I don't care. But I'm giving it to you straight. I'll just breeze in kind of tough and say: 'Patsy,' I'll say, 'we're going after ducks—me and Sam and Henree. So get out the rubber boots, wife, and rustle me some heavy underwear.' And she'll fetch 'em," declared M'sieu Joe, "like a lamb."

They were bold words. Indeed, it seemed to me that my worthy friend was carried away by his optimism, for no stretch of the imagination could picture Madame Patsy—— *Bien*, you are a married man yourself, m'sieu.

The other continued to smile. He retorted: "Sure she will. Only if I were you I'd sneak off and telephone her from the club that you've gone. That's our emergency method and it works pretty well."

"Uh-uh. I've got to tell her—haven't I?"

"You're the doctor, Joe. But the bets stand, and if you boys aren't there when I'm ready to leave, I win. Remember that."

This conversation puzzled me exceedingly. That there should be doubt and dubious foreboding about so trifling a matter as a short trip in quest of the wary waterfowl seemed inexplicable. And why should M'sieu Field be ready to lay odds that we would not accompany him? It was sufficiently mystifying, but when I spoke of my wonderment to my partner as we were taking leave, he rebuked me in a fierce whisper.

"Hush up! Here they come. Don't spring it on 'em yet."

Sadly confused, I curbed my curiosity, and it was not until Madame Giraud and I were riding home in the limousine it had been my privilege to give her on her birthday that I broached the subject of the hunt.

"M'sieu Field and Joe," I began lightly, "have planned a little shooting party at the lake."

My dear wife stifled a yawn and answered listlessly: "Have they?"

"They were good enough to invite me."

"That was nice of them," she murmured with the utmost indifference.

I heaved a sigh of relief. For it is best to confess frankly, m'sieu, that at the very moment I opened my mouth to acquaint her with my intentions I was seized with a sudden and unreasonable prescience of trouble. Why, I do not know, but a peculiar qualm crept over me. However, her attitude set me completely at my ease.

"We leave at seven o'clock to-night," I continued.

Madame Giraud came to life as though stabbed by a pin. "You leave?" she cried, sitting up very straight. "Why, you're not going, Henree?"

"I have just told you ——"

"Of course. It was nice of them to ask you, but I never dreamed you'd think of accepting. Are you crazy?"

"I am not," I replied decidedly.

"Well, you talk like you were. No, indeed! Why, I can't get over it! To think that you'd even want to go."

"But, my darling ——"

"Don't 'but' me. You know very well you oughtn't to go. And especially with that Sam Field. What fun is there in shooting a few defenseless ducks, anyway?"

"I only thought, my dear, that ——"

"You did nothing of the kind. You're tired of me already. That's the trouble." And throwing herself back against the cushion, my bride burst into weeping.

Henri Giraud, my friend, has never been proof against a woman's tears. And when that woman is the one he adores above all the world—I could not bear it. In a passion of remorse for my selfish thoughtlessness I protested my devotion. I entreated her to abate her grief, to listen to my plea, to feel the tumultuous throbbing of my heart. I adjured her to forget the incident, to cast it out from her mind forever, to accept my agitation as evidence of my consuming love. All for naught: Jane continued to sob, gulping at intervals: "You don't—love me. Oh, oh, I wish I was dead!"

I was giving way to despair when the car drew up at our door and fortunately relieved the dilemma. Out I hopped and proffered my hand to assist my wife. She ignored it. Yes; with her head up, proudly and coldly as an insulted queen, she sailed up the walk ahead of me. Nor did she vouchsafe a word after we entered. Indeed, her demeanor was such that I deemed it prudent not to disturb her silence, and we retired under the oppression of our first estrangement.

It was the same next morning. I entertained hopes that another day might bring back our radiant happiness; but no. She rose and moved voicelessly about the house, pale and majestic. What was I to do? A word from me would probably bring on a shower of tears. Therefore, I discreetly held aloof.

Directly after breakfast my wife rang up Madame Hicks, and I heard her invite them to take dinner with us. A clever ruse; I smiled. And immediately an inspiration came to me. Ordering the car I drove to M'sieu Joe's, bursting in upon him as he was practicing the twinkle under the eye of a dancing master—such was his self-immolation to the wishes of Madame Patsy.

"One, two, three, four—back—forward ——"

"Aha, my friend!" I exclaimed exultantly. "I have an idea!"

"No wonder you're all swelled up."

"We will take mesdames with us to the club. Do you see? We will make this a family outing."

"So!" said M'sieu Joe with a scornful glance. "You want to spoil it, hey?"

"I do not understand you."

"Yes, you do. Jane told you to forget it and now you're trying to stall. Shucks, Henree, I thought better of you than that."

"Are you, then," I asked, not without trepidation, "determined to go?"

"I sure am. You heard me say what I'd tell Patsy, didn't you? Well, that goes. That's the kind of a guy I am. If you want to learn how to handle a wife, just trail behind little Joe. I mean it. Come on."

"Is That You, Henree? What Makes You So Husky? Speak Up!"

He strode out of the room and upstairs. I followed close at his heels, filled with admiration of his intrepid spirit. That he could be terrific in any physical encounter or brawl I was well aware, but I had never credited M'sieu Joe with domination of his own household. But now his mien was admirable; there was a masterful air about him as he entered the sitting room where his wife was toasting her feet at a grate while a woman worked on her hair; he walked with just a suggestion of swagger that was truly admirable. And his tone was authoritative and tough as he said: "Patsy, me and Henree and Sam have rigged up a duck hunt. To-night. Two days of it. Where're my things?"

Madame Hicks raised her lustrous eyes and replied: "Cut out the comedy, my angel child. And for heaven's sake, come and rub my feet. They were killin' me all night."

"I mean it," asseverated my friend, albeit less certainly.

"Do you? Then turn over; you're on your back. If you budge an inch out of this house to-night with Sam Field, sweetness, it'll be over my dead body."

"But Sam expects ——"

"What do I care what he expects? He isn't a fit companion for you and Henree anyhow."

"Shucks!" interrupted M'sieu Joe with a warning glance at the hairdresser; "Sam's all right. He likes to put on his best clothes and stand round, but he's harmless."

Hearing this, the beauty expert giggled.

It was this young woman's habit to regale her customers with titbits of gossip, and she now spoke up without the least hesitation.

"Are you talking about Sam Field?" she inquired. "Ain't he the grandest man? He gave a friend of mine a fur coat last Christmas."

"There!" exclaimed Madame Patsy triumphantly.

"Pshaw, that don't prove anything. Sam's kind to the working girl."

"Get out this instant!" ordered his wife, and we did so.

M'sieu Joe was intensely glum. "Well, you see now, don't you?" he demanded savagely when we were safely downstairs. "A husband can't call his soul his own these days."

"Don't you think that were we to invite the ladies ——"

"No, I don't," he returned passionately. "If we stand for this we'll have to stand for anything. They'll ride over us worse every day. I know 'em."

"What, then, is to be done?"

"Let's drop round and ask ol' Sam. He's got his wife trained right. How he does it beats me; looks like the worse you treat 'em, the better they like you. Maybe he'll help us out."

No sooner said than done. We went to his office.

"Sure," said M'sieu Field without any surprise, "I know all about it. Henree's wife cried, and they both said I wasn't a fit friend. Now, man to man, didn't they? Fine!"

"What's this about a fur coat, Sam?" asked M'sieu Joe by way of diversion.

"Nothing to it," was the angry reply. "Just one of those jokes they start on a chap sometimes. You know me better'n that, don't you?"

My partner contented himself with twiddling his underlip.

"Well, anyhow, the question is: Are you two coming? Will you be there at seven o'clock to-night, Joe, or lose your bet and settle down to be a sweet little house cat?"

"I'm no house cat," asserted M'sieu Joe truculently.

"You don't show up like much of a free back-fence rover to me."

My partner and I, we looked at each other.

"It's like this," M'sieu Field went on: "Now or never. You're 'most too late to begin, Joe, because Patsy got the jump on you at the start. Still, you can try.

"But in Henree's case—do you want to get along smoothly, old scout, or be romped on every time you draw a long breath?"

"I do not see how this incident can possibly have any bearing ——"

"No, of course not. But you will six months from now. I'm your friend and I'd like to see you start right."

I grasped his hand warmly.

"That's all right," he said hastily; "don't mention it. You don't need to kiss me, Henree. Always glad to help out. You see, we're all in the same boat. It's simply whether we want to remain normal, respectable husbands, paying the bills and taking the blame, or fill the shoes of Cary Peavish."

"Who," I inquired, "is M'sieu Peavish?"

"Why, he was a little guy about five feet nothing—not as big as you are, Henree, and a good deal like you in the face. Well, he had one of these wives who're strong for women's rights, but don't know their husbands have got any. However, Cary toed the mark without a whimper. He kept his nose to the grindstone and did the chores cheerfully for a couple of years, getting Hail Columbia every time he opened his mouth or shuffled his feet. She surely had him trained to stand without hitching.

"But one night Cary up and rebelled. It was all because his wife jumped him for laughing out loud over a joke he happened to think about while he was polishing the silver. It was one of those jokes nobody else but Cary could have raised a smile for, too. That was the last straw. Yes, sir, Cary was riled. He forgot to be meek and he reared up on his hind legs and put on his hat and went down to the Elks' Club."

"Excellent!"

"He went downtown and he drank three bottles of soda pop, Cary did, and smoked a cigarette. And then he played five games of checkers. Peavish was going some. In fact, about eleven o'clock he got to feeling so mean and ugly he decided to go home and beat up his wife, though she was twice his size and could lick him with one hand tied behind her back. But she nailed him before he got inside the door.

"'Cary Peavish, you've been smoking!'

"'I only had one.'

"'You come along with me, you insect!' she says through her teeth, and away she led him upstairs by the collar to their room. 'Now,' says Mrs. Peavish firmly when they'd got there, 'you go in that closet and you stay till I get undressed. By that time maybe I'll know what to do about this.'

"You never saw a man so worked up," ended M'sieu Field. "It was awful. Cary was mad all through. He wanted to tell her he wouldn't, but he didn't have the nerve. So he just stood there and swallowed. At last he pipes up: 'All right, ma'am, I'll go. But as long as I've got a spark of manhood left I'll peep.'"

At this point in his narrative he broke off to light a cigar. "So the question is: Do you want to be like Cary Peavish?"

"But," I objected, my thoughts in a turmoil, "this terrible recital—the case of M'sieu Peavish—it can hardly be cited as a parallel."

"Can't it? That's all you know, Henree. Now listen to me a minute. Let's look at the bald facts; you've been married so short a time you haven't really seen 'em. Last month your wife, Henree, was away three days with Patsy to visit Mrs. Ward."

"Assuredly, sir. What of it?"

"And what did you poor boobs do? Raise a howl? Not much. You took 'em to the station and waved good-by and promised to take good care of the canary. Didn't you?"

"The cat killed it," interjected M'sieu Joe gloomily.

"That wasn't your fault. And how did Henree act? Moped round like a sick pup, and telephoned her twice a day, and sent her violets and candy and things—to his wife, mind you. Didn't you?" His manner was stern.

"I did."

"Very well. So they had their little trip. Now we fix up one for ourselves, and what happens? Hell's a-popping."

He was right. A light began to dawn upon me. I had not given thought to these matters before, but, listening to him, I experienced a sense of injustice, a feeling of hot resentment against my wife.

"You speak truly."

"Sure he does," agreed M'sieu Joe. "We'd ought to stand up for our rights, Henree."

"Great!" Our friend sprang from his chair and advanced on us with outstretched hands. "Is it a go? Will you come with me, no matter what they say?"

"I will," I said resolutely.

"Me too."

"The trouble with a lot of American wives," declared M'sieu Field oracularly as he helped himself to another slice of duck, "is selfishness. They start with a wrong conception of a husband's status—or, I ought to say, they don't realize he has any. I'm against beating 'em; at the same time, they ought to learn that he's a partner, instead of an auxiliary—a sort of meal ticket and handy man and goat."

We made no comment, but went on eating. Nevertheless, I felt a pronounced repugnance to M'sieu Field at that moment. I was beginning to dislike the man.

"And no matter how they treat you, you're expected to worship the same old way you did when ——"

"Oh, hire a hall!" growled M'sieu Joe. "And pass the gravy, Sam. Do you want it all?"

"What's the matter now? You and Henree look peeved."

"Nothing's the matter. But this ain't the Chautauqua Circuit. Stick to the meal."

Our host regarded us narrowly a space, but did not pursue the conversation.

We had been at the lake two days, my friend. For two mortal days we had sat shivering in a blind, or had rowed about in a boat setting decoys—and all for what? The satisfaction of slaughtering seven wretched birds, and one of them a cripple. Do you wonder that M'sieu Joe and I were out of humor?

"Call this sport?" grumbled my partner when we were alone. "I'd as lief be balin' water out of the cellar any day. Why, unless you stay lit up all the time there ain't a thing to it. I wonder what Patsy's doing anyhow."

And I, I wondered what Jane might be doing at that moment—my poor, neglected, abandoned bride. I cannot describe, my friend, the sickness of heart that assailed me during this separation. A thousand times I repented of my rash determination; throughout the livelong day and night I kept recalling her white face and the high dignity of her bearing as she received the announcement of my intention to accompany my friends at all costs. A thousand times I determined to rush back to her, but each time a sense of shame deterred me. Our host would recount the affair, with absurd exaggerations, to all his acquaintances; they would laugh. No, I could not do it. I stayed.

"Yes, sir, I wonder what she's doing. There're worse ol' scouts than Patsy, Henree, I don't care what anybody says."

"Assuredly there must be."

"I even miss her jumpin' on me," continued my friend with tender melancholy. "Dashed if I don't. Dashed if I don't believe I like it. I sort of miss havin' nobody to quarrel with."

I understood perfectly. For Madame Giraud's reproofs of those trifling offenses that irritate all good housewives now recurred to me as sweet memories. After all, the strict accountability to which she held me sprang from excess of affection—that and nothing else. And at the thought the tears welled in my eyes.

"Tell you what," burst out M'sieu Joe, "let's go home. I'm fed up on ducks. We'll go tell ol' Sam, and beat it."

"You really mean it?"

"Sure, Mike!"

"Agreed!" I shouted, embracing him rapturously.

M'sieu Field returning at that moment, we acquainted him with our decision.

"All right," he acquiesced. "I figured you'd be going. You're two dandy sports, you are! Why didn't you bring your knitting along?"

"Do you aim to stay on here, Sam?"

"No-o-o, not me. Too lonely. I'll go too and see what kind of a hand you get."

All the way home he kept humming in a mysterious and sagacious fashion, to my intense pique; and instead of driving off when he had deposited M'sieu Joe he ordered the chauffeur to wait. Before I could elicit his reasons for this step my poor friend emerged from the house wearing an expression of bewilderment that was pitiful to see.

"Gone, hey?" chirruped M'sieu Field.

"How did you know?"

"Oh, I just doped it that way. Get in and we'll see how Henree comes out."

"Have no fears," I assured him proudly. "Madame Giraud will be in her place." And as we whirled away, with M'sieu Joe between us, I gave myself up to delicious anticipation of the endearments in store. Indeed, so eager was I to behold my bride again, to clasp her in my arms and assure her over and over that the heart of her Henri had never strayed, that I did not even tarry to bid the two *Au revoir*, but dashed up the steps of my home three at a time.

"Madame! It is I—your husband—come back to you!"

No response; and suddenly a sense of desolation and loneliness smote me.

"Mrs. Giraud has gone," a maid reported.

"Gone? Where to? Where has she gone, and when?"

"I don't know, sir. Mrs. Hicks called for her the morning after you left, and they went away together. I think Mrs. Field was with them."

Stunned, I rushed out to inform my friends. They took it more philosophically than I had expected, especially M'sieu Field.

"All gone, hey? Fine! Get in, Henree, and come round to my house. We'll bach it. There'll be doings now."

Scarcely knowing what I was up to, I stepped into the car and we were whirled away to his palatial mansion. M'sieu Field seemed positively enchanted by the loss of our wives. He kept rubbing his hands together, and as we alighted he exclaimed: "This is better than I'd hoped for."

"I must confess, m'sieu, that I fail to see ——"

"Wait. Wait till I tell you about it, Henree. We'll organize a strike; get up a husbands' protest. Man, it's the biggest idea of the year. It puts the Peace Ship in the shade. We'll bust into the front page of every newspaper in the country."

Desirable as fame may be, I was not in the mood for it. I wanted my wife back. Why conceal the fact from you, my friend? I had been married a short three months, and so I loved her. But our host beamed with triumph. He ushered us jubilantly into the house and rang for the butler.

"Some first aid to the dying, Norton. Sit down, boys. When did Mrs. Field go away, Norton? Good! Now I'll tell you what we'll do."

"If it's another shootin' trip," warned M'sieu Joe, "you can forget it right now, Sam."

"Nothing of that sort at all. No, sir. We'll stay here in this house and live like lords. But we'll pull off a few stunts that'll let 'em know we're alive."

I deemed it advisable to state my position before he involved us further.

"For my part," I said firmly, "I intend to go after Madame Giraud, ask her forgiveness and bring her home."

He uttered a veritable bellow of consternation. "What! Knock under? Give up? Quit? Lie down like a yellow dog?"

"No, m'sieu. But I wish to see my wife."

"Well, you'll see her in good time. What do a few days matter? But I tell you straight, Henree, if you go crawling back to beg pardon you might as well drown yourself and be done with it. Jane'll have you where she wants you for keeps. You'll be a doormat marked 'Wipe Your Feet Here' for the rest of your natural life. And when you die St. Peter'll ——"

"Aw, snucks, Sam, it ain't as bad as all that. They just naturally got to fuss anyhow. A woman ain't happy unless. They'll blame you if you do and they'll blame you if you don't. But it don't hurt you when you get used to it."

Thus spoke M'sieu Joe. A look of withering contempt was all he got; then the butler entered with the first aid to the dying on a tray, and our host hastened to do the honors. "All right," he cried with bluff heartiness, "we won't argue about it. I never could argue with fatheads. Let's have a snort."

Relieved by our easy victory, I joyfully complied. We quaffed the excellent drink he concocted, which he called an Old Hen, toasting "Happy Days."

"Gee!" said M'sieu Joe, making a wry face. "This Ol' Hen's got a kick like a mule. Is that ammonia or gasoline?"

"Isn't it bully?" cried our host, and insisted on making another, proposing "Our Wives!" This I drank with fiery enthusiasm. He was for sampling a third to "Model Husbands—Exhibit A, Cary Peavish," but I demurred. As M'sieu Joe seemed nothing loath, however, and our host continued to insist, I yielded. Indeed, the coupling of M'sieu Peavish's name with the toast struck me as so lamentable that I delivered a brief extemporaneous speech, setting out my own ideals of domestic bliss.

Presently M'sieu Sam remarked, wiping his lips: "So I can't persuade you boys to stay with me till the girls get back? I'm mighty sorry. But if you want to be Mr. Peavish, it's your own funeral."

"You ain't talking to me," exclaimed M'sieu Joe angrily. "Nor me."

"No, of course not—with both of you blubbering to go home." He hitched his chair close to us and continued earnestly: "Now, I like you two, and I hate to see you get the short end."

"Don't you worry none about us, Sam."

"Isn't that what you're getting? We take a little harmless, innocent trip any husband ought to be entitled to take, and they go and make a tragedy of it—quit us—leave home—bust up."

What he said was undeniable.

"Did you and Henree get mad and go off on a toot when your wives went to visit Mrs. Ward? I should say not. Look at the difference—they're willing to take a chance on wrecking our whole lives over a little thing that doesn't amount to that"—he snapped his fingers—"and all to get their own way. They'd rather ruin everything than not be boss."

Once more I felt my resentment rising. It was all true. Why had Madame Giraud left my board and roof so cavalierly? Would I have acted so in like case? Decidedly not!

"They're fine women, I guess, and all that," went on M'sieu Field, "but they've got to be taught a lesson. Why, it makes my blood boil. Poor Henree left all alone and only married three months—and dashed if he doesn't carry up her breakfast to her in bed."

How he knew that I performed this service I cannot say. But the citation served to call up vividly the many other acts of consideration which it had been my pleasure to perform, and I had to weigh against them—what? It was then, m'sieu, that I caught his drift. It was then that the scales fell from my eyes. It was then that I woke up.

While I had been cheerfully sinking my prejudices and foregoing all of my accustomed habits—while I had been devoting myself to please her by those numberless attentions a man of breeding delights in bestowing—trifles, perhaps, but immensely important in conducing harmony and pleasant relations—what had Jane been doing? M'sieu, I desire in this narrative to state the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Jane had done nothing. She still did whatever she willed, whatever her wayward fancy suggested, precisely as she had done in her father's house. And she had used her hold over my affections to strip from me, one by one, every privilege men enjoy by custom and convention.

Do you wonder that my pulse began to race as I listened to M'sieu Field? He was right; we were being imposed upon, and they must be brought to their senses. Henri Giraud is slow to take offense, my friend, he has an inherent dislike for squabbling and discord; but, once stung into reprisals by injustice, he can become a very demon of retribution.

And then there was the case of M'sieu Peavish. Bizarre as it had sounded at first, I began to see that his frightful predicament was not so impossible. Once started in the habit of yielding supinely, and it might well be that the same fate would overtake us. Therefore, I broke in with: "Enough, my friend. Say no more. I am with you, heart and soul. What is your plan?"

"You mean it?" he cried joyously. "You too, Joe?"

"Oh, I reckon. Patsy'll give me fits anyhow. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"All right then," said M'sieu Field. "That's settled. Listen." And he proceeded to unfold his scheme.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked, sitting back. "Are you with me?"

"I am not only with you," I told him, deeply stirred, "but I will assume the lead in this affair. You have called me a house cat, and with some reason; but you shall see. This campaign will require daring and subtlety and imagination; also unswerving, steadfast

(Continued on Page 48)

"If You Budge an Inch Out of This House Tonight, Sweetness, It'll Be Over My Dead Body"

HOW RICH IS AMERICA?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

LIKE a young giant feeling his muscles for the first time and marveling at their strength, this country is to-day beginning to take stock of its wealth. We have always known the United States to be a land of riches. Just how rich it was no one had ever particularly bothered to find out. But now that other great nations are thrown back on the ultimate test of their financial strength, their industrial adaptability and organization, and their natural resources, we, too, must examine the foundations of our power, the assets that make up the national estate.

This country is worth about two hundred and twenty billion dollars in terms of money. That is as much as the British and German Empires together; and from 1904 to 1912 the mere increase in our national wealth equaled the total accumulated possessions of Germany. We are possessed of nearly a quarter of a trillion dollars. It is a dizzy sum for the human mind to grasp, but there is no other way in which to express the idea of all the forces and resources of a whole people.

Less than a generation ago a famous statesman said: "This is a billion-dollar country!" He caused more of a sensation by that remark than did an unimaginative, matter-of-fact statistician who told a body of scientists last winter that our grandchildren might be thinking in trillions instead of billions. A trillion dollars is a million million dollars. We are not accustomed to this strange new figure; yet, though it has been used mostly by astronomers in the past, it may come to be the commonplace of economists in the future.

Last year our domestic trade amounted to five hundred and seven billion dollars, or just over half a trillion. We need only a fourfold increase in national wealth to bring it up to the odd new-sounding total. Somewhere between 1880 and 1890 this country's wealth was just one-fourth of what it is to-day. Perhaps even our children will point with pride to a country that is worth one trillion dollars!

"But what do I care about trillions?" asks the man in the street. "John D. Rockefeller may have a billion dollars. That's more than anybody can think about without getting weak in the head, and even a millionaire looks mighty good to me. What I really want to know is how to make a few thousand dollars."

All very well; but the American people have never stopped being interested in big figures. Big pumpkins, big hogs and big national resources—they are all just cause for pride. It is of the essence of our national character, of our creativeness in a new country. But it is more than that. The grim fact is that, unless a nation possesses great wealth, most of the people that make it up have very little to live on. Nor is that all.

What Is Wealth and What Is Not

SUPPOSE, when the European war is over, the fighting nations are swept by a plague. If history repeats itself there is sure to be one; for from the time of the Peloponnesian War, hundreds of years before Christ, when the Attic sickness visited Greece, right down to the smallpox of the Franco-Prussian War, disease has proved more deadly than all the armies.

If, then, every American seaport were closed to shut out the plague we should begin to count up our national wealth quickly enough!

As for war, it tests all the life forces of a people. It strains and drains their total resources and the very sum total of their wealth. It drags on every item of the national treasure. It is a contest of endurance, of every human possession, in which the purely material and tangible are by no means least.

But what is wealth? A professor in a Canadian university went into the primeval forest as a lad and, with his father, felled two giant trees. They chopped the trees into cordwood, hauled the logs to market and, as the result of two days' labor, sold them for from five to seven dollars. A few years later a sawmill was erected on the same spot, and in far less time cut up two trees of the same size into lumber worth from fifteen to twenty-five dollars.

A German cabinetmaker could take the same trees, create several thousand dollars' worth of products, and live for a year or more on the proceeds.

An Italian woodcarver and his whole family could live for a generation or longer on the product of two such splendid monarchs of the forest, and an art lover might pay tens of thousands for his rare work.

So wealth is something more than merely what Nature gives us. But its greatest single item is land, for out of land come food and clothing and shelter, man's three imperative needs. So land is wealth; but not the deeds, mortgages and other paper evidences of its ownership. Then, too, wealth consists of factories, shops and works of every kind, railroads and their equipments, canals, tools, machinery and livestock; but never the paper shares and bonds that measure the property rights of owners in these possessions. Finally there are the actual products of mines and factories and farms, merchandise, clothing and furniture; but in no case the warehouse receipts or other paper representatives of such things.

Burn all the stocks, bonds, mortgages and insurance policies in the country in one great pile, and the national wealth would be only a trifle smaller. One citizen would have gained hugely at the expense of another, but how would the nation itself be any poorer?

National wealth consists of the sum total of material and tangible goods on which it is possible to place a money value. By rights it should include seas, rivers, harbors, climate, mountains and scenery. This is a rich country because the climate is varied and the land itself is varied. It is not all mountain or all lowland. The people on the mountain cannot furnish the things that are easily won on the plain. The temperate zone does not have all the products of the tropics. By purchasing the things it has not each section enriches the other. Variety of nature makes variety of opportunity and occupation.

But these treasures, the richest we boast, have no money value, because they cannot be measured. No one can charge for rain in the Mississippi Valley, but what would the land there be worth if there were no rain?

Who dares say the American pioneer was not poorer than the city dweller of to-day? He had enough to eat and found everything for the taking. There were game, fish and fruit. He wandered at will through the primeval forests, to which no man had a title. He made a canoe from a tree and paid no railroad fare. But you cannot measure that kind of wealth, though it may have been greater than all this country has to-day, any more than you can make a census of the wealth contained in the sunshine of Arizona, the ocean bathing at Atlantic City, the beauty of wild flowers, and the song of birds in the Florida Everglades.

Just so, no one can count the value of the vast, intangible apparatus that consists of organization, business connections, and the whole great stock of accumulated knowledge handed down to us by our forefathers. Without them we should be compelled again to toil up the long, wearisome incline from barbarism to modern civilization. But these are conditions that make wealth possible, and not wealth itself. It is not the power to amass riches so much as the actual accumulation of them.

Is the air wealth? It is almost that in a crowded city, and it will be even more so when our captains of industry get plants started for liquefying the atmosphere and separating the nitrogen from the oxygen. Even then it will be hard indeed to place a money value on anything as free as air, though a whole new group of products, with a most definite, tangible money value, will find its way into the census figures.

Air may be the wealth of the future. At present land is the fundamental, enduring natural resource from which nations draw their life. Without soil we cannot eat, clothe ourselves or sleep under a roof. If farms are impoverished and mines are empty we simply starve and freeze and die. In this case the most splendid financial structure and the most stupendous hoard of gold are worthless.

The Resources of the Soil

IN SOIL this country is supreme. The farm is first and fundamental. Mining and manufacturing are less important, for if anywhere life is actually sustained by mining, manufacture and commerce, somebody elsewhere must be raising food and the raw materials of clothing. Manufacturing, as a sole support, is founded more on poverty of natural wealth than on its possession.

Of crops that nearly all nations raise, wheat is foremost. We raise more than any other nation, a sixth more than Russia, our nearest rival. We lead in oats and are next to Russia in barley. Other countries far surpass the United States in potatoes and rye, but rye grows on poor land and potatoes give large yields, two indications that population is pressing heavily on the soil, which is not a sign of wealth.

Three-fourths of all the corn raised in the world is upon American farms. We devote nearly as much land as the whole of Germany to this cereal. Corn, oats and hay—another crop in which America stands high—are food largely for animals. They are consumed where they grow and have made it possible for America to export meat. We have three times as many swine as Germany, our nearest rival, and twice as many considering the larger population. But in meat products we are fast losing ground. This is the one particular case wherein, despite the vastness of our resources and the vaunted increase in wealth and population, we are falling behind.

Soil cannot long produce unless it is replenished. We have ample resources in phosphate, the largest in the world in potash; and water power in excess of any other country makes it possible to extract the third needful soil renewer—nitrogen—from the air.

As for the raw products of clothing, we are supreme, raising two-thirds of the world's cotton. We do not raise enough sheep, but even here rank third in the world.

Two-thirds of the original forests have gone, but much of the cleared land has been plowed to crops. One form of

wealth supplants another. We cannot have both forest and farm, and have chosen the farm.

The farm comes first, but minerals are not far behind. This is the mineral wonderland of the world. Practically all that are needed by industry are found within our borders, a statement that can be made of no other country. A country can live from its farms and forests alone if it has enough of them, but it cannot become great and powerful without industry, and the foundations of industry are coal and iron.

We have iron for centuries to come—some seventy-five billion tons. Iron is the chief mineral in the world and the United States is the world's greatest iron producer. It has been said that only nations in command of iron can, in the long run, remain in command of gold. Here is the backbone of the country's defense, as well as a mighty item in its sordid count of riches. The United States is now turning out as much steel in a year as Germany, Great Britain and France combined. The United States is a three-power nation as regards the one absolutely essential ingredient of war, and our iron industry is based upon domestic ores entirely, rather than on a navy-protected trade.

It is within our power to build a battleship or an automobile—except the tires—entirely from home materials. Copper is absolutely essential to modern industry, because electrical apparatus cannot exist without it. We supply sixty per cent of the world's production, and no other nation approaches us except at a great distance, Mexico being the nearest. In 1912 nearly eight hundred times as much copper was produced in this country as in 1850.

We produce thirty-two per cent of the world's lead and zinc. If we compute our national wealth at two hundred and twenty billion dollars, that staggering sum does not include Alaska, which is as big as France and Germany together, and it leaves out Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. There can be no estimate, even, of wealth except where there are detailed tax assessments, and these dependencies know them not. Perhaps Alaska, the greatest of our public domains, may yield up undreamed-of riches. It is known to be heavily mineralized. One gold mine alone has ore in sight for fifty years, with a mill-grinding capacity of six thousand tons daily.

Under the pressure of foreign demand our underground wealth is growing by leaps and bounds. Minerals unknown a few years ago, except to the geologist, are being dragged from their hiding places to add to the stupendous inventory of national resources. Ten years ago vanadium was worth less than four hundred dollars, the amount produced being too small to "specify." To-day it is worth one million dollars, and several tons are being mined. The adaptability and resourcefulness of American chemists and engineers are adding literally scores of mineral products to the asset side of the page.

The Motive Force of Modern Civilization

POWER to turn the raw materials into useful articles for man is just as important as the raw stuff itself. Coal is our most important mineral asset—the motive force of modern civilization. All great nations have large coal deposits. Perhaps they would not have been great without them. This country has sixty to seventy per cent of all the coal deposits in the world. Its coal lands are as great as the total area of Germany, France and Great Britain, and we could supply the whole world with coal if need be. The other great source of power is oil, and here we supply sixty-five per cent of the world's production.

Surely this is a remarkably wealthy nation. It is also a fact that our natural wealth is being used up at an astonishing rate. The faster mines are developed, the faster are Nature's storehouses looted. Natural gas has been wasted for trivial purposes; oil has been recklessly squandered; lands worn out by bonanza farmers; and forests spoiled by heedless cutting. Minerals are created by long ages of geologic activity, the amount of deposits during the historical life of the nation having been negligible. The more prosperous and flourishing our mining industry, the poorer is the national estate.

But the waste of natural resources has no place in an estimate of existing wealth. It has no place any more than an equally tremendous offsetting fact, the possibility of threefold or fourfold greater wealth production through conservation, efficiency, mobilization of industrial resources, new inventions, chemical discoveries and superorganization.

Suppose the time comes—and it may not be so far away—when every railroad and factory is run by electricity operated from central power houses. Just imagine the saving and consequent increase in wealth! It is said that a hundred million horse power of electric energy is going to waste every year in Pennsylvania coking plants alone in the form of gas that might be used for power. Already a project is under way by which a company will establish a coking plant, sell the heretofore wasted gas to a power company, which, in turn, will sell the current to a railroad.

"If I had to choose between the capital of my business and the organization I have built up," said a multimillionaire, "I would take the organization."

You cannot compute the money value of organization. You can only appraise its results in the products it draws from an unwilling Nature, and in the capital that remains after man has fed and clothed and taken care of himself generally.

Tangible material wealth consists of three parts—natural resources, capital saved up from the past, and goods ready for use. The average American is less richly endowed with the gifts of Nature than his grandfather. But what of it? What good did my grandfather get out of an undiscovered deposit of tungsten in Colorado when he was fighting in the Civil War? And of what use was the unguessed deposit of tungsten to the nation, for that matter? For it was not then being used as an alloy for steel, as it is to-day.

Capital is the equipment for wresting from Nature's grasp her treasures; and if there are fewer hidden treasures to grasp than there were fifty years ago the equipment for seizing them is infinitely superior. As a result, there is perhaps four times as much goods ready for use as in 1850. In houses, furniture, clothing and vehicles we are a vastly richer people than in earlier days.

But are human beings themselves to be counted as part of the national wealth? It has been said that a man is worth two or three thousand dollars. It is said that billions of dollars would be saved if we could reduce disease and lengthen life. Men are surely a part of the wealth of the European nations in their present struggle. The head of a great government department, in his last annual report, made up what he called a list of the assets of the United States, and he included the twenty million boys and girls in the public schools of the country.

But the more people there are, the more must be fed. A big population presses upon the soil. It reduces the amount of natural wealth for each individual. Then, too, an increasing population tends to raise land values, and rising land values loom up big in every estimate of national wealth, for there is no way of keeping them out. Thus, a large population is included indirectly in the estimates of national wealth, and it would be dangerous to go further.

But is money wealth? Shall we include in our reckoning the machinery known as banking and the staggering bond issues that nations seem able to raise when their existence is threatened? If the United States is ever compelled to fight a great war one of its first problems will be to raise money to pay for the war. We have a gigantic banking structure, capped by the new Federal Reserve System, capable of almost unlimited expansion. But you cannot count a banking system right into the census of wealth, because, aside from gold and silver, banking consists solely of credit and the paper evidences of the very wealth that is counted in somewhere else. Banking is based largely on credit, and credit is a mighty asset to a nation. But how can we figure it down to dollars and cents?

Banking rests largely upon confidence, coöperation and credit—even to some extent upon organization; but back of and behind these intangibles are the actualities of wealth. And in the world as it exists to-day no solid substantial object affords quite so much confidence in a bank as just plain everyday gold.

Our country has within its vaults as much gold as France and Russia combined—the two European nations that have striven the hardest to build mammoth hoards of the yellow metal. It has as much as Germany and Great Britain together, with all the other belligerents except France and Russia thrown in. But that is not all. Outside of Russia, which produces less than one-third as much gold as the United States, every European country is absolutely dependent upon the rest of the world for its gold supply; whereas this country yields up from its own mines one-fifth of the entire world's supply—or more than any part of the earth except South Africa.

Last year we sucked in more than four hundred million dollars of the yellow metal from the very nations that for years had been engaged in a fierce scramble for it. In our bank vaults, clearing houses, assay offices and subtreasuries gold is stacked like sacks in a granary.

The San Francisco Mint alone received in seven months fifty million dollars in gold from Australia, Japan and China. In four months more gold flowed into the country than in all of 1908, the previous banner year. It would take the largest force of men that ever worked at one time on the Panama Canal just to pick up the gold in Uncle Sam's treasuries. There is more of it in the Mint at Denver than was in the whole world sixty years ago. At one time that building held half a billion dollars in gold alone. If gold is in any sense a financial protection this country has massive bulwarks against the possibility of shock. Its bunkers are full to overflowing.

How Much Money Could We Raise?

IF WE accept Professor Atkinson's estimate that the Civil War cost eight billion dollars, and remember that the national wealth, including slaves, was placed by the Census at only $16,159,616,068 in 1860, and at only a little more than thirty billion dollars in depreciated currency even five years after the war had ended, it is seen that the struggle between the states cost between one-fourth and one-half of their then existing wealth. All calculations as to what wars cost are subject to grievous and even monumental errors. But this much we know: The North raised nearly four billion dollars in loans, and the South raised two billions. Call it six billion dollars actually obtained for war purposes by the two opposing sections.

If the North and South in conflict could spend six billion dollars on war half a century ago, what could the united country assemble for such a purpose to-day, with ten times the wealth? This country has a puny, negligible national debt. The European countries were enormously—almost ruinously—in debt before they began their war, some of them with from ten to fifteen times as much debt per capita as the United States. Yet they have already floated thirty billion dollars of bonds, and the end is nowhere in sight.

The total aggregate wealth of all the belligerents is hardly more than one-third greater than ours. If wealth is any test this country could stagger almost any conceivable combination that might be formed against it.

It is no easy task, you may be sure, to make an estimate of national wealth, even if there be included only those items that may be touched and seen; but the Census Bureau has tried to do it, with gradually increasing accuracy, ever since 1850—for the last time in 1912. In 1850 and 1860 the value of slaves in the Southern States was included, although it is not known what value was placed upon them. Remembering that all estimates before those of 1850 were made by private individuals, and that even an approximate degree of accuracy was not obtained by the Government itself until 1880, the following table shows the estimates which have been made since the beginning of the Republic:

1791	$ 750,000,000	1800	$ 16,159,616,068
1800	1,072,000,000	1870	30,068,518,507*
1810	1,500,000,000	1880	43,642,000,000
1820	1,882,000,000	1890	65,037,091,197
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1840	3,764,000,000	1904	107,104,192,410
1850	7,135,780,228	1912	187,739,071,090

*Equivalent to $34,814,806 on a gold basis.

No doubt the earlier estimates were far too low, because until 1880 the value of public lands, real estate exempt from taxes, and religious, charitable and educational institutions was not included.

Defects there may be in the census estimates, but probably the same blemishes apply to all

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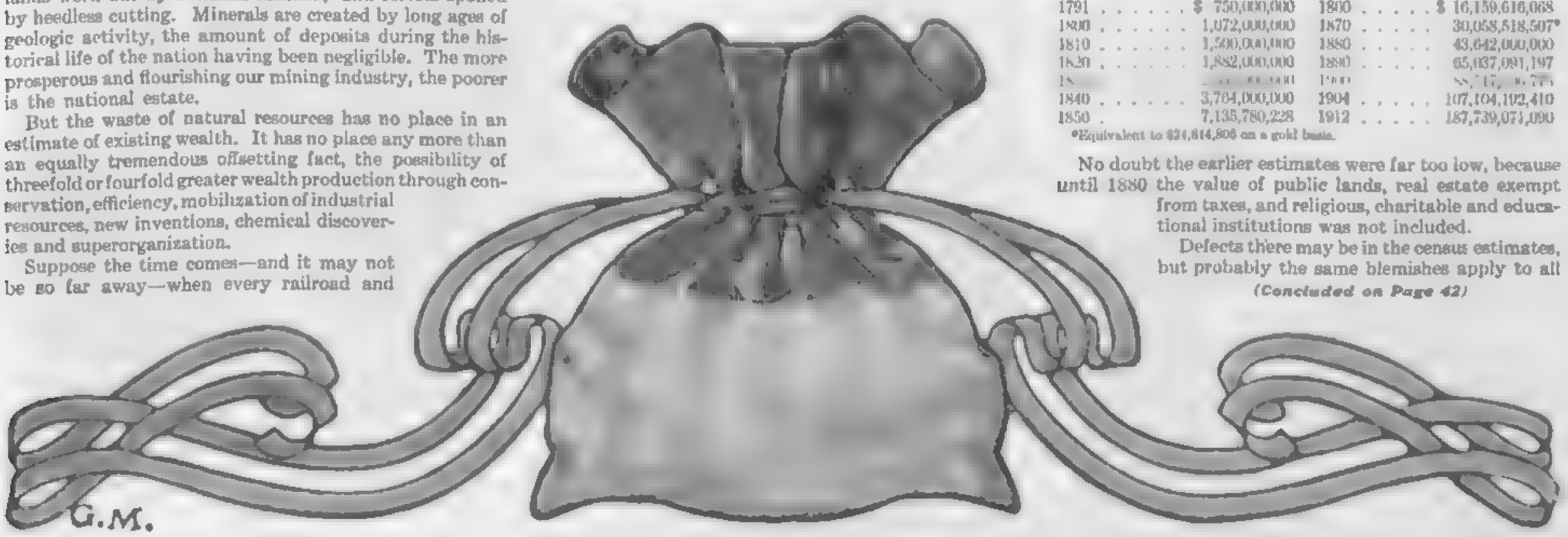

THE SOLE PRESIDENT

Custard's Correspondence College for Pullman Porters—By Harris Dickson

Criddle Sniffed the Peril of Virgil's Popularity and Scowled

IN THIS flowering springtime of prosperity Virgil Custard had one pair of breeches at the pressing club and his other pair located precisely where the law required. Heretofore he had never shown the slightest disrespect for the United States. On the contrary he had once served faithfully as office boy to the assistant district attorney. Virgil was innocent, absolutely spotless and trustful—it being unsportsmanlike for trouble to rise up and assault him unless he were flat broke. Of course, when he was unfinancial, tribulations smote him fore and aft—principally aft.

Under a new arrangement, astutely coerced on the Reverend Baltimore Criddle, Parson Custard now received his weekly rake-off; and collecting through Criddle necessitated sufficient exercise to season three square meals a day. So the Pop-Eyed Parson sailed along serenely over smooth seas, joyously ignorant of Criddle's submarine intentions.

The Reverend Criddle wrote no book and made no mousetrap; but, having built a better Coffin Club than his neighbor, the world had beat its path unto his door. Periodically once a month the world came to him, a black-and-tan stream of tribute-bearing members, each toting in his dollar and each carrying out his receipt. Swapping receipts for dollars was the meat on which the Criddle smile had grown so great.

Double-chinned and ponderous, with pudgy black fingers interlaced across the bulging whiteness of his vest, Criddle sat in his rocker at the Club's front door and smiled on the populace. Yet Criddle had sinister intrigues to frustrate. Unpaid clamorers conspired to dethrone him and acclaim Custard. So the Criddle smile lay no deeper than his skin, the skin being tough and thick. His shiny hat settled forward until the brim caught him just above the eyes—white eyes that showed like twin marbles on a tar roof. He continued to smile until Virgil buzzed in, like some dapper striped fly, with red-and-yellow hatband, attenuated legs and glistening goggle-eyed specs. Momentarily Virgil lit in the doorway, flourished his cane and posed; which pestered Criddle. After balancing and preening and flaunting himself the striped fly buzzed on again.

"Wait, Virgil. Can't you tarry?"

"Got some bizness wid de white folks."

"No money in white folks. Git 'mongst de niggers an' 'swade new members."

"All of 'em done 'swaded round Vicksburg."

The comely Custard promenaded along Washington Street, pausing to confer with possible constituents. Criddle sniffed the peril of Virgil's popularity and scowled:

"Dese little slim-jimmies gits de wust cases o' bighead. I sho is got to put skates under him!"

Virgil grazed southward, like a gander nibbling beside the road, until his thin neck poked itself into the elevator of an office building.

"Hello, Jerry! How's tricks?"

"Jes' tol'able. Jedge Madison been sendin' fer you."

"We got bizness"—nodding wisely as he stepped out at the fourth floor.

Virgil pushed open the door where he had worked as office boy. Lawyer Madison was enjoying a quiet smoke, with both feet propped on the window sill.

"Come in, Virgil; take a seat."

Virgil eased down gingerly on the edge of his chair.

"Boss, you wants to see me?"

"Yes; I'm looking for two negroes that the marshal can't find."

"Niggers won't tell de marshal nothin'."

"You ought to know them—Fred Russell and Lester Spraggins."

"Boss, you ain't aimin' to mix dem boys wid trouble?"

"No; witnesses in a Government case."

"An' dey'll git paid?"

"Certainly, by the United States."

Virgil grinned:

"Den I knows whar dey hangs out an' I'll fetch 'em here."

"All right; I'm depending on you." Madison made himself more comfortable and passed over a cigar. "Now, Virgil, tell me some more about the Coffin Club. I need a good laugh."

"'Tain't been much laughin' did round dat club—not fer a long spell."

"Joy wagon broke down?"

"Not zackly; but dere's so many widders a-howlin' an' howlin'."

"Don't you dry the widow's tears?"

"It's like dis, Mister Harry." Virgil looked mighty serious. "Dem widders dresses up fine fer de peerade an' takes on mournful at de grave, all de time squintin' fer Criddle to pacify 'em wid dat insurance money—which he fails to do so. Dat's how come dey howls."

"I thought Criddle was the original widow's man!"

"Used to be, wid Sis Kizzy Jeeter; handed her five hundred across de grave when old Silas died. Likewise de same way wid Aunt Mary Bedell. Lord! Lord! I never had no worriment 'swadin' new members. 'Dere's yo' dead nigger an' here's yo' money!' Dat's de way I spoke it. New members come shovin' an' pushin' like pigs to de trough."

"So Criddle has quit paying at the graveside?"

"Quit payin' a-tall. Now ef he could jes' tote dese extry reemains to Meridian, where dat new lodge needs some nice funerals, he'd make plenty money. 'Pears like members won't die in de right town."

"How does Criddle manage about death claims?"

"'Vestigates an' 'vestigates."

"Then where do you make a living if you can't secure new members?"

"I'm all fixed, Mister Harry. Caught Criddle in a jam an' made him lemme be Chief Mentor o' de High Court o' C'rinthians—which niggers pays me to belong. On top o' dat I sells 'em regalia at four dollars an' six bits."

"Pretty good pickings?"

"Tol'able fair. Den agin," in a cautious voice, "members is plannin' to drop Criddle an' 'lect me at nex' comin' Grand Lodge."

"Oho! Politics in the Coffin Club."

"Dey got Criddle skeered up."

"Are you going to fight him?"

Virgil grinned.

"Ef you loves beer, Mister Harry, you better not fall out wid de man at de spigot. An' Criddle behaves so friendly, lookin' fer me a fine job in St. Louey or Dallas, Texas."

"Maybe he's figuring to get a rival candidate out of his way?"

"Dere now!" Virgil jerked himself straight and blinked through his huge round specs. "Takes white lawyers to see through folks. I been ponderin' what made Criddle ack so nice." Ruminating over a discovery he got up and moved.

"Here, Virgil! Don't forget those witnesses."

"No, suh; I'll fetch 'em."

Madison eased back and chuckled. A chat with his ex-office-boy always brought some delicious revelation of negro nature.

Virgil debated his new idea all the way to the club. There sat Criddle. Soft words and oily dripped from that most convincing tongue.

"Set down, Virgil, set down; I got good news fer you!"

"Say you is?"

"Sholy; glad tidings from a far land. Folks at Chattanoogy been hearin' yo' good name, which is better'n precious ointment. Dey wishes you to start a Coffin Club in deir midst."

"I'm doin' splendid right here."

Criddle hated that kind of talk, but consistently radiated benevolence.

"Chattanoogy niggers craves to jine."

"S'posin' you go an' start 'em. Jes' leave me wid dis."

Criddle flinched at the suggestion.

"Better try yo' luck. De wise man turneth chance into good fortune."

"Ev'y shiny thing you see ain't no diamon'! So long, Rev'ren'." With which Virgil wafted himself airily along the shady side of Washington Street.

"Huh!" Criddle glowered. "Puffin' like one o' dese little two-fer-a-quarter autymobiles. I'll nacherly stick a nail in his tire."

The Coffin Club had grown and blossomed and borne fat fruit—for a fat man. In order to get a running start Criddle had recruited from the weak and wabbly, which secured punctual interments and spectacular parades. Doubting Thomas looked on their marching ranks—and believed. Profanes gawked at the first-class hearse and duly-elected pallbearers—and became members. Women envied disconsolate widows made cheerful at the graveside. Everybody bucked the center to join, under the bellwether-ship of Virgil Custard.

So far so good—for Criddle; if rickety brothers hadn't piled up and if unpaid malcontents were not threatening to depose him. Their timid whispers had risen to a sullen roar, which nobody heard more clearly than the Reverend Criddle.

"Ought to be some way to git shut of a yaller nigger."

Be it remembered, at a former crisis, when Criddle needed some authentic remains to justify a parade he had trustfully observed to Virgil:

"De Lawd will pervide!"

"Oh, Ben! Bartlett!" a hoarse, excited voice called to him from the rear.

At the name of Ben Bartlett, Criddle turned ashy and shriveled. Luckily there was no tattletale in hearing. He got up and hurried to the back door.

"Who's dat?" Unction had oozed out from Criddle's tones. "Simon! Simon Starsby! It's you, in raggety clo'es! What fer you want to skeer me?"

"Bartlett, I'm in bad!"

"Hush!"—shaking the skimpy little yellow man. "Don't speak dat Bartlett roun' here. I'm Criddle—Rev'ren' Baltimo' Criddle; remember dat good! What name is you goin' by?"

"Who's Dat?"

The Comely Custard Promenaded Along Washington Street, Pausing to Confer With Possible Constituents

"Don't care—jes' so I keeps goin'. Bartlett, I want to ——"

Criddle snatched Starsby into his private consultation room and slammed the door.

"Who's after you?"

"De Unity States ——"

"All of 'em?"

"I means de Guv'ment."

"What is you did?"

"Nothin'. Jes' cause I ——"

"Shet up—trottin' to me wid a head full o' lies an' a mouf full o' reasons! De whole Unity States ain't chasin' one runty nigger jes' fer pastime."

"Inspectors tried to git me tangled up in a 'spute concernin' of de mails."

"Takin' letters out?"

"No; puttin' 'em in."

"Come clean, Simon; dat story leaks like a last year's straw hat."

"Gospel troof! Dey tried to make out I was usin' de mails fer a college ——"

"Is colleges agin de law?"

"So dem inspectors say—cor'spondence college fer l'arnin' niggers how to porter—sleepin'-car porters."

Compared with the puny yellow man, Criddle loomed blacker and bigger and mushier than ever; then he composed himself on a narrow-seated chair and sloshed over the edges.

"Now, Simon, speak dat all agin; an' speak it slow. What wuz yo' game?"

Simon Starsby kept his feet, with shifty eyes and legs in nimble order.

"I sot up a cor'spondence school in Norfolk an' sent out letters injucin' niggers to jine—l'arn 'em by mail, twelve lessons complete, five dollars—totin' gripsacks, brushin' down, an' so fo'th."

"Did dey jine?"

"Jine!"

Simon's sharp little face illuminated.

"Jine? Excussion ev'y day—free ice water—snacks from de dinin' car—getherin' up quarters—jobs guaranteed by de sleepin'-car comp'ny—I specify all dat in my circular. Did you say 'jine'? Lord! Lord! Bartlett ——"

"Sh! 'Criddle'—don't fergit 'Criddle'!"

"——had to hire dat bigges' drawer in de post office to hold dem money orders. Lasted fo' days. Gov'ment grabbed my pardners an' 'twarn't no sense o' me stayin'. Say, Criddle, shove me twenty, quick! I he'ped you out o' Pensacola."

Criddle didn't seem to hear; he persisted in flipping his watch charm and meditating.

"Dat game sounds like a money-maker."

"Better dan license to steal—'cept you'll git clapped in jail."

"Say dey'll jug you?"

"Befo' you kin blink! 'Tain't like projeckin' wid city cotes, whar de jedge stalls 'bout what he's gwine to do nex' time. Dem big jedges can't mention nothin' 'cept three years, or five. An' dar you is!"

Criddle employed all the subtlety of his devious mind.

"Ef we could jes' snake roun' de jail part of it, dat's a good bizness! 'Pears like a shame fer de Guv'ment to meddle."

Out of a contemplative black silence Criddle mumbled to himself: "Three years—or five!" He rose; his swing-tailed coat fell about piano legs, while his white-vested rotunda swelled with solemn thought: "Three years—or five!"

Seeing him stick both hands into his pockets, Starsby supposed he was going to dig up twenty. But he didn't. Criddle moved through the doorway.

"Hole on, Bar—Criddle!"

"Don't pester me, nigger; I wants to study."

Starsby fidgeted about while Criddle paced through the funereal gloom of the Coffin Club. Presently he revolved and returned, the floor shaking beneath his emphatic tread.

"Simon, dat's a cinch to git landed in jail?"

"Onless runnin's mighty open."

"Is you got things to start dat college wid?"

"I ain't startin' nothin'—'cept myself."

"Is you got de things? Dat's what I axed."

"Co'se I got 'em—in my gripsack."

"Den me an' you kin do bizness. Set down an' lissen, for fifty, cash—which I gives you."

When visiting Vicksburg, influential white tourists prevail on Captain Rigby to pilot them through the National Military Park. But the meek and curious country negro secures old Creaky to guide him among the melancholy delights of the Coffin Club. Hence a stranger, unknown and unannounced, created no flurry. He was a spare yellow man with a corpulent yellow gripsack.

"Good mornin', brudder!" In low voice he accosted Criddle. "Might yo' name be Parson Custard?"

Virgil glanced up from his enticing rearrangement of burial suits and heard Criddle's orotund reply:

"No, my brudder; yet be of good cheer, for yonder is Parson Custard."

Sitting down, Criddle was taller than the stranger standing, and wider in proportion. But, with double dignity wrapped in a boy's-size yellow hide, Simon Starsby advanced solemnly.

"Your name is Parson Custard, I presume?"

"De same."

"Though I be rude in speech, Parson, I'm proud to meet you."

"I Seen Dem Same Two Inspectors at de Post Office"

The little man deposited his big valise, shook hands pompously, and extended a large white card:

PROFESSOR J. SIMON STARSBY
WASHINGTON, D. C.
UNIVERSAL CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE FOR PULLMAN, PALACE CAR PORTERS

Virgil opened his mouth for appropriate exclamation.

"Sh!" the little man warned him. "Le's adjourn to some private spot and confer."

Criddle's eyes should have betrayed him, rolling inquisitively toward Virgil, who escorted Starsby and valise into the consultation room.

"Now, professor, what kin I do fer you?"

"Who's dat stout black feller?" Starsby shut the door and twitched his thumb frontward.

"Dat's Criddle—Rev'ren' Baltimo' Criddle."

"Workin' fer you?"

"Not zackly," Virgil admitted.

"What do he do?"

"Our Gran' Organizer."

"Never heerd o' him. Folks speaks a plenty 'bout dis Club, but dey praises de works o' Parson Custard."

Virgil swelled with puffery, eying the lean yellow man as he lifted his valise to the table. It was a very slick valise and quite a slick man.

"We been seekin' de exact person to start dis college. Our council is got one in Washington, D. C., an' another in Chicago. But we needs de bigges' one right in de middle o' de Souf, where all de porters comes from.

"Is you ever noticed dat Vicksburg is smack in de middle of de center?"

"Dat's so," agreed Virgil.

"'Tain't no use startin' nary college onless you finds de correct Pres'dent. Cor'spondence College fer Sleepin' Cars—l'arnin' niggers how to porter."

"But I don't know how myself." Virgil shook his head dubiously.

"Pres'dent ain't 'bleeged to know. We sends our Head Professor of Porterin' l'arns 'em how to brush down, an' all sech."

"Sounds good!"

"Seest thou a man diligent in his bizness—believe me, Parson, he shall mop up de coin."

"How does I mop?"—being acutely interested in mopping processes.

"I ain't sayin' too much, 'cause de less I brags de less I got to take back. You mails out circulars injucin' niggers to jine yo' college—five dollars per each."

"Five dollars! All at once?"

"You don't aim to be no piker." Starsby unstrapped his valise. "Here's ev'ything you need fer a college."

First, a form letter, imitation typewriting, on the most elaborate of headings—upper left, a white-jacketed porter receiving his dollar tip; upper right, a red-and-gold diploma.

"It's dis readin' letter what ketches 'em—travelin' silver buttons, blue caps—snacks from de dinin' car—c'lectin' quarters wid bofe hands—jobs guaranteed by de sleepin'-car comp'ny."

Virgil's eyes bulged. "Country niggers ought to bite real swift."

"Bite! Dey'll swaller pole an' all! Ev'y man what 'plies back wid five, you mails him lessons. Here dey is, ready printed—number one—two—three—an' so fo'th."

"Dat's easy."

"De hardes' part o' yo' job"—Starsby ingenuously confessed it—"is signin' fer money orders at de post office." He was a very honest little yellow man. "Here's de receipts what you mails out, an' de class button"—white enamel, with a blue porter—"diplomas, two dollars extry—an' blanks fer supplies."

So many surprises emerged from that valise—whisk brooms; jackets; berth curtains; caps; feather duster, with a long handle that unscrewed; paper drinking cups—that Virgil couldn't catch his breath.

"What does I do wid dese?"

"Sell 'em to scholars. Ev'y scholar is 'bliged to have dis outfit befo' he kin git a job. Official brush, one dollar; official jacket, three-forty, an' so fo'th—six-eighty fer de bunch."

"Who gits de six-eighty?"

"De Pres'dent."

"An' who gits dat five—for lessons?"

"Likewise de Pres'dent. Onderstan', Parson—it's de brushin' broom what ketches 'em—dat's what gleans de quarters. Some scholars don't seek nothin' 'cept de brush; you mus' sell 'em de entire outfit."

Virgil nodded; he was beginning to grasp the more delicate points.

"Now, what you wishes me to do?"

"Be Sole Pres'dent at Vicksburg; mail yo' letters an' c'lect yo' money."

"What you say I does wid de money?"

"Keeps it, nacherly, bein' Pres'dent."

"Den whar does you come in?" Virgil suddenly realized that scrawny yellow angels were not alighting from the clouds to fill his pockets.

The little man smiled.

"I comes in good an' proper! You keeps all de fust money, up to five hundred. After dat you remits de Council two bits on ev'y dollar. Believe me, we gits a-plenty"—which punctilious frankness encouraged Virgil.

Yet he kept blinking and suspecting there must be a hook. It always pained Virgil to feel the point after he got stuck.

"How much does I put up for spenses an' sech?"

"Nary cent. 'Tain't no spenses 'cept one dollar fer de post-office box, ten fer stamps, ten fer printin'; an' den de rent. We pay all spenses ontil you git started."

Virgil propounded additional inquiries, which satisfied him; he carried the post-office key and cashed the money orders in person—an acceptable proposition.

"Den we better git busy," Virgil announced.

Virgil proceeded to get busy. Starsby furnished a specimen circular, with ornamental cuts for alluring invitations. He also met the crucial test of good faith with ten dollars for printing—having just received the same ten from Criddle.

With copy ready, Virgil hiked himself off, and—Providence moves in mysterious ways—slouching out of Saul Jordan's barber shop, he glimpsed Lester Spraggins.

"I'll nab Lester right now an' lead him gentle to Mister Harry." Which necessitated a flag stop at Lawyer Madison's office while en route to the printer's. Of course Virgil proudly mentioned his prospects.

"Look Good, Lady; Here's de Way It's Did"

"Let me see."

Harry Madison turned in his revolving chair. Virgil handed him the copy.

"Right here at de top I'm goin' to print: 'Virgil Custard, Sole President.' An' ——"

The lawyer read and smiled to himself.

"But, Virgil, here's one or two mistakes"—which he corrected by striking out one paragraph and three short sentences.

"Now let her go like that."

"Thankee, Mister Harry. Dat ain't hinderin' me from printin' my name in dem big gole letters?"

"Box-car letters! Fine! Fine!"

The Sole President bustled through a superactive week. In selecting a college site Starsby suggested the vacant store building diagonally across from the Coffin Club, so that Criddle might sit in his doorway and observe.

Virgil settled himself at a shiny new desk—paid for by Criddle and which Criddle could use after the calamity. Before him lay a stack of gorgeous circulars printed in blue and gold. Against the wall hung a flimsy framework, with curtains, to suggest sleeping-car berths. Caps, jackets, towels, pillow cases, and whisk brooms were displayed on nails. A blue-capped, shaved-head Professor of Portering guarded the entrance with a whisk broom. Business was about to begin.

A week of hiding and dodging, of pleading with Criddle for money to escape, had brought Starsby's nerves to the junk heap of wreckage. At every step behind him Simon fancied an inspector and stampeded. He struggled to steer clear of the College, where something disagreeable was slated to occur; yet his peaked face thrust itself in at the rear door just as Virgil tucked the first circular into an envelope and started to the post office.

"Hold on, Parson; what you aimin' to do?"

"Mail dis."

"One at a time? No, suh; mail 'em off in a bunch, so dey'll make a big splash!" A single letter might not be noticed; a thousand would demand official attention.

The Sole President had prepared a list of Coffin Club members, with other salubrious addresses, aggregating eight hundred and forty-two. Starsby couldn't stand the nervous strain while all those stamps were being licked. He darted out, and never showed up again until Virgil had tied the circulars in bundles, ready for mailing. Then Starsby blew in with a suggestion:

"Let de Head Professor tote 'em to de post office."

"All right; I'll go 'long an' see."

"Nacherly; you travel behin' an' smile, so all dese niggers kin take notice how correck porterin' is did."

Every few seconds Criddle got red-hot bulletins from Starsby, who patronized the back doors.

"He's done mailed 'em! 'Pears like he can't set quiet, danglin' dat post-office key an' runnin' to look in his box."

"Anything come yit?" Even the placid Criddle was beginning to feel symptoms of unrest.

"Dem circulars ain't lef' town."

"When do he git pulled?"

"Guv'ment'll grab him soon as he cashes de fust money order."

"S'posin' we put 'em next? Dey mought not 'skiver him."

"Huh! Nigger can't lick a postage stamp widout dem inspectors knowin' it. Gimme my fifty an' lemme go. I'm skeered!"

"Not yit. You's made a big stir an' no biskits. Keep on watchin' an' tell me."

This was Tuesday afternoon. Thursday morning Starsby sneaked in, a trifle paler.

"Criddle, he got fo' letters. Two of 'em had money orders. Shove dat fifty! I'm 'bleeged to ketch my train!"

Blandly Criddle retarded the little man's precipitation.

"Wait, Simon, till he gits some mo'; den you c'lect dat spense an' keep it. I don't aim to tech none o' dat money."

"Neither me. I won't lay my hands on nary nickel. Done tried dat twice. Criddle, pay me!"

"I got to see sumpin' befo' I coughs up fifty."

Starsby showed his teeth.

"You'll git dis bizness in a jam—see sumpin', wid you squirmin' in de middle."

Starsby had scarcely disappeared before he flitted back.

"Criddle, I'm nacherly bound to travel. He got forty-fi' dollars mo' in one mail!"

"Forty-five?"

"Shove my fifty! Quick!"

"Look at me, Simon. How come you give Virgil sech a snap? He don't 'preciate it—same as feedin' hogs on jewelry."

"Dey'll grab him befo' night."

"I wants to set here an' see it did."

All that day Criddle never budged from his rocker or unpinned an eye from the College door. Negroes strolled in as they had done when the Coffin Club was a novelty. Criddle wondered if these were suckers being separated from real money.

Next morning he sat sturdily on guard when, beaming, Virgil hastened from the post office, opening letters and stuffing money orders into his pocket. Criddle's nature could endure no more. He strolled across the street.

"Walk in, Elder; walk right in," welcomed the Head Professor, giving Criddle's swing-tailed coat a few flourishes of his broom just to demonstrate how artistically the trick could be turned.

Virgil was busily smoothing out money orders on his desk when Criddle saw a squatty black woman touch his elbow.

"Is you de Sole Pres'dent?"

"Correct, sister; dat's me."

"I got yo' letter, but I ain't fittin' fer no porter. Couldn't you l'arn my boy?"

"Dat's what we's here for"—skillfully responding to the bite.

"Sonny's powerful smart an' I wants him to have de bes' what's goin'."

"Twelve lessons, same as ev'ybody takes."

"Whar do he git 'em?"

"I mails 'em in a letter—one ev'y week."

"Won't it be mighty lonesome for Sonny, l'arnin' at home widout nobody to show him?"

"Not ef he practices reg'lar." Virgil beckoned the Head Professor as he drifted toward the Brush and Jacket Department. "You see, lady, he kin wear dis jacket an' practice on he pa wid dis brush. Most anybody'll do to practice on."

"Sonny's all de time practicin' now—on a fiddle; dat's why I hankers to git him a job."

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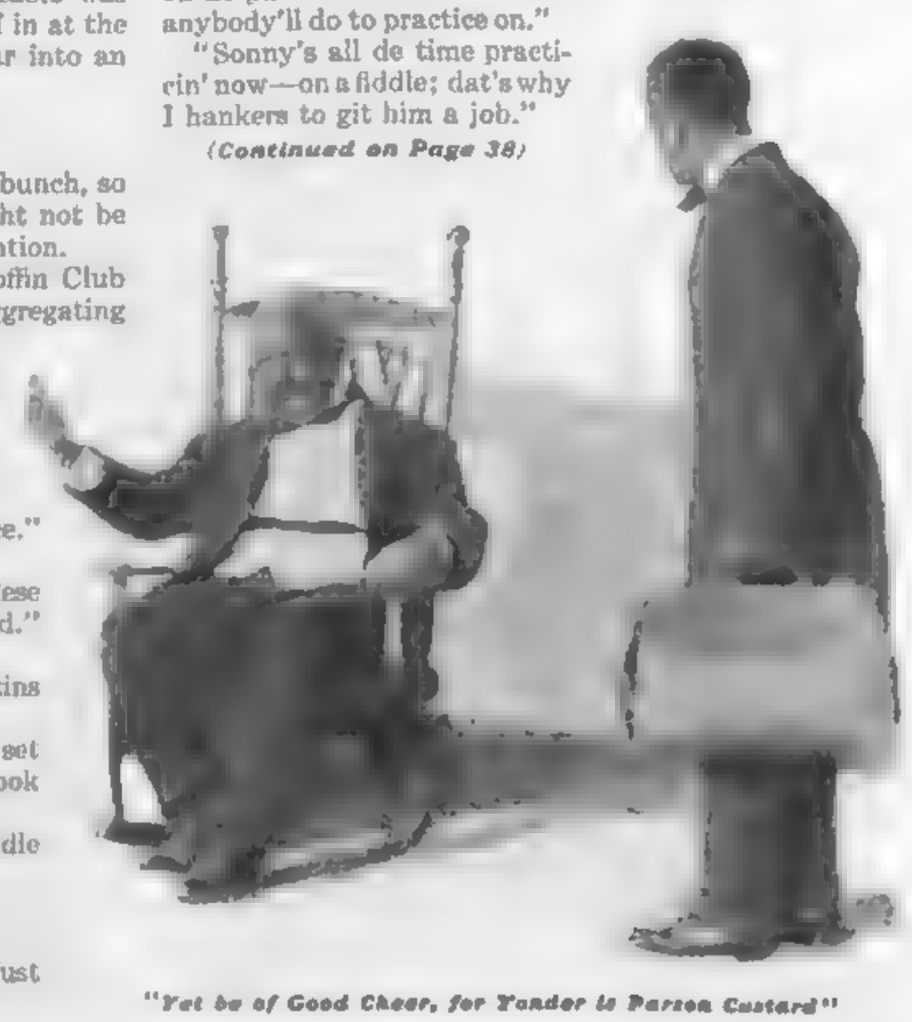


"Yet be of Good Cheer, for Yonder is Parson Custard"

THE MAN HUNTERS

American Instances—By Melville Davisson Post

Inspector Faurot Teaching Bertillon System in New York Detective School, New York City

IT IS the opinion of a continental critic that our police system in America would be more efficient if those at the head of it could expect to be rewarded with decorations of honor. The titles of the Police President of Vienna fill half the page of a legal document.

Mr. Jefferson excluded titles of nobility somewhat early in our national life. And, in spite of the example of Baron Astor and Mr. Henry James, we are not encouraged to believe that the average American is concerned about decorations. The point of view of the elder Dumas is more characteristic of the American official.

On the morning after Dumas' theater went into bankruptcy the Prefect of Paris called on him. He pointed out that the law did not permit a bankrupt to wear in his buttonhole the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and requested him to remove it.

The undisturbed Immortal plucked out the ribbon and tossed it on the table among his manuscripts. Then he pulled out a drawer, filled to the top with crosses, medals and decorations of all the courts in Europe, and presented it to the Prefect.

"Monsieur," he said in his big, careless manner, "what will you give me for all this hardware?"

Criminal investigation in European countries is a governmental career. The office of Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, in London, is one of English distinction. The heads of the police systems in Germany and Austria are but one grade under what we would call Cabinet positions. The salaries and perquisites attached to these offices are considerable. The Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police receives over twelve thousand dollars in pay, some five hundred dollars in perquisites, and a pension on retirement. The commissioners of cities in Germany, like Hamburg, receive some sixteen thousand marks. The Commissioner of Police in Paris gets ten thousand dollars a year and a residence, together with a pension paid by the government upon his retirement.

It will be seen that the European plan contemplates a permanent official. In most countries the appointment is practically for life. No such permanence is to be found in any American system. With us the tenure of such offices depends usually upon the vicissitudes of swiftly moving political fortunes.

Samples of Detective Skill

THE method of every foreign detective center is found in some degree in operation in this country. A single case will often show a variety of these methods combined. As the legal procedure in our criminal courts is English in its origin, we find our verdicts, like those in England, founded usually on some dominant distinguishing clew.

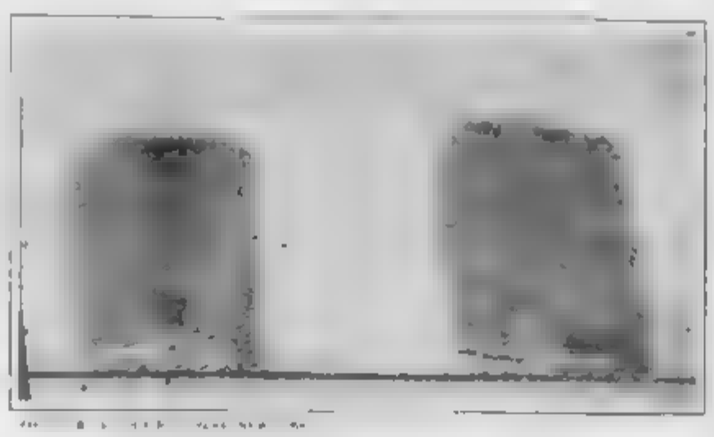
The bank cracksmen who looted the national bank at Northampton were traced by a piece of wrapping paper picked up in an abandoned schoolhouse. The wrapping paper bore the name of a country merchant. The robbers had purchased material for their masks at this country store and they were traced by this piece of paper.

It was in this robbery that the crackamen used an ingenious device to obtain the combination of the safe from the captured cashier. They had gone to the cashier's residence in the night, put a guard in his house, bound him to a chair and, with a pistol to his head, demanded the combination of the safe. The cashier, of course, gave them incorrect numbers. They wrote them down. But they were not to be misled by this subterfuge. They waited a while and then suddenly called on the cashier to repeat the figures. He was unable to do so and the robbers knew at once that the combination given was false.

The police discovered a fire in a storeroom in a Western city. They broke into the storeroom, but were unable to locate the origin of the fire. Finally one of them noticed a ray of light shining through the keyhole of a desk. The desk was broken open and they discovered two or three bits of candle almost burned down. The desk was locked. The proprietor of the store was the only person who had a key. It was therefore certain that the man had set fire to the store himself. He had put bits of candle outside to start the fire, and then to make sure he had locked these lighted bits in his desk. The bits outside quickly started the fire. On account of the lack of oxygen in the closed desk the bits of candle there burned more slowly, and so it happened that they remained as a distinguishing clew after the fire in the store attracted the attention of the police.

A criminal investigator in Colorado found a man dead in his bed, shot through the forehead with a revolver. The police were inclined to believe that it was a case of murder. The suspected person explained that the man had been killed by a revolver which had fallen from a position above where the dead man slept. But the criminal investigator, when he examined the case, made an extraordinary deduction. He observed that the face of the dead man was tattooed with powder stains. This meant that the weapon had been held very close when it was fired. He observed further that these powder stains were round the border of the forehead and the outside rim of the face.

This seemed to him peculiar. How was it possible for the outside edge of the face to be thus tattooed with powder stains while the eyes and center of the face were unmarked? He concluded that the central portion of the dead man's face was clean because it had been protected, and it occurred to him that it was thus protected because the dead man had put up his hands to protect his face when he saw his assassin was about to shoot him. If this theory were true the backs of the dead man's hands would be tattooed with powder stains like the edge of his face. This proved to be the fact; and the person who explained the man's death by the falling of the revolver was convicted of his murder.



Method of Recording Finger Prints

The New York police picked up a pair of gloves at the scene of a homicide. The finger of one of these gloves had been slightly cut. This cut was on the outside of the finger. As the gloves were too small for the dead man, the police naturally concluded that they belonged to one of the assailants. They were of the opinion that more than one person had been engaged in the assassination, because the face and the back of the head of the assassinated man were both injured, but with implements of a different character. The criminal investigator was of the opinion that two assailants had attacked the man simultaneously and during the assault one of them had cut the other's finger, by accident, through the glove. This was a distinguishing clew. They had only to find a man with a cut finger!

Clews Found in Camp Fires

A LITTLE reflective deduction after the manner of Scotland Yard cleared up a baffling mystery.

The owner of a cattle ranch had disappeared. No trace of him could be found. Sometime afterward a band of cowboys riding a trail along a river noticed a place where a fire had been built. This was no unusual thing. Men were camping on this trail from time to time, and, of course, building fires. But it seemed to one of the cowboys that this had been an unusually large fire, as though a heap of driftwood had been burned. It resembled a log heap and not a campers' fire. Little things attract the attention of men who live in the open.

They stopped to look at the fire by the trail. Then they noticed a peculiar thing, that the ashes from the fire had all been shoveled away for a distance of some twelve feet in diameter. The red earth showed the intensity of the fire, and bits of burned logs and driftwood were about. But why had the ashes been removed? They got down from their horses to consider the problem. Some of the men thought that the ashes has been carried away as fertilizer for a garden; but there was no garden within a reasonable distance, and they concluded that the ashes had either been scattered or shoveled into the river. There was an eddy of dead water in the river at this point and, caught in the reeds round its border, they found bits of charred wood. They fastened a tomato can to a pole and fished the bottom of the river in this eddy. Among the things they brought up were charred buttons and fragments of bones. From this beginning the murder of the ranchman was discovered and his assassins convicted.

In another instance a like mysterious disappearance was cleared up by a foreman because he happened to remember how the pioneers with La Salle, in the old frontier stories, were accustomed to hide any article which they wished to conceal from the Indians. A ranchman's horse had come in one night without the rider and the man could not be found. It was thought that the ranchman had been killed by suspected cattle thieves. No trace of his body could be discovered. The searching party found a big camp fire that the suspected cattle thieves admitted they had made. But they explained that they were hunting at the time and denied any knowledge of the missing ranchman. The foreman who had remembered the pioneer stories put a crew at work to dig up the bed of the camp fire and discovered

the body of the dead man buried under the ashes. It was a custom of La Salle and his men when they wished to hide any article from the Indians to bury it under their camp fire.

Another extraordinary case was run down by an American investigator on a single clew.

A wealthy old farmer in an Eastern State lived alone. He was known to receive each year a considerable sum of money in gold. He had no deposit in any bank and it was evident that he must keep this gold about him, concealed somewhere on the premises. The man was an eccentric person. He enjoyed the reputation that the mystery of his hidden treasure gave him in the community. He left no one in his house. When he went from home, frequently the door stood open, as though to invite thieves to search for his treasure. They did search for it. More than once the house was entered in his absence, but no one of the thieves ever discovered where his gold was hidden.

One day, however, the old man was found murdered in his house.

A row of tallow cakes, which sat conspicuously on a shelf of the mantel, were found broken open on the hearth. These tallow cakes, molded in a crock, were the storehouse of the old man's treasure. Each year he had converted his earnings into gold pieces and concealed them in the center of one of these cakes of tallow.

The criminal investigator determined to depend on a single clew. He did not know the dates or denominations of the coins. All the banks in the country were directed to examine the gold they might take in for traces of tallow on the milled edges of the coins. Sometime later a questionable character in the community offered a gold piece to a railway agent in payment for a ticket to a Western State. The agent knew of the direction given to the banks. He gouged a bit of tallow out of the milled edge of the coin with his thumb-nail, and the assassin was apprehended.

An attempted robbery in New York reads almost like Conan Doyle's story of the Red-Headed League:

A bank examiner was at work one afternoon verifying the currency in the cashier's drawer when a bit of plaster dropped on the desk. He looked up at the ceiling and saw a tiny crack in the plaster. The room above the bank had been leased to a pretended tradesman. The bank examiner summoned the police, broke into the room above the bank, and upon taking up the carpet found a hole cut through the floor. A robbery had been carefully planned. Implements and devices were found concealed in the room showing that it was the intention of the robbers to let themselves down into the banking room, drill the door of the vault, cover it with heavy blankets and blow it open.

It is interesting to remember that the custom of banks to have the door of the vault illumined at night, so it can be seen from the street, does not always prevent the skillful cracksman from accomplishing his robbery. In one reported case the robbers took the precaution of painting the door of the vault on canvas. They set this canvas up before the real vault door, while they worked behind it to force the vault open.

But the American detective centers do not always follow the distinguishing-clew method of Scotland Yard. They have sometimes used the diplomatic method of Paris quite as cleverly as any inspector of a department of the Service de la Sûreté.

In a famous trial in California a prisoner was endeavoring to conceal his identity. The authorities in charge of the matter undertook to break down his pretension by an ingenious device. It was a long, bitterly contested trial. The plan was that every day a stranger from some part of the country where the prisoner had lived under an alias should enter the courtroom, take a front seat, attract the attention of the prisoner, nod to him in friendly recognition, and then quietly slip out of the courtroom. This thing went on day after day.

Bartenders who had sold him drinks; drivers of cabs who had taken him about; women to whom he had made love; men who had gambled with him; clerks who had sold him articles; waitresses in hotels where he had lived—a stream of these persons came, one after another, as by chance, into the courtroom. The ceaseless pressure of the thing finally broke the prisoner down and the trial resulted in a confession.

Another case illustrative of the diplomatic method was skillfully handled.

Two men lived on an estate in the country. One of them was found dead on a certain evening in the house. The other had been absent on that day and returned, as he reported, to find the assassination accomplished and the house looted. There were some tracks leading across a bit of wet lawn from the house to the woods. The criminal investigator suspected the surviving partner. On account of the unequal pressure in the tracks he was of the opinion that they had been made as false evidence. The suspected man said that a suspicious character had been hanging about for some time. And such is the imitative instinct that other persons pretended to have discovered some trace of this mysterious assassin.

The criminal investigator was not satisfied and determined on a stratagem.

A traveling clairvoyant presently appeared at a neighboring village. He announced that he could communicate with the dead man through the medium of the surviving partner if that person were willing to assist him in the endeavor. The community was presently excited over this pretension of the clairvoyant. The suspected man was afraid to refuse. He was not concerned about the supernatural powers of the clairvoyant, but he was concerned about the effect on the community of a refusal to assist in the discovery of the assassin. He went to the clairvoyant. This man, an accomplished detective, pretended to hold intercourse with disembodied spirits through the medium of slate writing. He darkened the room and made his test.

The first effort was a failure. He did not look at the writing himself, but handed it to the suspected man. It was only a jumble of marks. The man said so and rubbed it out. The clairvoyant asked him to concentrate his mind on the effort, made another attempt, and again handed the slate to the suspected man without looking at it. The suspected man carried it to the window. This time it contained a message: "You are in great danger; hide it again to-night." The man was astonished; but he was equal, he thought, to the situation. He told the clairvoyant that he could not make out the jumble of marks on the slate, rubbed out the message and left the village.

That night he took the boot, with which he had made the tracks, out of the hollow tree in which it was concealed and buried it in the ground at the edge of the woods. He was engaged in this labor when the clairvoyant and the criminal investigator, who had been watching the house, appeared and placed him under arrest for the murder of his partner.

One of these cases handled in the diplomatic manner occurred in the South.

A wealthy farmer had been instrumental in the conviction of a notorious character for arson. The criminal had been sentenced to the penitentiary for a number of years. He threatened at the trial, and afterward, that when he should be released he would kill the man who had been instrumental in his conviction; and from time to time during the period of the sentence he continued to send word to the farmer that when he was released he would carry out his threat. As the time approached for the release of the convict the farmer, through fear for his life, sold his property and moved into a distant state. Some years later he was found shot to death in his field.

It was a community distant from the one in which the difficulty with the convict had arisen. The matter would have remained a mystery but for the fact that the dead man left a will, in which he called attention to the fact that if he should be found dead it would be the work of the escaped convict, giving his name. He set aside a certain sum of money to be used in the prosecution of the assassin, and said that he would be known by a gunshot wound on his arm which he had got in an effort to escape from the penitentiary. *(Continued on Page 44)*

IN MEMORIAM

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

TOWARD the city Mother Earth turns a plate-glass eye and an asphalt bosom. The rhythm of her heartbeats does not penetrate through paved streets. That cadence is for those few of her billion children who have stayed by to sleep with an ear to the mossy floor of her woodlands. The prodigals, the future Tammany leaders, merchant princes, cotton kings and society queens march on, each to an urban destiny.

Nor is the return of the prodigal to Mother Earth along a piked highway. The road back to Nature is full of her own secrets, and few who have trod the streets of the city remember the brambled return, or care.

Men who know to the centime each fluctuation of the wheat market have no eye for the tawny beauty of a whole field of the precious product fluctuating to a breeze. Women stayed by steel and convention into the mold of form love the soft faces of flowers looking up at them from expensive corsages, but care not for their nativity. Greeks, first of men, perched their gods up on Olympus and wandered down to build cities.

Because the city is as insidious as the sleeping draught of an Indian soothsayer, under its spell men go mad for gain and forget that to stand on the brow of a mountain at night, arms outstretched in kinship to Vega and Capella, is a golden moment of purer alloy than certified bonds. What magnate remembers where the best tackle squirms, or the taste of grass sucked in from the tender end of the blade? All progress is like that. How immediately are the yesterdays metamorphosed into memories; and memories, even the staunchest of them, mold and disintegrate.

There were times when Mrs. Simon Meyerburg, who was three score and ten years removed from the days when her bare feet had run fleet across a plushy meadow, would pause, hand on brow, when a memory, perhaps moving as it crumpled, would pass before her in faded daguerreotype. A gallery of events—so many pictures faded from her mental walls that the gaps seemed, as it were, to separate her from herself, making of her and that swift-footed girl back there vague strangers. And yet the vivid canvases! A peasant child at a churn, switching her black braids this way and that when they dangled too far over her shoulders; a linnet dead in its cage outside a thatched doorway, and the taste of her first heart tears; a handmade crib in a dark corner and hardly ever empty of a little newcomer.

Then gaps, except here and there a faded bit. Then again large memories close and full of color: Simon Meyerburg, with the years folded back and youth on him, wooing her beside a stile that led off a South German country road, his peasant cap fallen back off his strong black curls, and even then a seer's light in his strong black eyes. Her own black eyes more diffident and the black braids looped up now and bound in a tight coronet round her head. The voice of the mother calling her homeward through cupped hands and in the Low Dutch of the Lowlands. A moonrise and the sweet vivid smell of evening, and once more the youth Simon Meyerburg wooing her there beside the roadside stile.

The crowded steerage of a wooden ship, her first son suckling at her breast. At the prow Simon Meyerburg again, his peasant cap pushed backward and his black eyes, with the seer's light in them, gleaming ahead for the first glimpse of the land of fulfillment. An unbelievable city sucking them immediately into its slums. Filth. A quick descent into squalor. A second son. A third. A fourth. A fifth. A girl child. Mouths too eager for black bread. Always the struggle and the sour smell of slums. Finally light. White light. The seer sees!

Then, ever green in her mind, a sun-mottled kitchen with a black iron range, and along the walls festoons of looped-up green peppers. White bread now in abundance for small mouths not so hungry. At evening, Simon Meyerburg, with rims of dirt under his nails, entering that kitchen door, the girl child turning from her breast to leap forward. . . .

Sometimes in her stately halls, caught as it were in passing from room to room, Mrs. Simon Meyerburg would pause, assaulted by these memories of days so remote that her mind could not always run back to meet them. Then again the glittering present studded with the jewels of fulfillment lay on her brow like the thin line of a headache, pressing out the past.

In Mrs. Meyerburg's bedroom a great arched ceiling, after the narrative manner of Paolo Veronese, lent such vastness to the apartment that moving across it, or sitting in her great overstuffed armchair beside a window, she hardly struck a note. Great wealth lay in canopied silence over that room. A rug out of Persia, so large that countless extra years and countless pairs of tired eyes and tired fingers had gone to make it, let noise sink noiseless into its nap. Brocade and tufting ate up sound. At every window more brocade shut out the incessant song of the Avenue.

In the overstuffed chair beside one of these windows sat Mrs. Meyerburg with her hands idle and laid out along the chair sides. They were ringless hands and full of years, with a great network of veins across their backs and the aging fingers large at the knuckles. But where the hands betrayed the eyes belied. Deep in Mrs. Meyerburg's soft and scarcely flabby face her gaze was straight and very black.

An hour by an inlaid ormolu clock she sat there, her feet in soft, elastic-sided shoes, just lifted from the floor. Incongruous enough, on a plain deal table beside her, a sheaf of blue prints lay unrolled. She fingered them occasionally and with a tenderness as if they might be sensitive to touch; even smiled and held the sheets one by one up against the shrouded window so that the light pressing through them might emphasize the labyrinth of lines. Dozed, with a smile printed on her lips, and awoke when her head lopped too heavily sidewise.

After an interval she slid out of her chair and crossed to the door; even in action her broad, squat figure infinitesimal to the room's proportions. When she opened the door the dignity of great halls lay in waiting. She crossed the wide vista to a closed door, a replica of her own, and knocked, waited, turned the crystal knob, knocked, waited.

"Mosseltoe, Ma, I Drink to the Grandest Little Mother in the World"

Rapped again, this time in three staccatos. Silence. Then softly and with her cheek laid against the imperturbable panel of the closed door:

"Becky! Becky! Open! Open!"

A muffled sound from within as if a sob had been let slip.

Then again, rattling the knob this time, "Becky, it's mamma. Becky, you should get up now; it's time for our drive. Let me in, Becky. Open!" shaking the handle.

When the door opened finally, Mrs. Meyerburg stepped quickly through the slit, as if to ward off its too heavy closing. A French maid, in the immemorial paraphernalia of French maids, stood by like a slim sentinel on stilts, her tall small heels clicked together. Perfume lay on the artificial dusk of that room.

"Therese, you can go down awhile. When Miss Becky wants she can ring."

"*Oui, madame.*"

"I wish, Therese, when you go down you would tell Anna I don't want she should put the real lace tablecloth from Miss Becky's party last night in the linen room. Twice I've told her after its use she should always bring it right back to me."

"*Oui, madame*"; and Therese flashed out on the slim heels.

In the crowded apartment, furnished after the most exuberant of the various exuberant French periods, Miss Rebecca Meyerburg lay on a Louis Seize bed, certified to have been lifted, down to the casters, from the Grand Trianon of Marie Antoinette. In a great confusion of laces and linens, disarrayed as if tossed by a fever patient, she lay there, her round young arm flung up over her head and her face turned downward to the curve of one elbow.

"*Ach*, now, Becky, ain't it a shame you should take on so? Ain't it a shame before the servants? Come, baby, in a half hour it's time for our drive. Come, baby!"

Beneath the fine linen Miss Meyerburg dug with her toes into the mattress, her head burrowing deeper and the black mane of her hair rippling backward in maenadic waves.

"If you don't let me alone, ma, if you don't just let me lay here in peace, I'll scream. I'll faint. Faint, I tell you," and smothered her words in the curve of her elbow.

Mrs. Meyerburg breathed outward in a sigh and sat down hesitant on the bed edge, her hand reaching out to the bare white shoulder and smoothing its high luster.

"Come, Becky, and get up like a good girl. Don't you want, baby, to come over by mamma's room and see the plans for the Memorial?"

"No! No! No!"

"They got to be sent back to-day, Becky, before Goldfinger leaves for Boston with them. I got to get right away busy if I want the boys should have their surprise this time next year. To no one but my baby girl have I said yet one word. Don't you want, Becky, to see them before they go down by Goldfinger's office, so he can right away go ahead?"

"No! No!"

"Becky, ain't you ashamed, your own papa's Memorial!"

"Please, mamma, please. If you only won't Becky me."

"Betty."

"If you only will go and—and leave me alone."

"I ask you, Betty, should a girl what's got everything that should make her happy just like an angel, a girl what has got for herself heaven on earth, make herself right away sick the first time what things don't go smooth with her?"

"If I could only die! If I could die! Why don't I die to-day!"

The throb of a sob lay on her voice, and she sat up suddenly, pushing backward with both hands the thick rush of hair to her face. Grief had blotched her cheeks, but she was as warm and as curving as Flora. It was as if her deep white flesh was deep white plush and would sink to the touch. The line and the sheen of her radiated through her fine garment.

"Why don't I die?" repeating her vain question, and her eyes, darker because she was so white, looking out and past her parent and streaming their bitter tears.

"You'm a bad girl, Becky, and it's a sin you should talk so. *Gott sei Dank* your poor papa ain't alive to hear such bad words from his own daughter's lips."

"If pa was living things would be different—let me tell you that."

In a flare of immediate anger Mrs. Meyerburg's head shot forward.

"*Du* ——" she cried; "*du*—you—you bad girl—*du*——"

"If he had lived they would!"

Suddenly Mrs. Meyerburg's face, with the lines in it held tight, relaxed to tears and she fell to rocking herself softly to and fro, her stiff silk shushing as she swayed.

"*Ach*, that I should live to hear from my own child that I ain't done by her like her father would want that I should do. Every hour since I been left alone, to do by my six children like he would want has been always my only thought, and now ——"

"I mean it! I mean it! If he had lived he would have settled it on me easy enough when he saw what I was doing for the family. Two million if need be! He was the one in this family that made it big, because he wasn't afraid of big things."

Further rage trembled along Mrs. Meyerburg's voice and the fingers she waggled trembled, too, of that same wrath.

"You'm a bad girl, Becky! You'm a bad girl with thoughts only for yourself. Always your papa said by each child we should do the same. Five hundred thousand dollars to each son when he marries a fine, good girl. More as one night I can tell you I laid awake when Felix picked out for himself Trixie, just wondering what papa would want I should do it or not."

"Can't you keep from picking on that girl, mamma? It's through her, if you want to know it, that I first got in with—with the marquis and that crowd."

"Always by each child we should do the same, he said. Five hundred thousand dollars to our girl when she marries a fine, good man. Even back in days when he had not a cent to leave after him, always he said alike you should all be treated. Always, you hear? Always."

Fire had dried the tears in Mrs. Meyerburg's eyes and her face had resumed its fixity of lines. Only her finger continued to tremble and two near-the-surface nerves in her left temple.

"But, mamma, you know yourself he never dreamt we could climb up to this. That for a miserable five hundred thousand more we ——"

"A miserable five hundred thousand she calls it like it was five hundred thousand cents!"

"That for a miserable five hundred thousand dollars we could raise our family up to the nobility. The Marquis Rosencrantz, ma, who ——"

"Becky, it ain't that I got a word to say against this young man Rosencrantz—but ——"

"Marquis Rosencrantz, mamma."

"All right then, Marquis Rosencrantz; but it's like your brother Ben says—a marquis in a country where there ain't no more any of them made could just as well be called a mister. Not a word I got to say against this young Rosencrantz but ——"

"Marquis, ma, please remember! M-a-r-q-u-i-s. Whether there are any more of them or not in France, he still goes by the title over here and that's what he is, ma. Please remember!"

"Marquis Rosencrantz. But when a young man, Becky, don't talk my own language, it ain't so easy for me to know if I like him ——"

"Like him. Huh!" Sitting there upright in bed, her large white arms wrapped about her knees, Miss Meyerburg regarded her mother with dry eyes but through a blur of scorn. "She don't know if she likes him! Let me tell you, ma, we can worry if he likes us, not if we like him."

"I always say, Becky, about these fine people what you meet traveling in Europe with your brother Felix and his wife with her gay ways, you ——"

"A marquis comes her way and she don't know whether she likes him or not. That's rich!"

"For the price what you say he hinted to you last night he's got to have before he can get married, I guess oder I can say if I like him or not."

"I should think, ma, if you had any pride for the family after the way we've been spit on by a certain bunch in this town, you'd be glad to grab a marquis to wave in their stuck-up faces."

"For such things what make in life men like wild beasts fighting each other I got no time. I ain't all for style. All what I want is to see my little girl married to a fine, good ——"

"Yes, yes, ma. I know all that fine, good man stuff."

"*Ja*, I say it again. To a fine, good man just like nearly all your brothers married fine, good women."

"The marquis, just let me tell you, ma, is a man of force—he is. Maybe those foreigners don't always show up, but I've seen him on his own ground. I've seen him in Paris and Monte Carlo and I ——"

"I ain't got a word to say against this young man what followed you all the way home from Paris. What I don't know I can't talk about. Only I ask you, Becky, ain't it always in the papers how from Europe they run here thick after the girls what have got money?"

"What are you always running down Europe for, ma? Where did you come from yourself, I'd like to know."

"I don't run it down, baby. I don't. You know how your papa loved the old country and sent always money back home. But he always said, baby, it's in America we had all our good luck and to America what gave us so much we should give back too. Just because your brother Felix and his wife what was on the stage like such doings over there is no reason ——"

"It's just those notions of yours, ma, that are keeping this family down, let me tell you that—you and Ben and Roody and Izzy and all the rest of them with their old fogyness."

"Your brothers, let me tell you, you bad girl you, are as fine, steady men as your papa before them."

"We could have one of the biggest names in this town and get in on the right kind of charities, if you and they didn't ——"

"Your papa, Becky, had his own ideas how to do charity and how we should not give just where our name shows big in the papers. Your brothers are like him, fine, good men, and that's why I want the Memorial should come like a surprise, so they can have before them always that their father was the finest ——"

Suddenly Miss Meyerburg flung herself back on her pillows, tears gushing hot and full of salt.

"Oh, what's the use? What's the use? She won't understand."

"Becky baby, ain't you got everything what money can buy? A house on Fifth Avenue what even the sightseeing automobile hollers out about. Automobiles of your own more as you can use.

"Brothers nearly all with grand wives and families, and such a beautiful girl like you with a grand fortune to ——"

"Mamma, mamma, can't you understand there's things that money can't buy?"

"*Ja*, I should say so; but them is the things, Becky, that money makes you forget all about."

"I Just Want You Should Let Me Come Down and Visit by You in the Old Place, Eh?"

"Try to understand, can't you, ma, that the Rosencrantzes are a great old French family. You know for yourself how few of—of our people got titles to their names. Jacob Rosencrantz, ma, the marquis' great grandfather back in the days when the family had big money, got his title from the king, ma, for lending money when the ——"

"If all of his sons got, like this great grandson of his asks, one million dollars with their wives, I should say he could afford to lend to the king. To two kings!"

"Please, mamma, can't you understand? It don't hurt how things are now—it's the way they used to be with those kinds of families that count, ma. I was on their estate in France, ma, with Trixie and Felix. She used to know him in Paris when she was singing there. You ought to see, ma, an old, old place that you can ride on for a day and not come to the end, and the house so moldy and ramshackly that any American girl would be proud to marry into it. Those are the things, ma, that our family needs and money can't buy."

"You mean, Becky, that five hundred thousand dollars can't buy it! It has got to be a million dollars yet! A million dollars my child asks for just like it was five dollars!"

"I'm not asking that, ma, I'm not. Five hundred thousand of it is mine by rights. I'm only asking for half a million."

"*Gott im Himmel*, child, much more as a million dollars I ain't got left altogether. With my five sons married and their shares drawn, I tell you, Becky, a million dollars to you now would leave me so low that ——"

"There you go. That's what you said that time Felix had to have the hundred thousand in a hurry, but I notice you got it overnight without even turning a finger. For him you can do, but ——"

"For a black sheep I got to ——"

"It's not all tease with the boys, let me tell you, ma, when they sing that song at you about a whole stocking full you've got that none of us know anything about."

"*Ja*, you and your brothers can talk, but I know what's what. Don't think, Becky, your brother Felix and his wife with their Monte Carlo all the time and a yacht they got to have yet, and their debts, ain't eat a piece out of the fortune your papa built up for you children out of his own sweat."

"Don't go back to ancient history, ma."

"Those cut-uppings is for billionaires, Becky; not for one old lady as ain't got much more as a million left after her six dowries is paid."

"Yes, I wish I had what you've got over and above that."

"That young Rosencrantz is playing you high, Becky, because he sees how high your brother and his wife can fly. Always when people get big like us, right away the world takes us for even bigger as we are. He ain't got no right to make such demands. Five hundred thousand dollars is more as he ever saw in his life. I tell you, Becky, if I could speak to that young man like you can in his own language, I would tell him what ——"

"He don't make demands in so many words, ma. There—there's a way those things are done without just coming right out. I guess you think, when Selma Bernheimer married her baron, he came right out in words and said it had to be two millions. Like fun he did! But just the same, you don't think she could have said yes to him, when he asked her, unless she knew that she—she could fork over, do you?"

"I tell you in such marriages the last thing what you hear talked about is being in love."

"Oh, that had nothing to do with this, ma. The love part is there all right. You—you don't understand, ma."

"*Gott sei Dank* that I don't understand such!"

Then Miss Meyerburg leaned forward, her large white hand on her parent's knee, her face close and full of fervor.

"Ma, dear, you got it in your power sitting there to make me the happiest girl in the world. I'll do more for the family in this marriage, ma dear, than all five of the boys put together. I tell you, ma, it's the biggest minute in the life of this family if you give—if you do this for me, ma. It is, dear."

"*Ja*, let me just tell you that your brothers and their wives will be the first to put their foot down on that the youngest should get twice so much as they."

"What do you care? and, anyways, ma, they don't need to know. What they don't know don't hurt them. Don't tell them, ma; just don't tell them. Ain't I the only girl, and the baby too? Haven't I got the chance to raise them all up in society? Oh, ma, dear, you've got so much! So much more than you can ever use, and—and you—you're old now, ma, and I—I'm so young, dear, so young!"

"*Ja*, like you say, maybe I'm old, but I tell you, Becky, I ain't got the money to throw away like ——"

"Let me let the marquis ask me when he comes to-night, ma. He's ready to pop if—if I just dare to let him, ma."

"*Gott im Himmel*, I tell you how things is done now'days between young people. I should let him ask her yet, she says, like I had put on his mouth a muzzle."

"It's no use letting him ask me, ma dear, if I can't come across like I know the girl he can marry has got to. Let me let him ask me to-night, ma. And to-morrow at New Year's dinner with all the family here, we'll break it to 'em, ma. Mamma, dearie! Let me ask the marquis here to New Year's dinner to-morrow to meet his new brothers. Ma, dearie!"

She was frankly pleading, her eyes twilit, with stars shining through, her mouth so like red fruit and her beautiful brows raised.

"So help me, Becky, if I give you the million like you ask and with the Memorial yet to build, I am wiped out, Becky. Wiped out!"

"Wiped out! With five sons with their finger in every good pie in town and a daughter married into nobility."

"I ain't got one word to say against my children, Becky, luckier I been as most mothers, but the day what I am dependent on one of them for my living, that day I want I should be done with living."

"You could live with us, ma dearie. Paris in season and the estate in winter. You—you could run the big estate for us, ma, order and ——"

"You heard what I said, Becky."

"Well, then, ma, why—why don't you get the Memorial out of your head, dear? Pa built his own Memorial, ma. His memory lasts with everybody anyway."

Aspen trembling laid hold of Mrs. Meyerburg, muddling her words.

"You—*ach*—from her dead father yet she would take away the marble to his memory."

"Ma!"

"*Ja*, the marble to his memory! Bad girl, you! A man what lifted up with his hands those that came after so that hardly on the ground they got to put a foot. And now *du—du* what gives him no thanks! A Memorial to her papa, a Home for the Old and Poor what he always dreamed of building, she begrudges, she begrudges!"

"No, no, mamma, you don't understand!"

"A man, what loved so the poor while he lived, shouldn't be able to do for the poor after he is dead too. You go, you bad girl you, to your grand noble man what won't take you if you ain't worth every inch your weight in gold, you ——"

"Mamma—mamma, if you don't stop your terrible talk I—I'll faint, I tell you!"

"You go and your brother Felix and his fine wife with you for the things what money can buy. You got such madness for money, sometimes like wolfs you all feel to me breathing on my back, you go and ——"

"I tell you if—if you don't stop that terrible talk I—I'll faint, I will! Oh, why don't I die—why—why—why?"

"Since the day what he died every hour I've lived for the time when, with my children provided for, I could spend the rest of my days building to a man what deserved it such a monument as he should have. A Home for the Old and Poor with a park all round, where they can sit all day in the sun. All ready I got the plans in my room to send them down by Goldfinger this afternoon he should go right ahead and ——"

"Mamma, mamma, please, listen ——"

But the voice of Mrs. Meyerburg rose like a gale and her face was slashed with tears.

"If my last cent it takes and on the streets I go to beg, up such a Memorial goes. All you children with your feet up on his shoulders can turn away from his memory now he's gone, but up it goes if on the day what I die I got to dig dirt with my fingernails to pay yet for my coffin."

"Listen, ma; just be calm a minute—just a minute. I don't mean that. Didn't I just say he was the grandest father in the world and ——"

"You said ——"

"Sh-h-h, mamma, quiet, quiet! There isn't one of the boys wouldn't agree with me if they knew. We aren't big enough, I tell you, to sink a million in an out-of-town charity like that. In any charity for that matter, no matter how big it shows up. You say yourself a million and a half will cripple you. Well, your first duty is to us living and not to him dead——To us living! It means my whole life, my whole life!" And she beat the pillow with hard fists.

"*Ja*, but ——"

"With that money you can buy my happiness living, and he don't want it or need it dead."

Within the quick vise of her two hands Mrs. Meyerburg clasped her face, all quivering and racked with sobs.

"I can't hear it. It's like she was sticking knifes into me."

"The marquis has the kind of blood we need to give this family a boost. We can be big, ma. Big, I tell you. I can have a crest embroidered in two colors in my linens.

That inside clique that looks down on us now can do some looking up then. The boys don't need to know about that million, ma. Just let me have the marquis here to-morrow to meet his new brothers, ma, like there was nothing unusual. I'll pay it back to you in a million ways. The Memorial will come in time. Everything will come in time. Make me the happiest girl in the world, ma. He'll ask me to-night if I let him. Get the Memorial plans out of your head for awhile anyway! Just for awhile!"

"Not so long as I got in me the strength to send down them plans to Goldfinger's office this afternoon with my message to go ahead. I don't invite no marquis here to-morrow for family dinner if I got to get him here with a million dollars' worth of bait. I ——"

"Mamma!"

"Go and tell him your stingy old mamma would rather build a Home for the Old and Poor in memory of the grandest man what ever lived than give a snip like him, what never did a lick of work in his life, a fortune so he should have with it a good time at Monte Carlo. Just go tell him! Tell him!"

She was trembling now so that she could scarcely withdraw from the bedside, but her voice had lost none of its galelike quality.

"Go tell him! Maybe it does him good he should hear." And in spite of her ague she crossed the vast room, slamming the door so that a great shudder ran over the room.

On the bed that had been lifted bodily from the Grand Trianon of Marie Antoinette, its laces upheaved about her like billows in anger, Rebecca Meyerburg lay with her face to the ceiling, raw sobs distorting it.

Steadying herself without that door, her hand laid between her breasts and slightly to the left, as if there a sharp pain had cut her, Mrs. Meyerburg leaned to the wall a moment and, gaining quick composure, proceeded steadily enough across the wide aisle of hall, her hand following a balustrade.

A servant intercepted her half way.

"Madam ——"

"Kemp, from here when I look down in the lower hall, all them ferns look yellow on top. I want you should please cut them!"

"Yes, madam. Mrs. Fischlowitz, madam, has been waiting down in the side hall for you."

"Mrs. Fischlowitz! For why you keep her waiting in the side hall?"

"Therese said madam was occupied."

"Bring her right up, Kemp, in the elevator. Her foot ain't so good. Right away, Kemp."

"Yes, madam."

Into Mrs. Meyerburg's room of many periods, its vastness so emphasized by the ceiling after Paolo Veronese, its fluted yellow silk bed canopy reaching up to that ceiling stately and theatric enough to shade the sleep of a shah, limped Mrs. Fischlowitz timidly and with the uncertainty with which the callous feet of the unsocialistic poor tread velvet.

"How-do, Mrs. Fischlowitz?"

"Mrs. Meyerburg, I didn't want you to be disturbed except I want to explain to you why I'm late again this month."

"Sit down! I don't want you should even explain, Mrs. Fischlowitz—that's how little I thought about it."

Mrs. Meyerburg was full of small pleased ways, drawing off her guest's decent black cape, pulling at her five-fingered mittens, lifting the nestlike bonnet.

"So! And how's the foot?"

"Not so good and not so worse. And how is the sciatica with you, Mrs. Meyerburg?"

"Like with you, Mrs. Fischlowitz. It could be better and it could be worse. Sometimes I got a little touch yet up between my ribs."

"If it ain't one thing, Mrs. Meyerburg, it's another. What you think why I'm late again with the rent, Mrs. Meyerburg? If last week my Sollie didn't fall off the delivery wagon and sprain his back!"

"You don't say so!"

"That same job as you got him two years ago so good he's kept, and now such a thing has to happen. *Gott sei Dank*, he's up and out again, but I tell you it was a scare!"

"I should say so. And how is Tillie?"

"Mrs. Meyerburg, you should just see for yourself how that girl has got new color since that certified milk you send her every day. Like a new girl so pretty all of a sudden she has grown. For to-morrow, Mrs. Meyerburg, a girl what never before had a beau in her life, if Morris Rinabauer, the young foreman where she works, ain't invited her out for New Year's Day."

"You got great times down by Rivington Street this time of year. Not? I remember how my children used to like it with their horns *oser* like it was their own holiday."

"*Ja*, it's a great gedinks like always. Sometimes I say it gets so tough down there I hate my Tillie should come home from the factory after dark, but now with Morris Rinabauer ——"

"Mrs. Fischlowitz, I guess you think it's a sin I should say so, but I tell you, when I think of that dirty little street down there and your flat what I lived in the seventeen happiest years of my life with my husband and babies, when I think back on my years in that little flat I—I can just feel myself tremble like all over—that's how happy we were down there, Mrs. Fischlowitz."

"I can tell you, Mrs. Meyerburg, when I got a place like this, at Rivington Street I wouldn't want I should ever have to look again."

"It's a feeling, Mrs. Fischlowitz, what you—you can't understand until—until you live through so much like me. I—I just want some day you should let me come down, Mrs. Fischlowitz, and visit by you in the old place, eh?"

"*Ach*, Mrs. Meyerburg, I can tell you the day what you visit on me down there I am a proud woman. How little we got to offer, you know, but if I could fix for you *Kaffeeklatsch* some day and *Kuchen* and ——"

"In the kitchen you still got the noodle board yet, Mrs. Fischlowitz, where you can mix *Kuchen* too?"

"I should say so. Always on it I mix my doughs."

"He built it in for me himself, Mrs. Fischlowitz. On hinges so when I was done, up against the wall out of the way I could fold it."

"'Just think,' I say to my children, 'we eat noodles off a board what Simon Meyerburg built with his own hands.' On the whole East Side it's a curiosity."

"Sometimes when I come down by your flat, Mrs. Fischlowitz, I show you how I used to make them for him. Wide ones he liked."

"*Ach*, Mrs. Meyerburg, like you could put your hands in dough now!"

"'Mamma,' he used to say—standing in the kitchen door when he came home nights and looking at me maybe rocking Becky there by the stove and waiting supper for him 'Mamma,' he'd say, clapping his hands at me, 'open your eyes wide so I can see what's in 'em'"

"That such a big man should play like that!"

"'Come in, darling,' I'd say; 'you can't guess from there what we got.'"

"Just think, like just married you were together."

"'Noodles!' he'd holler, and all the time right in back of me, spread out on the board, he could see 'em. I can see him yet, Mrs. Fischlowitz, standing there in the kitchen doorway, under the horseshoe what he found when we first landed."

"I can tell you, Mrs. Meyerburg, in that flat we ain't had nothing but luck neither, with you so good to us."

"*Ach*, now, Mrs. Fischlowitz, for an old friend like you, what I lived next door to so many years and more as once gave my babies to keep for me when I must go out awhile, I shouldn't do a little yet."

"'Little,' she calls it. With such low rent you give us I'm ashamed to bring the money. Five weeks in the country and milk for my Tillie, until it's back from the grave you snatched her. Even on my back now every stitch what I got on, I got to thank you for. Such comfort I got from that black cape!"

"I was just thinking, Mrs. Fischlowitz, with your rheumatism and on such a cold day a cape ain't so good for you neither. Right up under it the wind can get."

"Warm like toast it is, Mrs. Meyerburg."

"I got a idea, Mrs. Fischlowitz! In that chest over there by the wall I got yet a jacket from Rivington Street. Right away it got too tight for me. Like new it is, with a warm beaver collar. At auction one day he got it for me. Like a top it will fit you, Mrs. Fischlowitz"

"No, no, please, Mrs. Meyerburg. It just looks like every time what I come you got to give me something. Ashamed it makes me. Please you shouldn't."

But in the pleasant frenzy of sudden decision Mrs. Meyerburg was on her knees beside a carved chest, burrowing her arm beneath folded garments, the high smell of camphor exuding.

"Only yesterday in my hand I had it. There! See! Just your size!"

She held the creased garment out from her by each shoulder, blowing the nap of the beaver collar.

"Please, no, Mrs. Meyerburg. Such a fine coat maybe you can wear it yourself. No, I don't mean that, when you got such grander ones; but for me, Mrs. Meyerburg, it's too fine to take. Please!"

Standing there holding it thrust enthusiastically forward, a glaze suddenly formed over Mrs. Meyerburg's eyes and she laid her cheek to the brown fur collar, a tear dropping to it.

"You'm right, Mrs. Fischlowitz, I—I can't give this up. I—he—a coat he bought once for me at auction when—he—*oser* could afford it. I—you must excuse me, Mrs. Fischlowitz."

"That's right, Mrs. Meyerburg, for a remembrance you should keep it." *(Continued on Page 61)*

"When I Think Back on My Years in That Little Flat I—I Can Just Feel Myself Tremble Like All Over"

A WESTERN WARWICK

XXXII

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

CANTERBURY arrived at four o'clock, and before he got off the train he began to shout: "Stop Thief!" They rushed him up to the hotel and shoved him out on a balcony, all dusty and disheveled from his journey, where he made a speech to the fanatic multitude that raises blisters on me until this day when I think of it. What that man said about me was a sin and a shame. He called me out of my lawful name for forty minutes, and the crowd liked it and yelled for more. If that vertiginous audience of his had been the convention Rogers wouldn't have had a vote. His speech had for its sum, substance, theme and peroration those pleasing words: "Stop Thief!"

I, as you may gather, was the thief. I was about to steal, or had stolen, the nomination for the presidency from the great, honest, patriotic and outraged common people, to deprive them of their rights, to crush them into the position of mere serfs registering my imperious will at my imperial behest. It was a blot on the escutcheon of American manhood, and I was the blot. He besought his fellow citizens to rise! rise! rise! And they rose—and went and had a few drinks.

We lived in a political madhouse that night. The wise hotel managers took all the furniture out of the lobby, and the crowd, jammed from wall to wall, sweated and swore and raucously proclaimed allegiances. Orators were hoisted on shoulders to hurl imprecations and snort defiances. Bartenders fainted from overwork. When men lost the power of articulate speech they fought with their fists. Our press bureau scattered ridicule of Canterbury's contentions and claims of certain victory. The opposition press bureau stridently reiterated: "Stop Thief! Stop Thief! Stop Thief!"

And, when the turmoil was at its worst, Bancroft slid into my room and said: "Don't you think we might compromise ——"

"Get out!" I yelled. "Get out! How the hell can you compromise assault with intent to kill?"

I didn't go to bed. So far as I knew nobody else went to bed. The morning broke with the hotel lobby still jammed with men, who had by that time reached the stage of singing John Brown's Body between fisticuffs—that is, the few who remained vocal were singing and the few who remained virile were fighting. The rest of them drooped about and moaned. The crowds began assailing the convention hall before breakfast. At ten o'clock there was a mob at each door. The police had to club lanes for the delegates through the clamoring mass of people who had tickets or who hadn't tickets, all of whom wanted to get in to see the show and were willing to fight for the opportunity.

That wasn't a convention, it was a riot. It took me, as chairman of the National Committee, half an hour to get order enough to make it seemly to present the minister who was to make the opening prayer. Our boys wanted to cheer me, and they did. It is a great experience to stand on a platform and watch and hear ten or twelve thousand excited men yelling their lungs out in support and commendation of one. I didn't bother about the crowd; I watched the delegates. My men were all up. The Canterbury men sat in their seats and looked calmly derisive. I had a majority, I was sure of that.

The first clash came over the selection of the temporary chairman. We proposed Withers, one of our star orators. The Canterbury men moved to substitute Coale. They were off! Orator after orator leaped importantly upon the platform, and shouted about the outrages we had perpetrated, or else upheld our procedure as legal, right and just. We gave them all the time they wanted. There was

He Made a Speech to the Fanatic Multitude That Raises Blisters on Me Until This Day

no gag rule there. The delegates sat impassive. They knew what they were to do and they were waiting their opportunity. Probably the most nonemotional persons in the universe are instructed delegates at a national convention. Stampede them? All the oratory there is—and that is considerable—wouldn't make any one of them bat an eye.

The noise was prodigious. The spectators were out for a riotous holiday. I threatened to clear the seats and galleries, but the crowd jeered at me. They were not partisan, these folks, except for my paid shouters, and any chance to yell was welcomed joyously. Finally the noise and declamation dwindled.

"Vote! Vote! Vote!" my delegates shouted.

We voted. Withers won with seventy votes to spare. The reporters scrambled to get rush bulletins to their papers.

"It is all over," they telegraphed. "Rogers will be nominated on the first ballot."

Technically, of course, it was all over. I had control of the convention. In reality there were three days of riot before the desired end came. The Canterbury men knew they were whipped, but they fought to the last, piling up charges against me and my machine, denouncing, deprecating, threatening to bolt, making it as difficult as they could.

I was relentless. Every time I had a chance to flatten the Canterbury pretension I flattened it. By the time that convention was over Canterbury was, in my opinion, so spatulate there was no way to save any of him except with blotting paper. Perhaps—perhaps—if I had it to do over again I would not be so vindictive, but the lust of carnage was in me then. I had my arms in it up to the elbows, and I showed no mercy. There was carnage over the adoption of the temporary roll, over the selection of a permanent chairman, over the adoption of the permanent roll and over the platform. When it came time for nomination the opposition let loose on me again. Whatever they had said previously was gentle and indulgent when contrasted with the denunciation they declaimed at me then.

The spectators knew all this was futile, and they soon began to jeer at the orators. They listened attentively to two or three speeches, but grew tired and demanded action. One lanky Canterbury man, who looked like a preacher, had a trick of clapping his hands together at regular intervals while he was talking, to emphasize his dissatisfaction with my methods. He had big hands, and the clap was vigorous and loud. In two minutes the spectators began to clap with him. Twenty thousand palms beat together in unison with his. He couldn't stop, for the thing was a habit with him, and the spectators roared with laughter and clapped, clapped, clapped. That was the funniest convention episode in my experience, and it cheered us all up—all except the orator, who had to quit.

The opposition yammered and hammered along. We let them talk, knowing that ultimately there must come a period of exhaustion. When it came we voted. Every Rogers man stood by the candidate. We won, with more than a hundred votes to spare, for some undecided ones, desirous of being on the bandwagon, came over to us.

"I move that the nomination of James Jason Rogers be made unanimous," shouted a Canterbury partisan, whom I had fixed for the purpose.

The roar of "No! No! No!" that came staggered me. I had had sort of an idea that perhaps, after they were defeated, the Canterbury men would let bygones be bygones. Evidently that was not their intention.

"Looks to me as if there was considerable harmonizing to be done," said Uncle Lemuel Sterry, who sat by me.

"I'll harmonize them with a club," I boasted.

Canterbury had remained in seclusion. He was urged to go to the convention himself, but he wouldn't. I had been very careful about the platform. It lauded prosperity, praised our beneficent tariff, pointed with exceeding pride to our legal proceedings against the predacious plutocrats and their combinations in restraint of trade, bespoke for the continued favor of the people, for whom we were laboring so diligently and patriotically, promised everything except the distribution in cash of the per capita wealth of the country, and hinted at that. It seemed to me that even Canterbury and his followers could stand on that peerless pronouncement of policy and principles, as our press bureau called it.

I sought out some of his supporters who had not gone entirely crazy and urged them to go to Canterbury and show him how necessary it was for him to get in line. I authorized one of them, a close friend, to tell him that there was nothing I could give him that he couldn't have if he would come back to the fold. I even went so far as to intimate that he might hope for a place on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, provided he would remain regular, for I knew one of the justices was preparing to retire.

"It's no use," this man reported. "Can't get a word out of him."

"What's he doing?" I asked.

"Why, he's chipper as a boy just starting on a vacation. He's sitting over there in his room, smoking fat cigars and writing limericks. Apparently he hasn't a thing on his mind."

"Limericks," I said. "I'll limerick him!"

"That's what he's doing to you. Here's one I picked up from the floor."

He handed me a sheet of hotel writing paper on which was written in Canterbury's scrawly hand:

There was an old boss of the party
Who considered himself quite a smarty.
But I tell you, by heck,
A place called his neck
Is where he will get it, most hearty!

I laughed a mirthless laugh. It was a poor limerick, but the sense of it was not lost on me. That young man had something in mind. I redoubled

my efforts to find out what that something was. I used every artifice I could think of, but the only information I obtained was in that limerick. Canterbury joyously joshed all of my inquiring diplomatists out of his room, and in a day or so went home, apparently without a serious thought over what had happened or what might happen.

My plutocrats were discreetly pleased. If they had shown indiscreet pleasure they felt I might double their assessments. The President took it all calmly, as if right had prevailed—which it had, so far as that goes, for you will never get me to think I was not justified in everything I did in that campaign. I had a job to do and I did it; and I violated no precedent, nor did I break any rule of the game as it was played. I won. That settled that, so far as I was concerned, and I turned my attention to my campaign.

There was much dissatisfaction, a spirit of revolt, in the party. I knew that, but I felt that I could compose it before election time. I had hopes that our opponents might not take advantage of their opportunity. They had several candidates to pick from. I trusted that with their ordinary ineptitude they would select the man weakest from a presidential viewpoint, but who seemed to have the greatest strength among the delegates. I met Pemberton Key a few days before their convention.

"Pem," I asked him, "who are you going to nominate?"

"Guess we'll name Canterbury," he said. "He seems to have as much strength as anybody."

"Come now," I protested, "be serious for once. Who's your man?"

"Serious? Say, Bill Paxton, the nomination of Canterbury would be about as serious—to you—as anything I can think of in the present juncture."

"It might be, but who's your man?"

"Honestly, Bill, I don't know. Differing from your well-known methods of deciding for the convention we intend to allow the convention to decide for us. Sounds radical, doesn't it? Straying a long way from the accepted political formula, but that's what we have in mind. The American people like novelties, and what could be more novel than a presidential candidate named by the delegates instead of by the bosses?"

I couldn't think of an answer to that, so I shook hands with Key and wished him well.

And that is exactly what happened. The opposition ran an unbossed convention, and, when it was over, the delegates had selected the strongest man they had. I was hard hit by this. That convention had not run true to political form.

"Fine result you handed out," I said to Key after their convention was over. "What's ailing you fellows? Going to retire from politics, or what? You don't seem to have cut much of a figure down there, you leaders and bosses."

"Well, Bill," said Key, "it came to a place where we must make our choice of retiring as bosses or being retired, so we sapiently allowed that assemblage of free and untrammeled American citizens to have their own way. They would have had it anyhow, and we acquiesced before they forced us to, thereby retaining some shreds of our self-respect and remaining under the shelter of the old flag."

"It seems to me," I said, "that politics in this country is getting into a state resembling anarchy. The people appear to have no respect at all for their leaders."

"Limericks," I Said. "I'll Limerick Him!"

"It does seem so," assented Key, "but maybe that will bring about a not undesirable situation where the leaders will have some respect for the people."

I walked away. It was evident that Key had gone crazy, like a good many others.

I started my committees at work, for I had plenty of money and I knew where I could get more. The idea that money would not be all-potent never came to me. I figured on repeating my tactics of four years before. I was aware I had established a criterion for lavish expenditure and that I must retain that; but my experience had taught me a good many things. Where ten fakers caught me four years before one did not succeed then. I was a free spender but not a lavish one. However, I do not think any complaint can be made that I was miserly even in that second campaign. If money would have elected Rogers, Rogers would have been put back unanimously. I discovered too late that money would not elect him. Who was it—Burke?—who said you cannot indict a whole people? Well, it is William Henry Paxton who says you cannot buy a whole people. There is nothing academic about that statement. I know because I tried.

XXXIII

CANTERBURY gave no sign. So far as I could discover he devoted his time to the composition of limericks. My press bureau labored valiantly to dispel the widespread belief that we had stolen the nomination for Rogers. We defended every act. We pointed out how Canterbury, even with his contests outside the South, never did have enough votes in hand to win. We smoothed, treacled, besought the boys to return to the old home, and promised that all would be forgotten and forgiven. We made it plain we held no animosities for what had happened. We were in a remissive, a melting mood. We called tearful attention to the glorious past of the party and urged that it be maintained in its rightful position, which was, as we put it, the vanguard of human progress, liberty and enlightenment. We sent out our spellbinders, combed each state for recalcitrants whom we might urge back to the fold, and made constant efforts to smoke out Canterbury.

He was unreachable. We couldn't do anything with him. He wouldn't answer letters or telegrams, and refused to see emissaries. Then one day I decided not to palter with him any longer, and I had the press bureau put out a blast designating him as an imitation Achilles sulking in his hammock. We pointed out the favors he had had at the hands of the party, told of all that had been done for him, accused him of the blackest ingratitude, called him sorehead and traitor, and jeered at him as a factor in national politics.

"No man is greater than his party," we said. "This young person evidently thinks he is not only greater than his party, but that he is the party. He was squarely and decisively defeated, and now he refuses to abide by the result, and sits sulking and skulking at home when he should be holding aloft the standard of the party that made him possible."

It was a bitter attack. Our papers in all parts of the country printed it, with similar editorial comment. Uncle Lemuel Sterry advised against that, but I was bullheaded and angry. I wish now that I had taken Lem's advice, for as I look back on a career considerably speckled with political and other mistakes I conceive that to be my greatest. It was more than a mistake—it was an epochal error.

It didn't bring Canterbury back into the party. For about a month it apparently had no effect. Canterbury went up north into Wisconsin on a fishing trip. I was beginning to think he would sulk until the end of the campaign, and had about dismissed him from my mind, for reports were good, when of a sudden he came out with a broadside that lifted me through the roof. Any thoughts that I may have had of solemn and segregated sulkiness on his part were revised by that pronouncement. He didn't intend to sulk forever. He intended to fight. These were the points he made, reduced to their vital terms:

1. The renomination of the President was secured by the suborned Federal officeholders of the South and by bought-and-paid-for negro delegates. He had affidavits to prove some of this.

2. Money was used in obtaining other delegates, and patronage was promised. He had affidavits to prove some of this.

3. The men who were responsible for the looting of the people in the formation of illegal combinations for the restraint of trade, and who unloaded vastly inflated securities on the investing public, financed the campaign I made. He had figures, perplexingly correct, to prove this.

4. Notwithstanding our promises to take legal proceedings against these men and dissolve their illegal combinations, the Rogers Department of Justice had done nothing save promise. No results had been obtained and none were wanted, for if Rogers won these men would be allowed to continue their looting of the people. He said common sense proved that.

5. The tariff, which gave these same men their double-edged opportunity, had been made much higher than necessary by the unscrupulous legislators in Washington, thus giving added opportunity to the looters to get the people coming and going, by making trust-forming easier and by increasing imposts laid by that tariff on the consumer.

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The New Banks

LOOKING back twenty years three important legislative acts stand out. The first is the act, under McKinley's Administration, establishing the gold standard. The second is the act, under Roosevelt's Administration, giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railroad rates. The third is the act, under this Administration, creating the Federal Reserve Banks. The last is probably the most important of the three and possibly more important than any other single act of the last twenty years.

We now have reports of the operation of the new banks for fifteen months. Their direct, positive effect upon the business of the country in that period has been small. They will never very much affect the conditions upon which a man obtains bank credit in normal times. To say they will make credit "freer" or more "democratic," in the sense that a man who could not borrow money under the old system in normal times can borrow under the new system, is a mere rhetorical flourish. You might as well talk about free and democratic pig iron or pine lumber. The report of the biggest reserve bank shows that the average size of note rediscounted in fifteen months was thirty-six hundred dollars—an obviously undemocratic sum.

The new banks incorporate a danger too—for they may be made an instrument of inflation. Nevertheless, since they give the country a credit organization it has long needed, it is hardly too much to say that every man in business is actually safer because of them. It is only once in a long while that legislation accomplishes such a positive good.

Tariff as a Means of Grace

A CUSTOMS union embracing the twenty-odd states that now compose the German Empire was a precursor of the empire. Teutonic advices indicate that a customs union including Germany and Austria-Hungary is coming. It may well prove the forerunner of a closer political bond between the two empires. Mutual tariff arrangements for England, France, Russia and Italy are discussed. That also may bring more extensive federation.

At first, of course, the two great tariff combinations would confront each other hostilely. But the moment peace is signed war hatreds will begin to cool before the civilizing desire for trade. Trade has been the great civilizer, breaking the barriers and opening the roads between nations. It will play its beneficent part again. One can imagine a time when the states of Europe will sit down together to discuss tariff and then other things.

If that imagining should come true, what would the United States be doing? We believe finally in a more or less closely articulated world federation; in a coming time when a man will put no more emphasis on his citizenship in France, as against citizenship in England or Germany, than a man now puts on citizenship in Minnesota as against citizenship in Texas. Certainly he will be a Frenchman, with French culture, ideals, modes of thought and feeling, producing French art and philosophy. But he will have complete respect for the English, German and Russian man; he will not want to set up invidious comparisons and animosities against them; he will be content to be French, yet coöperate fully with them in many large, common interests.

We would not have conscription here, because its basis is the narrow, invidious, exclusive sort of patriotism that regards every other nation as inherently a foe—just the sort of teaching that has borne the present prodigious fruit in Europe.

Profitless Business

REPORTS to the Federal Trade Commission indicate that an astonishingly great number of business concerns in the United States make no real profit. This is especially true, of course, among the smaller concerns. No doubt a strict census of the retail trade, with all dead stock written down to what it would actually fetch, and all bad debts written off, would show a high percentage of shops that made no real profit, and a positively large number that failed to make even fair wages for the proprietor. The yearly mortality in the retail trade suggests as much.

Overbuying is one cause. That means buying the wrong goods. Many country merchants are better sellers than buyers. In selling they deal with people who have less experience of merchandise than they have. In buying they deal with people who have more. That superior experience should be used to the merchant's advantage in helping him to buy only what he can probably sell. Sometimes it is used to his disadvantage by simply unloading on him as many goods as he can be induced to take.

Retail buying outside of big establishments goes largely by guess, and quite often the indubitable sign of a wrong guess is ignored. This sign is that the goods do not move. Big city establishments know very well that they cannot afford to carry dead stock; that goods which fail to move within a reasonable time represent a loss; that the longer the goods hang on, the greater the loss will be. By and large, the rule is the quicker the turnover, the greater the profit. Reluctance to face an initial loss and clean out slow-moving stock at a sacrifice has wrecked innumerable retail ventures.

Buying right, of course, makes selling easy. But the merchant's problem of selling has been more extensively studied than his problem of buying; for the immediate interest of the manufacturer and wholesaler is on that side. They want him to get their goods to the consumer. But their ultimate interest lies about equally on both sides. In the condition of the retail trade, as a whole, there is a good deal that is unsatisfactory to the manufacturer. He ought to study the needs of that trade all round and not simply at the point where it comes in contact with the consumer.

National Park Service

WE ARE told on what we believe to be good authority that there were more visitors to the national parks of Canada in 1915 than to those of the United States. The reason is very simple. It is not at all that Canada's national parks are superior to ours in natural attractions. It certainly is not that there was more travel to the western part of Canada last year than to our Pacific Coast. It is just because Canada manages her parks intelligently, and we do not. The Canadian parks are managed as a whole, by one bureau, which not only studies their needs as a unit but takes good care that information about them is put in the way of Canadian people.

Each of our fourteen splendid national parks is managed separately, appropriated for separately. There is no single person or body to supervise all of them. Naturally they get developed, so far as they are developed at all, in a haphazard, spasmodic manner.

Four years ago President Taft said, in a message to Congress recommending unified park management, that only in the single case of the Yellowstone "have we made anything like adequate preparation for the use of a park by the public." That observation is still true. Probably it will remain true until all the parks are put under one management—which virtually means that the magnificent scenery of the other parks will be mostly locked away and kept under cover. Properly developed and exploited, the parks should presently yield enough revenue to pay for their own upkeep.

A bill for unified park management is before the present Congress. There is no question that it ought to pass.

A New Dimension

IN JANUARY thirty million dollars' of railroad bonds, bearing four and a half per cent interest, were offered at par and taken so quickly that the subscription books closed almost as soon as they were opened. Two years ago a flotation of that size for new construction would have been a notable event. It is doubtful that the bonds would have been taken at so low an interest rate then. Nowadays thirty million dollars looks like chicken feed.

Four years ago it was calculated that the railroads ought to invest over eight billion dollars during the ensuing half decade, in terminals, double tracks, equipment, and so on. Where was so huge a sum to be found? Two, three, four, five years ago, financiers were pointing out enormous prospective demands for capital, to finance water-power developments, city and interurban transportation, electrical industries in general, manufactures, and what not. That there would be enough capital to go round seemed questionable. That it would be decidedly dear in any event seemed a foregone conclusion.

Then the war came along, involving entirely new demands for money on a prodigious scale. Financiers simply threw up their hands. Any rate for money, even though the war continued but a few months, seemed within the bounds of possibility.

The war has continued more than nineteen months, with an ever-rising scale of expenditure, absorbing capital to an extent far beyond the most pessimistic predictions. And money is positively very easy here; comparatively easy in Europe. Prime commercial paper here sells readily on a three per cent interest basis. The bank rate in London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin is five per cent. Apparently there is no difficulty at all about borrowing for business purposes in any of those centers. We have loaned the belligerents in one way or another about a billion dollars. Lending a railroad thirty millions looks like a retail transaction.

Finance has gone into a new dimension. It talks in billions now instead of millions. A British official mentioned the other day that in the current year England would lend her colonies and allies somewhere from two to three billion dollars.

Of course there is a certain illusion in this. Europe virtually has dumped all her resources of cash and credit into a single pot; consolidated all her borrowing power upon a single object. The results are amazing, but not a safe guide for normal conditions. Yet, after nineteen months of war, all we know with certainty is that on the economic side forecasting is useless.

Automobile Ordinances

"SPEED limit, ten miles an hour" is the sign that faces you at the city boundary, and in the next ten minutes a dozen cars go by you at twenty miles an hour. We should say offhand that hardly one community out of fifty lives up to its automobile regulations. Spasmodic enforcement of local laws is a constant source of grief to motorists. You cut across the street intersection forty-nine days in succession, and on the fiftieth day are arrested for not turning a square corner. Naturally you are offended.

Another affliction is the absence of signs. In some towns you may park your car anywhere you please. In others, of the same general aspect and with no warning sign, you may be arrested for leaving it on a certain street or too near a fire plug. Your muffler cut-out is a tolerated nuisance in half a dozen towns, while in the next one its use is a misdemeanor; but there is no sign to tell you the difference. Signs cost little too. The beginning of automobile regulation for any town should be: "Say plainly what you mean and stick to it."

The Safety Valve

AT LUNCHEON a conspicuous placard hung in the dining car. As it had not been there at breakfast, some passengers were curious enough to read it. They found it contained solemn notice that the unfortunate state through which the train was then passing had been visited by inscrutable Providence with a legislature that passed a law making it a misdemeanor to give a tip within the borders of the commonwealth.

You would suppose a legislature which had done as asinine a thing as that would be anxious to conceal it; but this one advertised it.

Some other states have a like law, and almost if not quite every state has had a legislature that gravely debated an antitipping law. In the sixty-thousand-and-odd laws that are enacted in the United States in five years a great many are of this silly and futile sort.

We get vexed about them sometimes; but we should really give thanks for them. They are the safety valve that saves our lives. When a legislature is so ignorant of public questions and of the limitations of law that it will put in its time passing an act to forbid giving a waiter a tip, that is the least harmful thing we can expect from it. If it did not let off its steam in some such comparatively harmless way as that the damage it might do is almost incalculable.

If you should look over the five-year grist of sixty thousand laws you would find that what saves the country is precisely the high proportion of silliness and futility in them. When Nero fiddled while Rome burned he was occupied in a comparatively admirable manner. Given that disposition, he might easily have been doing something infinitely worse. So a silly antitipping law—which really harms no one, for no one pays any attention to it—should be gratefully accepted as an escape from some positive injury.

Turning Citizens Into Soldiers

How Europe Makes Its Armies

By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

THE average American, tackling the subject of preparedness for the first time, will wade through reams of rhetoric until his mind is a mass of undigested military facts and fancies. Glib and generous are the admonitions to prepare; yet the sum and substance of much that is being spoken and written on the subject, when skimmed of patriotic phrases, leaves but a residue of glittering generalities.

After listening to all the speeches pronounced at national defense conventions, and after reading all the data appearing in print, the average American still realizes how little he knows of what is comprised in the term "citizen soldiery." This is the most important subhead of the subject.

If any economic revolution is to follow the drafting of the majority of our younger citizens into a national militia the voter wants to know it before he supports the Continental, Federal, or any other kind of army.

The economic side of the question is particularly puzzling. Our kings of commerce, who resolve their problems into terms of business, would rarely send their sons into the army to work up from the bottom. As a business proposition the army is negligible. Commercial and professional life offer more substantial rewards. On the other hand, if the available youth of the country were subjected to a short period of military service, would this handicap our national development? How has it worked out in other nations?

The three most thoroughly tested citizen services are the Swiss, the German and the French. Let us begin with the Swiss. All military authorities agree on the proposition that the descendants of William Tell have evolved a nearly perfect national militia system; but these authorities insist that the Swiss plan is essentially militia and not regular. This distinction need not bother us, for no one wants to turn the great mass of male Americans into professional soldiers. My dictionary defines militia as citizen soldiery, and it is on that basis I shall lay before you the workings of the Swiss system.

Briefly, military service is compulsory and universal, with almost no exemptions save for actual physical disability. Citizens excused from service, as well as those called but rejected for mental or physical deficiencies, in lieu of service pay three special taxes. As nearly fifty per cent of all men annually called to the colors are rejected, those taxes amount to quite a tidy revenue. Theoretically liability to serve begins when the citizen is seventeen years of age and ends at the close of his forty-eighth year. In practice actual service begins at the age of twenty. For the first twelve years service is with the first-line troops, called the *Auszug*, or *Elite;* the following eight years the Swiss passes in the first reserve or *Landwehr*, and the last eight years of service is with the second reserve, or *Landsturm*. This division does no military service except in wartimes.

Swiss Methods

UNDER this system Switzerland, which boasts approximately four million population, has developed a defensive army of one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers with the colors, one hundred and twenty thousand in the first reserve, and two hundred and fifty thousand in the second reserve—a total of over half a million trained fighting men. Pausing to consider that Switzerland is but one-third the size of the state of Pennsylvania, with about half as many inhabitants as crowd the Quaker commonwealth, we must admit that the Swiss system produces results. The total training of the Swiss infantry soldier is sixty-five days the first year—seventy-five days for field artillery, and ninety days for cavalry; and only eleven days a year for seven—eight in case of cavalry—succeeding years. The first reserve, or *Landwehr*, is called out only once, for eleven days' service.

Such in outline is the Swiss plan; but there are certain factors and conditions in the Alpine nation that make the development of a national militia a much simpler proposition than, for example, would be the case in the United States. In the first place, the Swiss are a nation of patriots. Reference again to my dictionary brings out the fact that a patriot is a lover of his country. Not to make any invidious insinuations about the quality of patriotism in this or any other land, if I were the chief of the World's Bureau of Political Statistics, and had to compile a comparative table of the patriotic qualities of the peoples of the earth, I should begin with the Swiss and work down. A lover of his country! The phrase does not half convey how the Swiss feels toward his lakes and mountains. Why, he regards them with passionate adoration! The Swiss is a superpatriot.

The next factor bearing largely upon the problem of speeding up the soldier-making plant is the physique of the raw material. Search as you may the Swiss vocabularies—French, German and Italian are the languages spoken—and you will find no term for mollycoddle. After spending some time in Switzerland I am convinced that both soil and climate preclude the cultivation of the said human species. Of course imported varieties thrive in the steam-heated hotels perched on the sides of the mountains, but no indigenous specimens exist. At a guess I should rate the Swiss as the physical equals of the best human beings produced on this globe. You cannot live in Switzerland without taking exercise. The character of the terrain demands it. So, making a virtue of necessity, the average Swiss, boy and man, takes more general exercise than the upper-class Englishman.

Finally the tradition of William Tell inspires the race. The Swiss are a nation of sharpshooters. Up to within fifty years the organic law of the land prohibited any male from taking unto himself a mate until he furnished proof that he owned a musket and convinced the authorities that he knew how to use it effectively. One of the first provisions of the Swiss Constitution decreed that every citizen must be ready to defend his country. Under this law, as soon as the state could afford it, every male in the Alpine nation was furnished a gun and ammunition. The ancient idea persists to-day. Every village has its rifle range. Consistently the descendants of William Tell have adopted target shooting as their national game. In these perilous times it is a more-to-be-recommended sport than baseball.

A Presidential Witticism

TAKING it for granted that some of my readers have not heard the story, I give here a conversation which took place several years ago, when the Emperor of Germany was the guest of the President of the Swiss Republic. Wilhelm was in a waggish mood.

"What is the total fighting force, Mr. President, Switzerland could muster in an emergency?" asked the emperor.

"Some five hundred thousand men at a pinch," the Swiss President replied.

"So few!" exclaimed Wilhelm. Then, with a mischievous twinkle in his large eyes, he continued: "Why, I could send two and a half million men to attack Switzerland. What would happen then?"

The President answered, with rather a bored air:

"In that case, sire, I fear each Swiss soldier would have to expend five cartridges."

If you have ever seen the Swiss shooting clubs in action you will know the President was no braggart.

I am firmly convinced that, instead of a rattle, the infant Switzer is given a miniature rifle. From earliest days his associations center round firearms and musketry practice. Be he the child of even the poorest peasant, his first recollections are of seeing his father cleaning and polishing a Swiss army rifle. That weapon is a household god. Sometimes, if he is good, the youngster may draw the oiled rag through the barrel during the cleaning process. He will trail his father to the village range. He will hear scores discussed, his father's chances of winning a local prize, and how warmly his mother would welcome the prize money. His youthful experiences may include following the great federal shooting matches at Fribourg.

Imagine the sensations of the American boy if he could combine a week's picnicking with a championship baseball game each day, and you will conjure up something of the feeling of the Swiss child when attending the great triennial shooting competition. The prize winners in the shooting contests fill the same niche in the Swiss small boy's heart-shrine as Christy Mathewson does with the American youth. In a sentence, the whole population of Switzerland interests itself in shooting, and can shoot.

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Counting the Cost

ONE OF THE CHOSEN

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

AFTER all, there is nothing like youth.

Youth, however, was not the only possession of Alexander Crowninshield Jermyn; he had an excellent body, an irreproachable ancestry, the best traditions of Boston, a strong sense of that which is highest, a Harvard degree, and the love of Hypatia Emerton. The responsibilities of a bachelor of arts and of being the welcomed pretender of Hypatia's court were the newly added burdens to a young man with a good tennis arm, a painstaking penmanship, several classic features, among which Providence had plastered a tilted nose and a notion that life was as serious as a textbook on philosophy.

Those who care nothing for Boston need not shy. A word about poetry, Hypatia, Mr. Emerton, that gentle banker, and a combination of the three in one evening, and then this accurate account moves swiftly Westward, where adventure publishes no time-tables, and the emotions are made a speculative rather than a conservative investment.

Alexander played a little football and wrote a little poetry, a combination which tends to balance life and prevent one from going too far from culture while building up one's system against catarrh. He did both, mostly because he thought he ought to have done both. In fact, he ought to have done neither—he was too gentle for football and some thought that he was too rough for poetry.

On this particular evening, however, he had come to the house of Mr. Emerton, the gentle banker, with evening clothes and a sense of the correctness of the associations his heart, apparently of its own free will, was establishing. Emerton was the gentle banker whose gentle banking house, having some gentle knowledge, had gently unloaded much equity in the common stock of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad upon Jermyn's father before he died and left his son with the twenty-eight hundred dollars remaining from his fortune, dwindled away in a depreciating security. But the whole transaction had been conducted in good taste—a matter between friends. Alexander climbed the steps of the Emerton house conscious only of his responsibilities as the chosen one of Hypatia. There was propriety in his heart and poetry in his pocket.

"Oh, Aleck!" exclaimed the young lady, running into the library, where Jermyn was wiping his glasses. "Such news! I've discovered an essayist. His name is Montague. He really is quite as good as Oliver Holmes. And I'm awfully lame. I got hit in the ankle with a golf ball!"

He was interested, but he hoped that Hypatia would inquire about his poetry. And, in fact, she did inquire about it very politely and listened politely to a sonnet in Italian form, entitled The Woolen Mills.

"But do you think sonnets will help you at the Old Colony National Bank?" asked the young woman.

She was a pretty girl of twenty, wearing a lovely innocence, but aware of the economic exigencies of modern life. She had deep blue eyes and golden hair, which shed the radiance of dewy mornings when the sunlight sparkles, but she had an instinct for advantages; she had the Dresden-china look and a vivacity in her well-formed little athletic self almost unique, but she knew that Alexander's job in the Old Colony National buttered very few parsnips. For Alexander she would have gladly lived in a seventy-five-dollar apartment, but she trusted that the choice would not be necessary. For some reason Italian sonnets on the New England textile industry did not seem to her very practical.

Nevertheless, she knew Alexander's virtues. He had a strong sense of duty. He was the soul of honor. In spite of his uptilted nose he had a distinction of appearance characteristic of our best people. He was not used to napkin rings; he did not use perfumed soap, and his hands surely felt strong, warm and wholesome to the touch.

Hypatia put her hand in his.

"The best in the world!" gasped Jermyn.

She knew whom he meant. She did not draw away; on the contrary she looked across the room into a mirror which reflected the two healthy young persons, and, noting that they appeared to make a good pair, she put herself in a much more accessible position.

Alexander did not for the moment remember Harvard College or Boston or the philosophies; the world was all youth, golden hair, promise, coral tints. With ambidextrous skill he took off the tortoise-shell eyeglasses with one hand while he put the other arm about no less a person than Miss Emerton, the bud.

"Alexander!" said her soft voice, passing between lips which were close to his.

"Alexander!" said another voice.

Jermyn turned about toward this harsh sound and beheld, at his elbow, the gentle banker, who had come unnoticed into the room.

"Alexander," said Emerton restrainedly, in the manner of a gentle banker about to ask for a receivership; "Alexander, my daughter has given me some slight information of the intentions of you two youngsters. I think that just at this psychological moment I had better say that your father did not leave you in a position to marry. I think I must ask you to have at least fifty thousand dollars before you marry Hypatia."

The young man's heart fell, as the proverbial plummet of lead, into one of his shoes; but he felt at that second a temptation to depart from conservative principles such as he had never felt before.

"Very well, Mr. Emerton," said he. "I understand your wishes; and during my engagement to Hypatia, which we have not planned to announce, I will endeavor to meet them."

"Thank you," the gentle banker replied

"And now, sir," said Alexander, "I will finish what I was doing when you interrupted me."

Saying which he drew Hypatia closer to him and was delighted to find that she was in accord with him in a purpose to make their lips meet.

"I'm going West," he whispered through the golden hair into her excellent ear. "There's nothing doing in being a slow-and-sure young man."

So Jermyn went West.

Going West, in New England, means going to Albany or Indianapolis. Jermyn went even farther, until he had come to the C., B. & Q. Railroad, in which his grandfather had held a slight interest. He had with him a kit bag and his sense of duty. Somewhere in the general vicinity of Galesburg, Illinois, he found a young man covered with overalls and machine grease who looked like Bob Mottely, who once played first base.

"Here I am!" said Alexander. "If I was the son of a carpenter instead of an A. B., I'd cut a big dash in the world and die worth a million iron men. I recognized the name of the C., B. & Q. and I want a job."

"Glad to see you," said Mottely. "What's your railroad experience?"

"Counting money for the Old Colony National with a wet finger; writing sonnets; singing 'Three cheers for the Harvard hosts on high'; and a whole lot of traditions."

"Better go down to the W., L. & N. Road, old top, and cop off a section job," the other said. "You'll find it exactly unlike Cambridge."

"Thank you," said Alexander. "I'd like to have dinner with you, but I'm on my way; I've got to make fifty thousand dollars in a hurry."

"Hurry?" asked the other.

"Certainly! Haven't you ever been in love?"

"Not so I couldn't stand it," Mottely replied, rolling a cigarette, with a little cloth tobacco bag dangling from his thumb.

Alexander adjusted his tortoise-shell glasses. He said:

"Well, I'm living the great American novel—love, obstacles to marriage, and a final success. It differs from foreign plots only in the fact that they make so little of the obstacles—including marriage. I have a prejudice in favor of the domestic product. So long!"

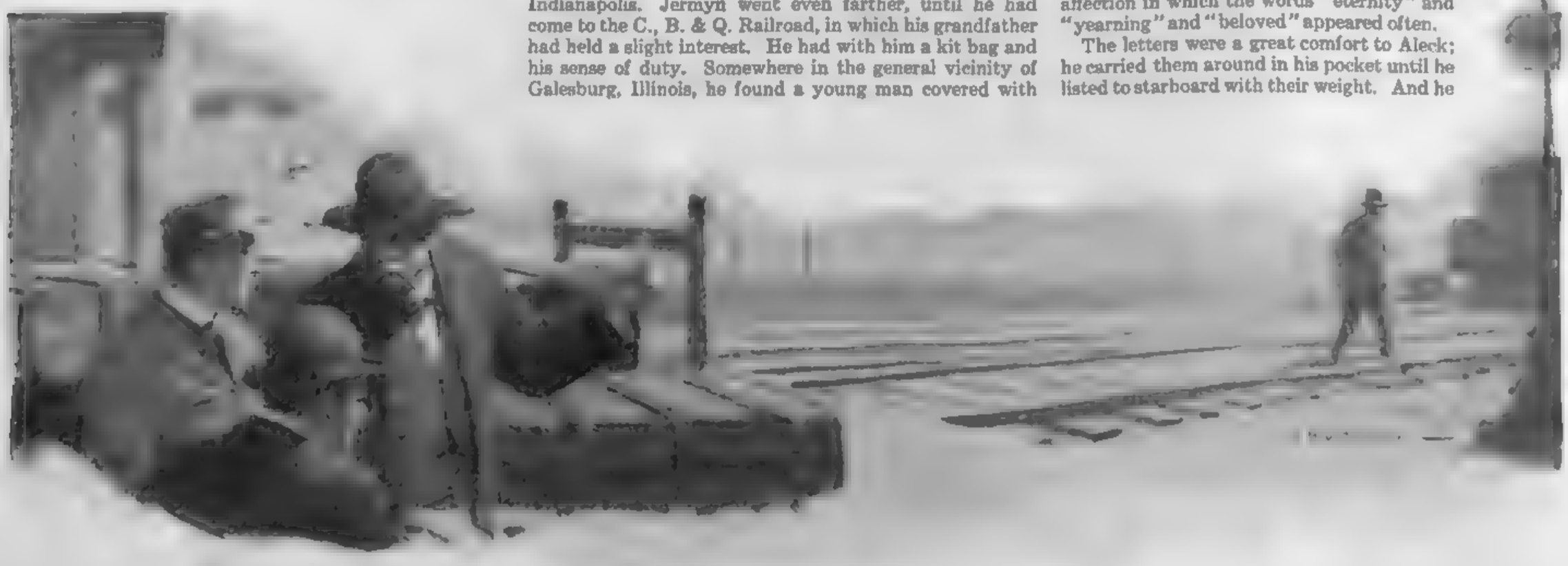
Jermyn went down into Illinois, somewhere south of Bodbank. The W., L. & N. put him at work at Ultimatum, a little town overlooking a freshet ravine on one side, but with the flat farm land stretching from its back door to the horizon; and here he came into the first contact with the world and seven dollars and fifty cents a week. He was a valet of ancient locomotives by day, and by night he sat on the porch of a griddle-cake boarding house and listened to the rustling of the corn and tried to make Hypatia's face come and look at him sympathetically out of the dark. He learned that osage oranges were not served for breakfast, that "Western push" was as real as and no more real than "Southern gallantry," and that a college degree was not much of a letter of credit.

Plump egg-and-milk-fed young girls just out of high school sighed when Alexander passed down Main Street toward the railroad yards in Ultimatum. His nose was not adjusted at the angle of their ideal, but it was noised abroad that he was the son of a millionaire who had dulled many a pair of scissors cutting bond coupons in State Street.

"And he looks so much like a man who is kind to his mother!" said Nettie, of the Emporium, wiping the glass of the show window so that she could follow him with her stare of blue.

But he saw only one girl. It was Hypatia in fancy. The real Hypatia wrote him letters about the condition of the Boston streets, about the programs at the symphony concerts, about the engagement of Oliver Beddlestone to a shopgirl, which, Hypatia said in a very confidential P. S., she considered a terrible reflection on the working classes; and then she ended with a little nervous burst of affection in which the words "eternity" and "yearning" and "beloved" appeared often.

The letters were a great comfort to Aleck; he carried them around in his pocket until he listed to starboard with their weight. And he



"Jermyn is His Name and Money is His Fame. He's One of Them Boston Jermyns"

replied to them, mentioning occasionally the standards of living, the sense of duty, the principles of honor, which were his. Alas, it is a sad time when one becomes conscious of having virtues. After four months Jermyn had his virtues, his little capital back East, and twelve dollars and thirty-seven cents in his pocket; and the sum total of comfort he could take from all combined was small.

He knew not that these possessions of his were about to weather a severe siege. For, unfortunately for Jermyn, the Ultimatumites believed doggedly in the idea that he had unlimited means stowed away in four per cents.

"Them Boston folks get their money slow, but keep it fast," said the station agent. "If one of those Boston fellers struck an oil well over here in Barron County, where two fellers have just begun to drill for oil, then he'd think it was kind of unholy and improper and peril'us to become rich so fast."

Aleck heard the last of this pessimistic prophecy. He was slow at figures, but this time he made a rapid calculation and determined that sometime during the year 1946, if he could count on promotions in the W., L. & N. service, he would achieve his goal. He thought of Hypatia, with her eighteen-carat golden hair turned to sterling silver, and he almost burst into tears. The interior of a Bostonian is, like ours, of a common garden variety.

"Nothing venture, nothing have!" he said aloud, jumping down from the baggage truck. He uttered in these words a frightful heresy which almost proved the source of his undoing. "To-morrow is Sunday and it's just four miles over to Barron Springs. I'll go over and look about a bit."

A stranger who had been leaning against the trunks of the Midland Comedy Company, with his hat pulled down over his eyes to shade them from the glaring sun, raised his head until he could look out from under the brim at Jermyn. Then he pulled his long gray mustache and turned to his companion, a little wizened creature whose head was set down between his square lean shoulders like a plaster head jammed down onto a lay figure. He nudged the other's elbow.

"Who's that young feller?" he asked the station agent when Alexander had walked down the track.

"Jermyn is his name and money is his fame," said the official. "He's one of them Boston Jermyns. His father found he was dissipatin' so bad that he brung him out to Chicago last August and gave him a bank book, so's he could go to work for seven dollars a week. The Nettie girl up at Weed's Department Store is bein' deceived by him, I hear."

"He'll do," whispered the big man with the pouched cheeks to the Dried Apple.

So it was that when Alexander was kicking the Illinois ruts over the prairie road to Barron the next morning he came upon the Dried Apple or the Evaporated Prune or the Man with the Rat Eyes. He was seated in a livery-stable runabout chewing a sassafras twig.

"Just restin' my horse," said he. "I'm drivin' out to an oil claim I've got. Everythin' going fine. My partner is Ed Belden. Fortune in it! Have a lift?"

"Thank you," said Aleck. "Thank you very much indeed. You are the man drilling out there for oil, aren't you?"

"J'chip! J'chip!" said the man, who introduced himself as plain Potts to the plain animal. It sounded like the experienced cluck of an old horse trader, but it came from the lips of an expert oil man.

Young Jermyn learned from Potts all about oil. He learned about drills and pressure wells and suction wells and quiet wells. He learned about values and fuel units, and many strange things about oil that will always remain the exclusive information of Potts and Alexander.

"All we want now is a man to camp out right where we're driving our well—take a tent and stay there day and night," said Potts.

Alexander asked why that was necessary.

"Did *you* ever have an oil claim?" asked the other. "No? Why, we'd pay a man we could trust six or eight dollars a day right now to do that. He'd earn his pay watchin' the machinery and keeping strangers from tampering with the plug at night. It isn't as if we was drillin' in an oil field. No, sir! Nobody except us has drilled for oil in Barron County since 1891."

"I Think I Must Ask You to Have at Least Fifty Thousand Dollars Before You Marry Hypatia"

"That was the year she was born," said Alexander, looking eastward wistfully. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I was about to ask why I couldn't take the job. I only earn ten dollars a week now, and eight dollars a day is somewhat—somewhat more noticeably remunerative. And then if you struck oil—why, that would be wonderful, wouldn't it?"

The man said that it would be wonderful, but he doubted whether Mr. Ed Belden would consent to Alexander's employment.

"He's a most superstitious man of strangers," Potts averred.

Belden, however, had a moment of confidence; he engaged the services of the young man from Boston and wondered how fortune had been so good. But in this gratitude to fortune Jermyn did not share; he did not see any signs of oil in the pipe sunk into the rich Illinois farm land, which short length of pipe had caused so much excitement and curiosity and mental speculation among the simple but cautious Illinois farmers. It was with some misgivings about his new heretical slogan, "Nothing venture, nothing have!" that he gave up his steady employment and went out to occupy the tent that had been provided for him. More than this, he had taken a dislike to Mr. Belden; he thought Mr. Belden looked like a congressman.

Alexander felt the depression of impending evil. He believed he might never see Hypatia again or feel the touch of her warm hand. Once he had allowed himself to wonder for a moment whether she was as perfect intellectually as she might be; but now, in the present perspective, the intellect, compared to the touch of her hand, became barely worthy of a thought. He felt that life had grown hopeless and dull. It was monotonous. He did not know what was in store for him.

This ignorance of the future was due, in part, to the fact that one who has been educated on Beacon Street and in Cambridge does not, as a part of the regular curriculum, learn to "plant" oil wells. When the countryside is all watchful for the result of oil drilling it is impossible to ship a barrel of crude oil to the scene of operations and pour it into one's well.

Folks' eyes are sharp, and a barrel of crude oil going toward a dry well is the object of more attention than a barrel of crude oil going in the other direction from Nature's own gush.

Potts and Belden were forced to exercise their wits. They wished Jermyn to strike oil himself, but the problem was difficult even when plans had been prearranged. Nevertheless, the drilling must soon cease; the word of their operations had already attracted too much attention. It was time to act.

"How's Nettie?" asked Belden jovially on a sunny Friday, which was all the sunnier because it was Aleck's pay day.

"Really, I can't understand your remark," Jermyn replied with his uptilted nose uptilting.

"'Sall right!" the oil expert and mining engineer said. "Don't get peevish. I like you, brother."

Alexander did not approve of those who called him "brother" or "son"; furthermore, Belden looked to Jermyn like a congressman.

"I'm for you, brother," the kindly man said. "You've done a good job here—camping out on this forsaken cornfield. If anything comes of this prospecting I'd like to give you first chance at a purchase. But don't be lonely—Potts and I are coming out to camp with you; then you won't mind the long, windy evenings. By the way, Potts, we must send out some provisions. What do you like to eat?"

"Canned goods," said the Evaporated Man dryly. "That's sensible—canned beans, canned tomatoes; and that's *me!*"

Aleck heard this enthusiasm for canned food with disgust; but when a neighboring farmer drove out with the supply he was astonished.

"Potts must have a morbid appetite," he said as he surveyed the wholesale consignment piled under the shelter tent.

The deep impression made upon him by the gastronomic yearnings of Mr. Potts he wrote to Hypatia in delicate phraseology, which made her fear, so many miles away, that Aleck had gone back to writing poetry covertly, just as one returns to a vice.

Belden and Potts followed the beans very closely; that same evening the two arrived at the site of the latest drilling operation, where Jermyn had for several nights provided excitement and nourishment for many thousand mosquitoes.

"Shall I open a can of tomatoes?" asked Alexander, looking over the tortoise-shell glasses. "Or will it be the other thing to-night?"

"I will open the beans," said Potts, speaking in the manner of one who insinuates that opening canned goods is a matter for a trained and artistic operator.

But neither Belden nor the Dried Apple was able to eat the new purchase. Their appetites languished in spite of

the fact that Potts had exercised the greatest care in selecting from many great quantities of cans the particular one best adapted for that occasion.

"Do you notice anything about these beans?" asked Belden, throwing his black felt hat on the floor.

"Sudden death!" Potts affirmed, putting down his knife with which he ate so skillfully.

"Ptomaine!" added Belden.

Alexander felt fear grasp his heart in its icy fingers. What if he should die in agony while Hypatia was dancing the one-step far away!

"Send 'em back!" said Belden. "Send 'em back—every can of 'em—to Chicago. What ails you, Brother Alexander? If you don't notice anything you surely got a coarse taste."

"An outrage on the stommick!" added Potts, wizening his wizened face. "We'll send 'em back if we starve!"

Jermyn in gloom listened to the restless stamping of the livery-stable horse under the shelter tent; he felt a distrust of the new ground on which he was venturing. The many visitors who came by day to leave their pessimistic opinions concerning the oil prospecting infected him with more and more doubt; this doubt invited dark forebodings of his future. He felt that he must cling to his sense of duty and the sterling qualities; nothing else was left.

"Jermyn! How'd you like to take old Pegasus and go to town to mail an important letter for me?" asked Belden suddenly. "If he dies on the way or falls to pieces I'll pay the funeral expenses. If you hear a creak that sounds as if the axle of the runabout needed grease don't pay any attention to it; it's just the nag's off hind leg."

Dutiful Alexander! He had not driven more than a quarter of a mile before Belden and the Evaporated Prune had laid violent hands upon the cans of beans and tomatoes. Into the top of the first of these cans Potts drove a screwdriver. He took out the plug from the pipe in the drill hole and held the can over the aperture.

"Gluck-glug-gluck!" said the can.

Belden's can joined the first in discharge of contents.

"Pflug-flick-flick-pflug!" it said.

"Beans!" remarked Potts, casting a cynical glance at the ground.

"Tomatoes!" Belden said, turning a pious expression toward the stars.

"Smells—tastes—acts—runs—feels like crude petro," Potts jeered. "There's enough in these cans to fill the pipe, sure. It'll be a quiet well, eh? A very quiet well. And we've got to make a quick sale of the property and proceed upon life's fitful wandering while life's fitful wandering remaineth good going."

"Presactly!" said Belden, opening his fifteenth can. "When is the nigger coming for these empties? You told him nine o'clock sharp, didn't you?"

Potts stared across the flat expanse of moonlit agricultural land to five poor acres of which Belden held title.

"Sure!" he said. "About that time our friend, Jermyn, the millionaire's son, will be talking in the Emporium to Nettie, the postmistress. He oughter see—come to her charms."

But Belden disagreed.

"He ain't human," said he, shaking his head. "He's too good, goodness and goodness gracious. And anybody who will work for the W., L. & N. at a guinea's wages is sure some sucker."

It was the next morning, when Alexander went out to pour a pail of cold water over himself in the rite of emulating his hardy ancestors and to mortify the body as duty required, that he reached one of the high spots of his young life.

"Oil!" he cried, dropping the plug and screaming at the blue bowl of the sky. "Oil! We've struck oil!"

He became conscious of the restraint which good taste required in such a situation, but upon deliberation he decided that celebration of striking oil was no less dignified than throwing one's hat over the goal posts after Yale had been defeated pleasantly. He therefore turned several unpuritanical handsprings, in the cycles of which he could see Hypatia smiling upon him in all the golden flood which her little self could shed at moments of ecstasy. He hooted at the birds flying high.

"Oil! Oil! Oil!" he roared, rolling his bare body on the sweet-smelling turf.

Belden and Potts, however, when they had examined the new well, looked at each other sourly.

"Very bad!" said Belden. "Bad and bilious! Gives me jaundice."

"After all this labor—and no flow, no pressure!" added Potts gloomily. "Oil? Why, this well is the only one that our land will stand. The whole five acres isn't worth over fifty thousand dollars."

Poor Alexander, attired in a long woolen railroad shirt and his tortoise-shell glasses, stared at these two in amazement. The cold winds of morning bit at his ankles like a pack of Pomeranians, but his understanding was suffering too severe a strain for physical afflictions to affect him. He could not remember anything he had learned in philosophy which would allow the association of ideas between a fifty-thousand-dollar oil well and so profound a gloom.

Potts explained the connection partially. After breakfast he said:

"Belden is all broken up over this. Belden is an old Pennsylvania operator. He pulled a fortune out of Beaumont, Texas, and Bakersfield. You'd never believe it, to look at him—a most modest man. Has all kinds of money. Poor old Ed! This is too small to interest him. He threatens to take any price he can get for it and hurry away."

Jermyn watched the figure of his disappointed employer, who was staring out over the endless cornfields of the Illinois plain, his hands behind his back, a look of tragedy on his pouched face and the general air of a Napoleon at bay on the deck of a ship bound for St. Helena. Alexander felt a softness come into his heart. Beacon Street had badly provided him with information about such crises; but the Boston heart is a warm beater—somewhere below.

"Mr. Belden, I'm awfully sorry," he said. "Really now, I'm awfully sorry. You know what I mean—I extend my deepest sympathy."

"Young man, that touches me," the other replied. "You are a very nice young man. I like you. I am impatient to get away. Potts is a fool. I don't trust Potts. That's confidential, of course. He's a ne'er-do-well. But I like you. For two pins I'd sell this oil land to you."

Aleck gasped:

"How much do you—Mr. Belden—want for it?"

"Well, there's a nice chance for a young man to make a little stake for himself here. I'd sell this whole five acres for twenty thousand dollars if I could do it to-day. I can show you a good registered title and give you a deed. The fact is, when the outside world hears that we have struck oil in Barron County you'll see the rush of your life. Why, they'll come in automobiles and aëroplanes, brother! It bores me, brother. It bores me, sure. Therefore, keep the thing quiet. When you own the property sit tight. Remember this when I'm gone: Don't let anybody look at your well. Drive 'em off with a shotgun if necessary. Just let one or two look down and see the oil in the hole, and pump out a few quarts now and then. You'll make a profit—a big profit!"

Alexander felt his head go round as if it were a jug on a potter's wheel. He saw pictures of Hypatia in a gray golf skirt and a green silk jacket at the Country Club; he saw her in a calling gown of dark-plum-colored chiffon; he saw her in a pale yellow evening wrap half falling from her Dresden-china shoulders.

He gasped; but he managed to call back the traditional coolness of his family. He faced the truth, for it was his duty to do so.

"Mr. Belden, I cannot buy your land," he said. "I will always thank you, sir, for your kindness; but I am forced to disclose that I have no money."

"Your father is Jermyn, the Boston millionaire," the Napoleon of the oil fields said accusingly.

"He is deceased," Alexander gravely replied. "He left me twenty-eight hundred dollars. I am thrown upon my own resources."

Belden stared at his protégé, at first with doubt, then with conviction, and finally with rage, which circumstances made it necessary to conceal.

"Where is this money?" he asked finally, wiping the emotional moisture from his forehead. "Oh, this is a bad fix—a very bad fix! Very bad; very bilious!"

"The money is in a bank, sir."

"Have you got a check book?"

"Yes."

Belden had a habit of pulling his fat fingers so that the knuckles cracked. Jermyn considered this unpleasant, but he bore with it now patiently, because Belden appeared to be engaged in finding a way out of the difficulty, and because the moment seemed one which might turn the current of life.

"Hypatia! Hypatia!" said the agonized Aleck to himself.

As if in answer to this call for help, Belden cleared his throat.

"Buy an option," he suggested. "Write me out your check for twenty-eight hundred and I'll give you an option on this property for six months, and you can purchase any time for fifty thousand. If you sit tight and wait for offers, after the rush is on, you'll double your money."

They Came in Six-Cylinder and in One-Lung Motor Vehicles, in Buggies, Farm Wagons and on Foot

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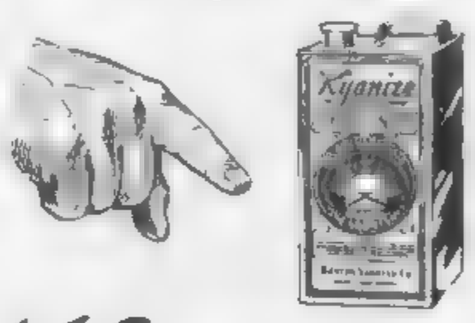

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"Great heavens!" That was all that Jermyn, of Boston, could say.

This was big life! It cried aloud of victory and Hypatia. He even allowed himself the delight of picturing the moment when he could show his fifty-thousand bank account to Mr. Emerton, the gentle banker.

"Pretty vulgar of him to make any such banal arrangement," he said to himself.

"Well?" said Belden with a rising inflection.

Alexander seized the other's hand.

"I never can thank you enough for this!" he exclaimed.

"It's all right," said Belden. "And when I'm gone just remember my advice: Don't touch the well! Don't let anybody put a pump on it! Act as if you'd made a million dollars. Show 'em the oil. They may be suspicious at first."

"Of what?" asked Jermyn.

"I don't know," the other replied, examining his black felt hat sadly. "It's hard to tell. People are funny. But there's the oil. That's a hard nut for 'em to crack. There's the oil! And oil don't come down out of the clouds. If it did everyone would be mildly surprised. There's no way it could have been brought here without the freight agent's and the wagon owner's knowledge, and you can bet a watch has been kept of our operations! There's the oil, brother! Don't fuss with it. After I've taken your check for the option and have gone, tell everybody that you won't sell—and then take the best offer. Wait for the rush."

This was gospel to Alexander; it fell from the lips of one who admitted his lifelong success in oil promotion.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Belden, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets and teetering on heels and toes of his broad shoes: "I'll take your check right now and write you a little option contract, on a sheet of paper, that's as good as gold. Then when I get back to Ultimatum I'll find one of those country lawyers and get an option blank and send it back to you."

Alexander blinked, but the first of the transaction as outlined by his benefactor was completed. Belden and Potts, who both expressed a disgust for their operations, explained to Jermyn that the drilling machinery belonged to one Charles Gunnison, of Peoria, who later would come for it.

"I'm sorry to know that your father left you so little," the Evaporated Apple said with real feeling. "Here's luck!"

Belden clucked to Pegasus, the livery-stable horse; the beast fell forward against the breast strap of the runabout harness; the Illinois mud began to yield; and Jermyn, beside his oil well, watched the two men until their vehicle had reached the line of trees which would shut them off from sight.

At this point Belden half turned and waved at Alexander; to the latter it appeared to be a perfunctory farewell on an occasion when he and his friends might be separating forever. He wiped his heavy-rimmed eyeglasses.

"Rather odd that nothing was said about where they were going," he thought; but his mind veered around to contemplations of the future. He determined that he would call his oil well The Hope.

Before night a rheumatic old negro, driving a mule, stopped at the well.

"The gemman sent yo' dis yere envelope," he explained to Jermyn. "And de town's gossipin' all round dat yo' folkses done struck oil or sumepin. Has yer?"

Jermyn endeavored to simulate an air of secrecy and mystery; the negro, therefore, went away with wide eyes and mumbling lips. Only when he was gone did Aleck, with trembling fingers, open the document addressed to him.

There was no communication from Belden or Potts; the only paper in the envelope was a formal-looking instrument indeed. He read it over and over. It was not an option contract. Limited as was Jermyn's knowledge of conveyances, it was yet sufficient to decide the nature of this printed form, filled in with Belden's bold hand; in fact, there at the top was the name of the instrument. It was a warranty deed for the five poor acres; it conveyed to Jermyn a title in fee—a whole, complete and final ownership in the land—and the oil!

Alexander sat down beside The Hope.

"Well, Belden certainly is a man of high standards and free from commercialism," he said aloud. "As they say out here, he is white! I will tell Hypatia about Mr. Belden. I will have her send him a wedding invitation—or at least an announcement."

He went to sleep in his tent, a very happy Bostonian, filled with convictions that one's best traditions may be relied upon to bring one safely into life's pleasant harbors. He woke up at the sound of a "Hello! Hello!"

It was the gray pause before daybreak; the mists swayed over the flat expanse of the lonely fields, but a man was climbing over the fence from the road, where he had left a little motor car steaming. It was the station agent from Ultimatum.

"I just got a little tip from the gentleman who left on the two o'clock this morning, and I drove over in my flivver," he said.

He touched a dark spot on one of the boards at his feet with the tips of his fingers and put the tips of these fingers to his nose; he breathed in the petroleum aroma as if it were the distilled essence of the violet. He whispered to Alexander confidentially as he glanced about suspiciously for eavesdroppers.

"Don't you want to sell me a piece—as big, say, as a house lot?"

"Go away!" said Aleck. "Go away! I can't be bothered. Go away!"

By the time the sun was staring down, the road in front of Alexander's new property was lined with a variety of vehicles and in a number equal to the carriages at a ward leader's funeral. Oil had been struck in Barron County!

They came in six-cylinder and in one-lung motor vehicles, in express teams, buggies, farm wagons, and some on foot, running in eager haste. The price of real estate in the vicinity rose from two hundred dollars an acre to four hundred dollars between noon and one o'clock that day. It was at noon that Alexander took the oily plug out of his well and allowed the reporter—and proprietor—of the Ultimatum Daily Gazette to gaze down into the deep pipe, so brimming with the precious fluid.

The telegraph station at Barron Springs was open all that night for the first time in its history; crazed men were endeavoring to locate and engage drilling outfits by wire. All night long the headlights of automobiles and the bobbing of lanterns threw strange uncouth shadows across the furrowed fields. An extra edition of the Gazette, announcing the opening of the "now already famous Hope Well," was sold out in Ultimatum at an hour when the houses on Main Street were usually dark.

Children prepared to play truant the following day; the school-teacher, who believed in woman's larger sphere, prepared to make a dash for Barron Springs and burned a pint of kerosene reading up Oil in her encyclopedia. The minister of the orthodox church at Barron came at dawn "to reason" with Alexander. At dawn the Chicago papers going out onto the streets carried a second-page press service dispatch on the new bonanza fields in Illinois.

At six o'clock the second evening, when Alexander, dazed by the importance which his own person and property had assumed, wearied and black-eyed by a night of sleepless watching, was standing defiantly beside his oil well and warning off intruders by fierce glances cast through the tortoise-shell rims of his glasses, two men leaped out of a high-powered motor car, sprang over the mock-orange hedge at the border of his property and approached him on the run.

"'S your name Jermyn?" said the first, who looked like a portrait of Importance.

"Yes, sir," said Aleck.

"Struck oil here, I see," the second stranger said.

"Oh, no," Jermyn answered carelessly "This is just a vein of sarsaparilla water And a mining engineer who was educated at a medical school says it will assay about ten tons of soda to the pound."

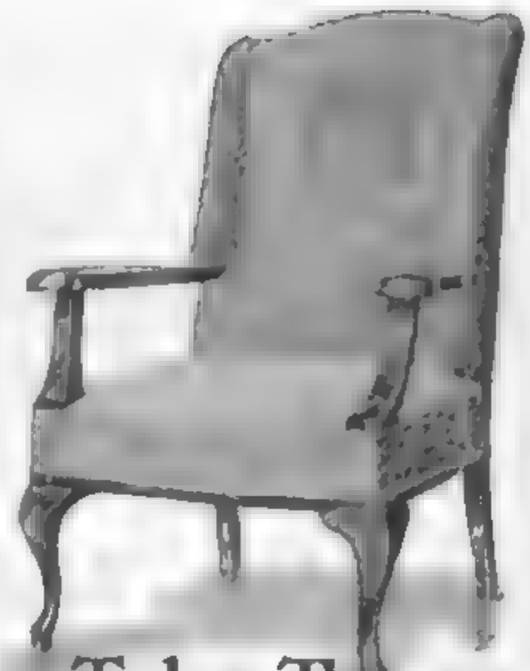
He was shocked at his own words they sounded rude; he could not imagine saying such words in the presence of Hypatia He felt shame and he blushed; but even then he remembered the cautions of his benefactor, Belden.

"I suppose you want to buy this property?" he said, yawning. "They all do. I never knew before the restlessness for riches in the human breast."

"I'm a man of few words. My name is Long. I'm from Chicago. Here's my card I'm an oil-well broker," said the stranger. "This other gentleman is an expert who wants to look at your well and make a diagram and report on the property."

"You're both trespassers," said Aleck fiercely. "Go away! Go away! Go away! I won't have anybody tinkering with my well. First thing I know, somebody will bend it so the oil will come out all in knots."

The other grinned sheepishly.



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Room with private bath	$3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
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ZIT is one of the most marvelous cleansers ever invented. It not only cleans your car of grit, dust and dirt, but it polishes it.

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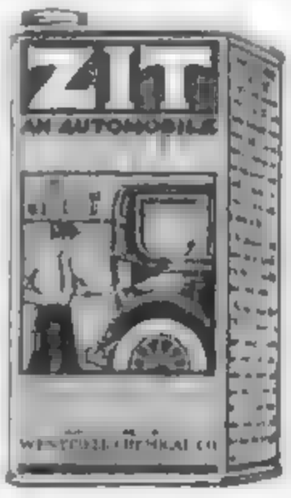

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"Here now!" he said. "Just let Mr. Whittely look at the diameter of your pipe. Let him look at the quality of the petro. Let him make a diagram of your property and show the probable course of this reservoir and vein. He wants to draw up a careful report. I have a client who wants me to buy a well for him. I've been working up his interest in oil for over a year. The report is for my client. And as for me, just let me tell you what I'll do: I'll give you twenty thousand dollars right down, on the spot, in good negotiable securities for your property."

Nobody but a fool would have listened. Caution, however, was one of the Jermyn traditions; investors in Alexander's home-town circle believed that it was never wise to buy at the bottom or sell at the top. It was of no consequence that he recalled the one-hundred-thousand-dollar value set by Belden or the fifty-thousand-dollar requirement of Mr. Emerton, the gentle Boston banker. He had been reared to the notion that if anything ever came in the way of something for nothing it was best to take whatever one might and leave the rest to those more piggy.

"You're on!" said he. "Let's see your railroad bonds and what goes with 'em. I'll write you a deed if you've got a form in your pocket. Personally I'm in a hurry to go back to Ultimatum. I've found it most inconvenient to be without shoe-trees."

Half an hour later he believed he was about to turn his back on Hope Well forever. In his pocket were excellent negotiable tokens of twenty thousand dollars. In his heart was a pang of conscience, because in his letters to Hypatia he had concealed the fact that he had departed from the course of the Steady Young Man to camp out nights with a prospect.

"You're walking to town?" inquired Mr. Long, the Chicago oil-well broker.

"Oh, yes," said Alexander cheerfully and, to Mr. Long, mysteriously; "I'm still shy only thirty thousand."

This deficiency did not prevent a whistle on the lips of the scion of the Jermyns after he had eluded the pursuers in the maze of a ten-acre cornfield. Alexander was happy. He had a substantial start; if the fifty-thousand mark had not been reached the consolation lay in the fact that he had made a compromise with fortune. Life, he had heard, was properly made up of moderation and compromises. Aleck whistled.

While Aleck whistled, however, he walked between the rows of corn; and as he walked between the rows of corn he kicked something with his foot. And that something was a tin can.

He picked it up, and on the label it said "Perfecto Beans." And the words "Perfecto Beans" made his mind revert to Mr. Potts. And then Alexander noticed that a thick drop of yellow brown had run out onto his forefinger. It was oil!

"I feel a premonition," said he to himself. "I see here in the furrows the track of a cart or a wheelbarrow, and the Serpent."

This track he followed until it had led him to a heap of a great number of empty tin cans, strewn about. Some were labeled "Fresh Ripe Tomatoes," and others pretended to be the incasements of baked beans. There was the faint odor of crude oil in the air.

"My conscience!" gasped Aleck.

This was not an idle phrase. In it there was an expression of surprise and pain; but it also was an appeal by a young man to his better self. It was a cry sent out by a lonely Bostonian far from home to his best traditions.

Their answer was not immediate.

For two days Alexander, in Ultimatum, paced back and forth. He paced back and forth on the porch of the boarding house without seeing Nettie, the postmistress, gazing upon him with the limpid eyes of the gazelle; he paced back and forth in his room. He could not tell when Belden's terrible fraud would be discovered.

He learned that Mr. Long had left a watchman at the Hope Well and had hurried back to Chicago. He wrestled with his conscience. He choked it; he wheedled it; he tried to calm its excited nerves. But it was the wrong kind. It had the tenacity of fish glue, the fiber of hickory and the persistence of rheumatism. So Alexander took the afternoon train and went to Chicago.

Mr. Long's office building was closed. The day was Sunday. This was a fact which Jermyn had forgotten in his stress of mind when he felt that Hypatia of the golden hair was slipping far out of reach of the arms of his hope.

Having found it impossible to locate Mr. Long at any residence, Alexander called at the office again on Monday. It was still closed. The twenty thousand dollars of securities were like hot lead pressing on his waistcoat and on his soul.

The janitor of the building assured Jermyn that Mr. Long would return on Wednesday, and this assurance was not vain; Long was there.

"Listen to me!" said Alexander to the genial oil-well broker. "I am the innocent partaker in a fraud. I have come to make restitution. The oil well called The Hope, which you purchased of me last week, is worthless, sir. It was planted by a miserable deceit conceived by rascals."

To Jermyn's astonishment Long did not leap from his chair or clap his hand to his high, white and calm forehead, or cry out "Then we are ruined!" Instead, he reached into a desk drawer; and, though Aleck believed he was about to produce a revolver, he brought out a box.

"Have a cigar?" he said easily.

"No, no!" replied Jermyn. "You didn't hear me. I said the well was a fraud."

"I should worry!" Long said flippantly.

He, like Belden, was a vulgar man, according to the lights of Alexander. The latter stared.

"I should worry!" repeated Long. "I've sold the Hope Well. I went East and sold it. Made a nice little turn."

"But, my dear sir," argued Alexander, "you must have said it was a good well—and, in fact, it is a bad well."

Long shook his head. He said patiently: "The man who bought the well asked no questions of me. He just hired his own engineer and had the engineer's report. You saw the engineer. He was with me. You saw him investigate."

"But you and the engineer were friends!"

"Oh, yes; excellent friends!" said Long. "We've been friends for years; in fact, we just came back from Boston together."

Poor Alexander pulled from his pocket his twenty-thousand-dollar securities. The world appeared to him merciless and topsy-turvy. He stared at the floor for several minutes. Then suddenly he raised his head.

"Pardon me. Is this proper? May I inquire?" he said with bated breath. "I've just seen a little piece of paper on the floor. It looks so much like —— Well, would you mind telling to whom you sold the oil property?"

"Why not?" answered Long genially. "I wished that well onto a Boston banker for fifty thousand dollars. He's already found out what he's bought. His name is Emerton."

Alexander put the twenty thousand dollars' worth of securities back into his pocket.

"My conscience!" he said.

A week later Jermyn, having left Ultimatum, Illinois, returned to the haunts of his ancestors. He had not told Hypatia of his coming. He intended to surprise her.

When the butler showed him into the Emerton library Hypatia looked up, turned pale; and then, remembering the propriety of restraint, she said:

"You dear old thing!"

Mr. Emerton rose from under the conservative evening lamp, where he had been reading the conservative evening paper.

"Bless my soul, Alexander!" said the gentle banker. "I rather expected you'd be coming back to us. Hypatia has been quite miserable. And we are all glad to see you. We do not believe in long engagements."

"No, sir; we don't," said Jermyn firmly.

"I have been connected with a little transaction which in the last day or two has brought me some news of you. You were interested in some oil property, were you not? I understand, from an investigation just made, that you acted in a very honorable fashion, Alexander."

"I disposed of my investment, sir," Jermyn said quietly. "It is in other hands now."

The gentle banker bowed toward the younger man.

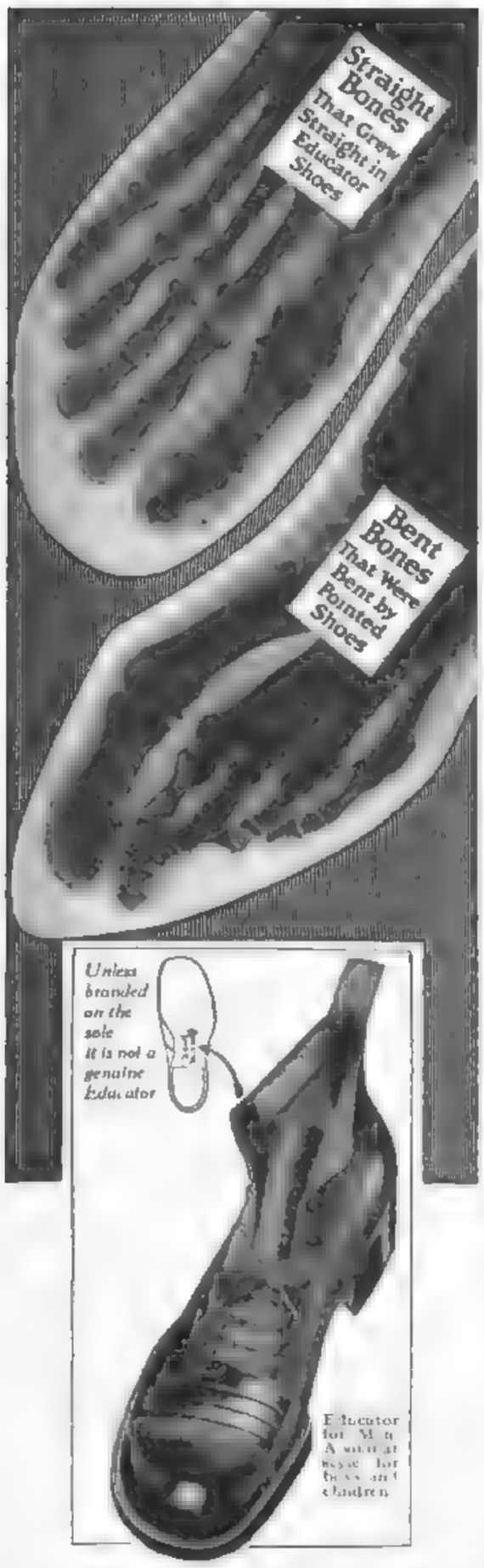
"So I have noticed," said he; "but is the matter one needing further discussion, my boy?"

Alexander grinned.

"No, father," said he. "And, now that we understand each other, sir, I will finish what I was about to do when you interrupted me."

Saying which, he drew Hypatia closer to him, and was delighted to find that she was in accord with him in a purpose to make their lips meet.

After all, there is nothing like youth!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OUT-OF-DOORS

Angling Extraordinary

WITHOUT sodium chloride life would not amount to much. There would be no sort of cooking that would ever get an encore. There would be no packing or canning industry, and not very much commerce of any sort. The codfish would pass away. The mackerel would no longer delight the palates of those who dwell far from the stern and rock-bound coast. Without salt the waste of the world would be so enormously increased that the world could not carry its own industrial burdens. Salt is a part of us as well as a part of the things we use. From deer to diva, all the world needs salt. Doctors use it to infuse life into a waning circulatory system. Indeed, science figures out nowadays that it can nearly produce life itself by means of certain saline reactions.

Give a horse a taste of rock salt and he becomes friskier. Cattle require salt occasionally. Deer and mountain sheep will go any distance to a salt lick. Even the cold-blooded and somewhat unintellectual fish family seems to have sense enough to go once in a while to the sea when it has the chance. The strongest, gamest, handsomest and most toothsome of all our fishes are those that make the journey to the sea. Not without reason is the salmon called the king of fishes. He has tasted the revivifying salt.

There are salmon that never get to the sea, yet still remain good examples of the salmon family. The ouananiche, the landlocked salmon of certain Eastern lakes, is such a salmon; a good fish and active, but one that does not attain a quarter of the weight of members of the family which make the pilgrimage to the salt waters. A salmon somewhat similar to the landlocked salmon of the East is the steelhead of certain Western rivers; but the steelhead, though he can live the year round in fresh water, is at his best when, like the salmon, he can make a pilgrimage to the ocean and back again to the fresh-water rivers. Unlike the salmon, he does not die after spawning. There is no gamer fish that swims than this same hammered-down, compact salmon. No matter what the scientists call him, he is a small and lusty trout, of bold fresh-water rivers, that has gone to sea and returned better for it.

The greatest of all steelhead rivers is the Rogue River, of Oregon. The fish there run up to ten or twelve pounds at times. The Rogue River itself is one of the most beautiful rivers in all the world and passes through a mountain valley that is fairly to be called one of the beauty spots of the earth's surface. The river is a bold, rushing torrent, with alternating rapids and pools—indeed, an ideal salmon river. It has salmon also—the silver salmon of the sea—running in weight up to forty, fifty or sixty pounds. If these fish would take the fly—if by any process of human ingenuity they could be coaxed to learn that habit—at once Oregon would spring into a fame that would reach to all the corners of the world. There is not a more perfect salmon river out-of-doors than the Rogue River; and, after the king salmon himself, the steelhead is the one fish that ought to and does occupy those waters.

Time was when the Rogue River produced steelheads in any quantity desired. To-day there are still enough of the fish to offer fairly successful angling. There are good seasons and bad seasons, depending on the status of net fishing at the mouth of the river. Some of the Oregon towns think that all netting ought to be stopped, so that the steelheads can make their way in numbers to the upper waters of the rivers. Other towns, more dependent on the commercial fisheries, are in favor of leaving the nets at the mouths of the rivers. Sometimes there is a compromise measure on the statute books, under which commercial fishermen are allowed to net salmon at the mouth of the river, but are obliged to return to the water all the steelheads taken in the nets.

It is easily predicable what the result of this sort of law would be and, indeed, is: the steelheads are not always returned to the ocean, but sometimes find their way into tin cans. The usual American custom is to use the gifts of Nature unsparingly. To an unprejudiced observer this does not seem the best form of business practice. The Rogue River, full of steelheads, would in these days of increasing travel and decreasing sport very soon be one of the best publicity agents and one of the best revenue producers Oregon could have.

Buy Early

The effect of the great war on men's clothing will be felt this spring—still more next fall.

We retailers have had to buy with greater care and discrimination than ever, to protect our customers against poor fabrics.

That's why we appreciate having a line of medium-priced clothes for men and young men that is absolutely dependable—Clothcraft.

Every piece of cloth that enters the factory is tested mechanically to determine its strength and chemically to prove its ingredients. This is but the first of a long series of safeguards that protect Clothcraft values.

But don't wait too long, there'll be greater demand than ever this spring for nationally known values like Clothcraft.

Buy early.

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CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES
$10 to $25 Ready to Wear
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The Clothcraft Store
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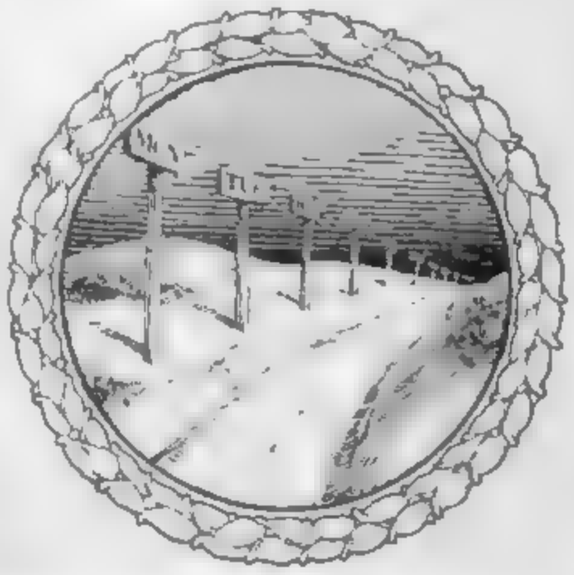
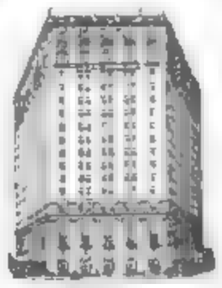


BUFFALO
650 Rooms 450 Baths



DETROIT
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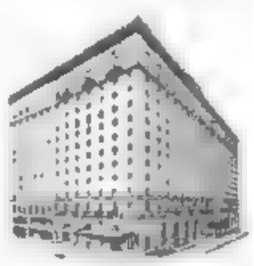
200 room addition building



CLEVELAND
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

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Statler Service is extra-good hotel service, which goes further than you expect in contributing to your comfort.

It is *extra courtesy, thoughtfulness* and *helpfulness* from *every* employee to *every* guest.

It is fully explained in the Statler Service Codes—a little booklet which Statler employees have always before them, and by which they are guided. These "codes" explain clearly and forcefully the kind of service that *must* be rendered to Statler guests, and rigid adherence to their instructions is enforced.

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As it was and as it is, however, steelhead angling on Rogue River is one of the most exciting forms of angling practiced in any land—one of the most difficult and dangerous. It far and away surpasses salmon angling in all the qualities of skill and daring required for success. It has been the fortune of the writer to fight a forty-pound salmon on the Grand Cascapedia, of Quebec; and surely in dignity and splendor there is no sport with the rod entitled to the palm over that form of salmon angling. None the less, it is free of risk and is pursued under conditions of ease and comfort, as well as of safety. The excitement lies in the combat between the man and the fish.

In this Rogue River angling for steelhead the case is quite otherwise. The combat between man and fish is there, but also the combat between man and Nature—Nature bent on destruction; Nature riotous and uncontrolled. The angler for the steelhead must take his life in his hands when he wades into that mountain torrent in pursuit of his sport. There are a few places on the river where a boat can be used, but boat fishing for steelhead is not *de rigueur* and, indeed, is practically unknown. It is wading angling raised to the *n*th degree. Of all the angling in the world it is of the highest class in those qualities requiring courage and skill alike. Push it just beyond its natural status of risk and it would no longer be sport.

The Rogue River wader for steelhead risks his life no matter how good a swimmer he is. The water runs from two to twenty feet in depth, and the river in many places is more than a hundred yards wide, while the momentum of the downcoming flood is something enormous. Any man who knows the downthrust of even a smallish rapid stream will know how to estimate the strength of this tremendous river. Moreover, the footing is not always very secure.

Deep Wading for Steelhead

This is lava country, and there are great rifts of lava rock lying like flat dams here and there almost entirely across the course of the river. These may alternate with what the local men call smooth rock, which offers at best only slithery footing for the wader. Now and again there are cross cracks or upthrust bowlders of lava that send the water up in foam. Again, there are long gravel reaches, where deep and silent pools give the river a rest.

The trout fisher naturally takes to the rapid water. Knee-deep seems pretty deep on some of these white-water channels; hip-deep is more than most strangers will care to undertake. But waist-deep and shoulder-deep the Rogue River angler of the first class will do. How he does it is an art not taken on at once by the stranger. Little by little the local man learns the bottom of the river—learns how to balance against it. There is quite an art in wading fast water, and a skillful mountaineer will cross a river where a tenderfoot would lose his footing at once. It is enough to say that the successful Rogue River angler must be game to go in above waist-deep and be able to stand securely enough to cast a very long line, even when thus half submerged.

The fish have grown cunning of late years. They lie entirely out of reach from the shore. Wade your best, you yet must do fifty, sixty or seventy feet of line, and must keep your wits about you all the time. The fish itself has no mercy on the angler; and, in turn, the angler himself feels at liberty to beach a steelhead whenever he gets the chance.

Sometimes large takes are made, but of late days the man who kills half a dozen steelheads in a day is doing very well. His fish may run from three to eight, ten, or even twelve pounds. These larger fish in this bold and rushing water are, under the conditions that absolutely govern the sport, almost impossible to stop. Skillful anglers are content if they kill one out of six that strike. Indeed, take steelhead angling all the way through, the angler rarely breaks fifty-fifty with his quarry.

There are two schools of Rogue River steelhead anglers—those who stick to the fly and those who take to the spoon. The spoon used on the Rogue River is a singular affair, always of copper and very large—about the size proper for muskellunge angling in the Middle West. Once in a while a genuine salmon will strike one of these spoons, and cases have been known where forty-pound fish have been killed by a trout angler. This spoon is usually handled as the frog fisherman for bass works his frog bait—by means of a giant cane pole and a line about as long as the pole.

You will see some of the local anglers—once in a while mere boys—wading down the middle of this river, at times making a crossing from side to side; and every moment you expect to see them rushed downstream, and so an end of it. But they pick their way along gingerly, slowly, more than waist-deep very often, sometimes supporting themselves with the butt of the cane pole—the reel is commonly put up five feet or so above the bottom of the pole in order to keep it dry. As such an angler wades down the stream he flogs the water on both sides as far as he can reach, and is able to fish very handily the fast waters and the heads of pools lying below the rapids. It is perhaps true that more steelheads are caught on the cane pole and copper spoon than in any other way. Let no effete Easterner sneer at this sport, for the betting is ten to one that he himself cannot practice it. The art of holding one's footing on the smooth rock or on the uneven lava surfaces is one not picked up in a day.

The lesser school of steelhead anglers stick to the artificial fly; in fact, they are salmon anglers par excellence, though they are obliged to wade in order to angle—they cannot, as in the case of many Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Quebec and Norway salmon waters, fish from the shore or from a boat.

The steelhead acts very much like *Salmo salar;* but, being a little more active and not quite so heavy as his greater cousin, he will hang more to white water and less to the pools. At the bottom or at the edge of some long, rough ridge of white water, where the waves run four or five feet high, he will lie behind some protecting rock, much like the salmon, and sometimes he will drop into a pool after the typical salmon fashion. His hang-out is most apt to be flanked by a rushing rapid of flung white water. When hooked he does not stick to his pool, as a salmon is very apt to do, but makes at once for the current. What that means in the tax on tackle any angler will know very well.

The Mississippi River bass fishing, where one may play a black bass five or ten minutes in the heavy current, is a sort of kindergarten preliminary in the study of steelhead angling. The vigor of the fish on the line is something not quite understandable by the Eastern angler who has never tried this particular game. Pound for pound, in his own chosen conditions, the steelhead puts up a far fiercer, wilder and more difficult fight than does the most difficult example of *Salmo salar* in the highest-priced salmon river in the world.

The Risk of the Sport

He is, moreover, democratic. There are no salmon preserves on the Rogue River as yet—it is open water for all the world. Very likely it always will be. Certainly if you took all the members of the swellest salmon clubs of Quebec and put them on the Rogue River on foot, the fish they would bring in at night would not always be very imposing in the total.

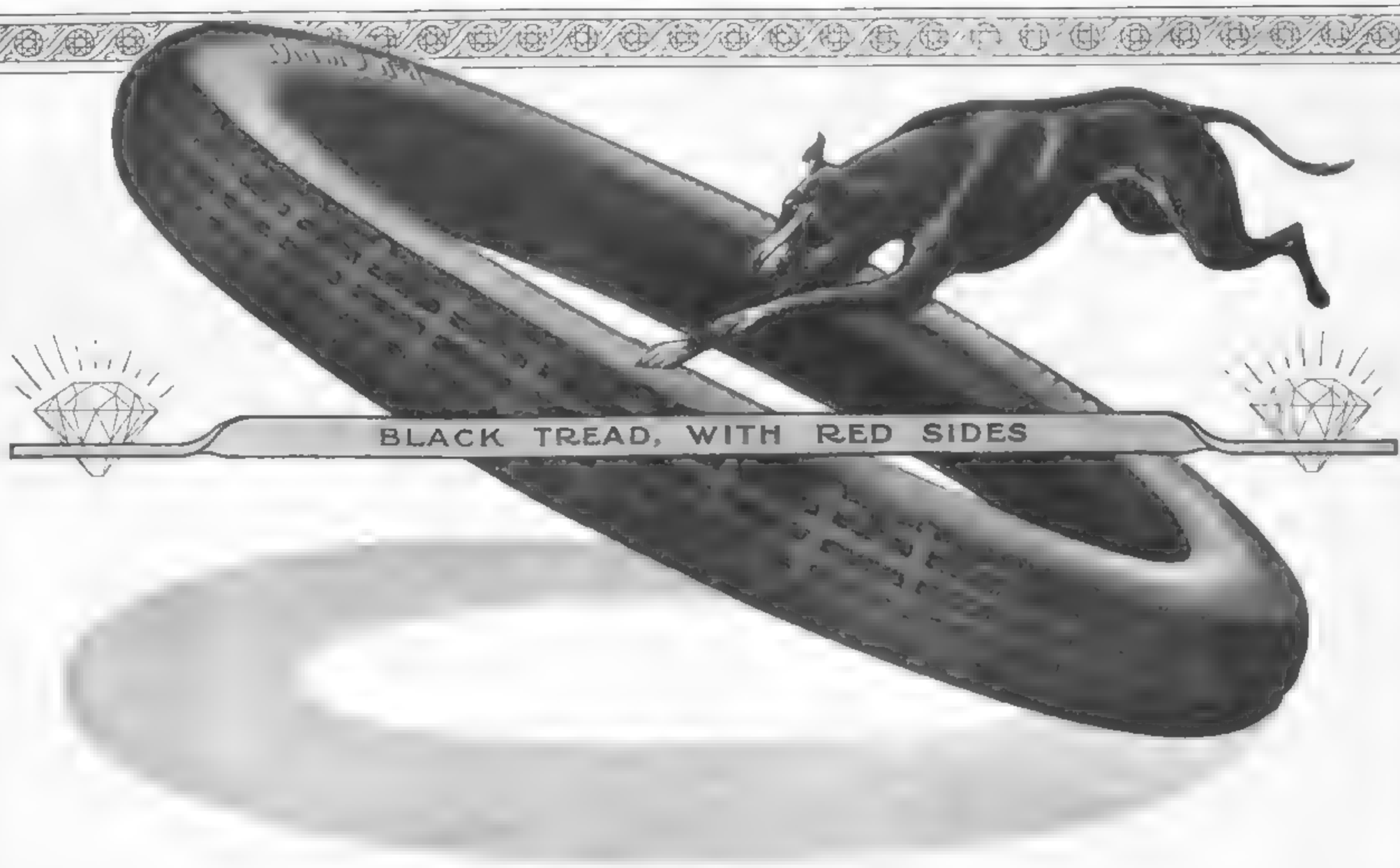
Time was when the steelhead could be reached from the shores of the Rogue River with fair success; but he has learned a thing or two in the fight for life and to-day he is a wise, wise fish. He keeps out, so that you are obliged to wade for him if you want him. If you slip—good-by!—the river gets you. Anglers do swim out of the Rogue River once in a while, because they have to swim; and no man who is not a bold swimmer has any business wading the Rogue; but sometimes in very wild water the angler does not get out.

The writer fished with one skillful angler who admitted that he had lost a part of his nerve. "I saw my pal drowned before my eyes two years ago," said he, "and since then I don't go out so far." Each year, at one place or another, there is apt to be the record of a life lost.

Local anglers gradually learn contempt for the dangers. Also, gradually they learn a sort of instinct by which they can judge the bottom of the river. Indeed, they know the bottom like a book in the more familiar reaches, which they often fish.

If you wish to see Rogue River steelhead angling at its best, therefore, you had better go out with some of the more seasoned anglers of Ashland, Medford or Grants Pass, communities where this cult most

(Concluded on Page 37)



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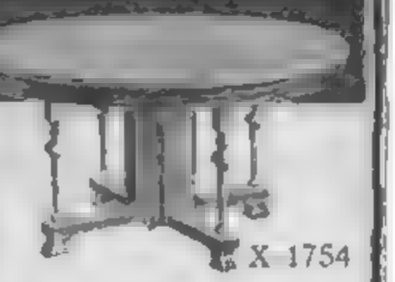

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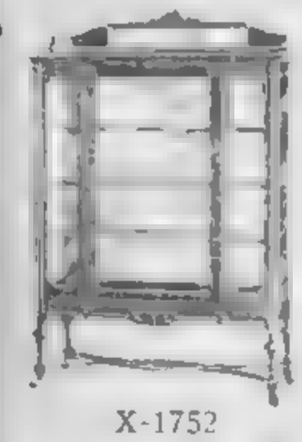

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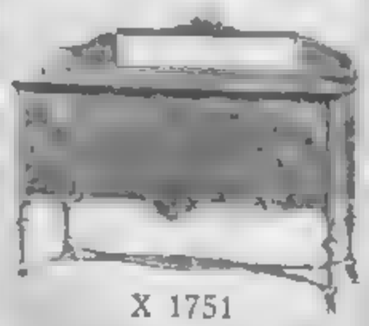

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A generous sample, enough to polish a [illegible], will be sent on receipt of 4c in stamps to cover postage. Address our Chicago office.

We Furnish Hotels, Apts., Lodges, Clubs, Restaurants, Offices, etc.

We do a large business in the above lines and are in a position to render a Service which will surprise you. [illegible] too—besides giving quick delivery.

We have representatives everywhere, backed up by an efficient corps of designers and experienced [illegible]

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Tells all about Period Furniture; illustrates complete rooms in colors; shows what *not to do* when you begin furnishing your home *properly*. Shows hundreds of artistic pieces, gives suggestions for refinishing and polishing all kinds of furniture

In short, it is a veritable encyclopedia of home furnishing knowledge that every home lover ought to have.

A postal addressed to our Chicago office brings it Free. *Ask for Catalog "B."*

(Concluded from Page 34)

flourishes. In such communities one can get very comfortable accommodations and can readily get directions for the river. The stranger, however, would be more or less helpless, and there are few or no professional guides. He will find the angling sportsman of this country the soul of hospitality, ready to help him learn the game, and himself so well convinced of the difficulty of the game as not to laugh at the inefficiency of the beginner.

In the Rogue River Valley it is sometimes hot in the summertime—one hundred, one hundred and two, one hundred and five, in the shade, and no one knows what in the sun. The heat does not seem oppressive, but it has a tendency when continued through a term of days or weeks to drive the fish out into the deeper water. Very early morning or late in the evening will be the best times then to angle for steelheads. Throughout the day one might not get more than two or three strikes in reward for patient casting.

The rod for steelhead fishing must be very powerful, of course. The fish can be killed on the ordinary five or six ounce trout rod; but one of eight or ten ounces, built short, stocky and powerful, is better. It must be able to handle a long line, which means a heavy line, one practically of light salmon size. As the angler fishes close to the surface of the water there will be much line submerged in his casting, and his rod must be powerful in order to lift it—as must his wrist be also. Once the fish is hooked and free in that boiling torrent, the rod has asked of it all that any rod can give. It must, in effect, to be most efficient, be of just as much weight as one can handle single-handed, with the heavy line.

The steelhead will follow the fancy of fresh-water trout in its own selection of flies. In habits somewhat like the fresh-run salmon, it still rather favors the fresh-water trout; and it is not customary to angle for it with the gaudy flies that alone serve in salmon angling. In summer evenings the local anglers favor gray hackles, brown hackles, or some modest fly of that description. Number One hook is a favored size for that river.

It is to be understood that the strain on the tackle is extreme, and the hook must be large enough not to tear out of the fish's mouth. At times in the evening the coachman is found effective. Most anglers during the day will change flies as they do on any trout stream. The usual uncertainty as to what the steelhead actually is going to want is before you all the time. At the time of the writer's visit, in July, the gray hackle was perhaps the best fly in use.

In water like this it is naturally some time before a fish can be subdued after it is hooked. The angler will have a fight on his hands every minute of the time—he may rest assured of that. He will have rushing tactics—boring and sulking sometimes, if the water permits; but his fish, being smaller than a genuine salmon, will rush more, leap more and be more active. Again, it will make extremely long runs—I have never seen any trout take off so much line at one run as the steelhead does.

It was my fortune to see this steelhead angling at its best in the company of some friends of Ashland and Medford on one midsummer day. Our party, more or less unsuccessful during the heated hours, was augmented in the evening by an auto-load of experts from Medford, led by the prosecuting attorney of that town, a powerful man, weighing more than two hundred pounds. His chosen fishing companion was the editor of one of the daily papers, a man of medium height and weight. These two quite often fished together. They would lock hands and wade out along the edge of some ridge of rapids, in the effort to get out line enough to reach over the lying ground of the steelheads, which experience had taught them was in the deep white water far out in the middle of the stream, where the broken rocks afforded the fish a chance to hold their own against the current.

Time and again, as these two hardy souls slipped and slid on their way out to the middle of the river, we expected to see them go down; but they proved their ability to fish in those conditions. Such angling would be a physical impossibility for any salmon angler accustomed only to boatwork, or for any trout angler used only to gentler streams. It was the most exciting angling I have ever seen during a life more or less passed in wandering.

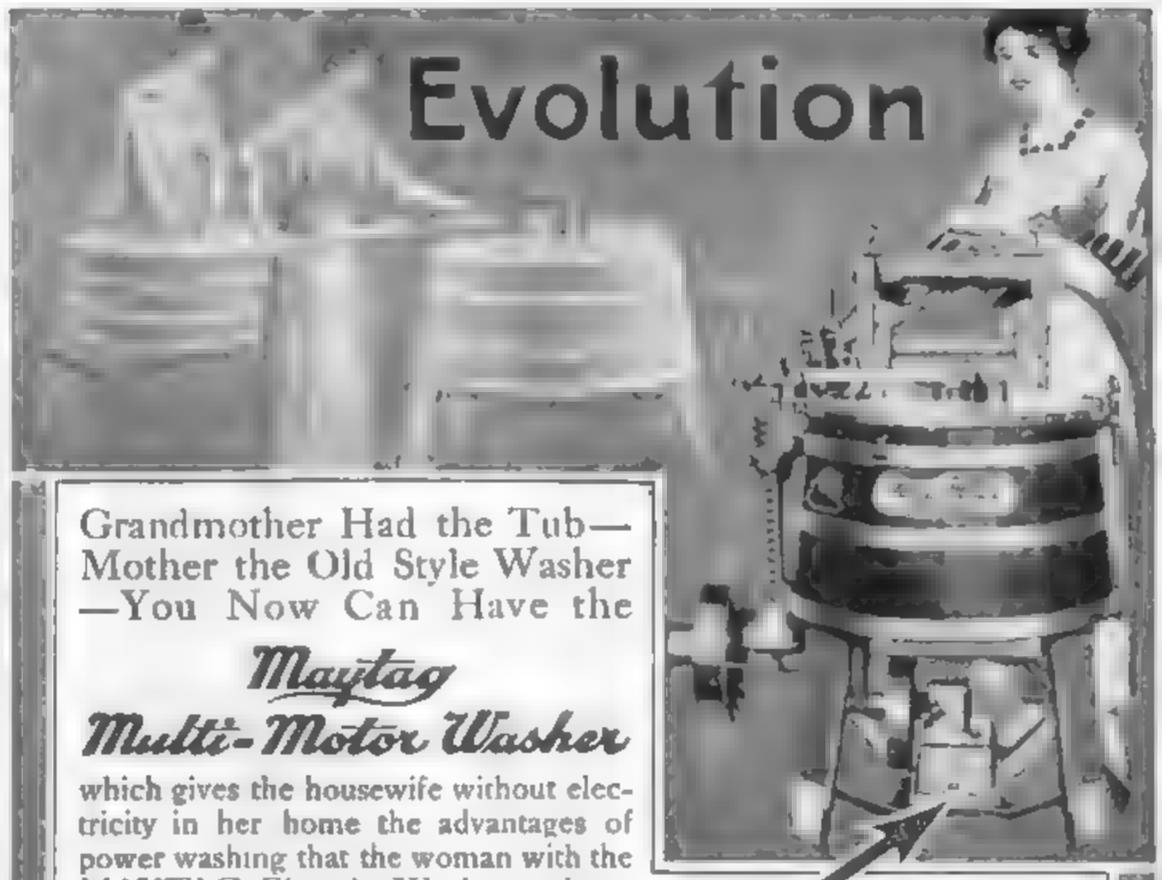
Of course in this sort of fishing the shoes are hobnailed heavily. Beyond that, the angler does not wear very much of a costume. Waders would be out of the question—to be carried down in breast-high waders would mean death for any swimmer in that stream. Stripped to overalls and undershirt and wading shoes, these men go into battle.

These experienced anglers were much disappointed because we found no fish during the day of more than six pounds' weight. They purposed a journey twenty or thirty miles higher up the river the following day, where they knew water that held abundance of ten and twelve pound fish. "That's the game!" explained one of them. "When you get one of those fellows you will know you have had a fight."

In play on the rod when actually hooked the steelhead is a combination of all the artfulness, courage and strength that exist in fish make-up. He will rush like a muskellunge, tug like a black bass, sulk or rush like a salmon, and leap like a trout. A favorite maneuver on his part seems to be a sullen shaking of the head—you feel a continuous series of short, savage jerks at the line as he tries to get line enough for a burst out into the heavy water, where he knows the current against his side will give him added leverage against the rod.

He will always fight remote from the angler—fifty, sixty, seventy-five feet; so that in the dim light of evening, when the sport is best, it is often difficult to see clearly what the fish is doing, even when he jumps—only out at the end of that tense strand of silk one feels something savage, fearless, courageous. Take this feeling with that inspired by the roaring river, and the angler is not always sure whether he is the pursued or the pursuer.

Thousands of men have killed their salmon skillfully, comfortably and enjoyably; but you must number in less than hundreds the fly-fishermen who have ever killed their steelheads, fair and square, heel and toe, pull devil, pull baker, midstream casting, waist-deep.



Grandmother Had the Tub—
Mother the Old Style Washer
—You Now Can Have the

Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer

which gives the housewife without electricity in her home the advantages of power washing that the woman with the MAYTAG Electric Washer enjoys.

It is Absolutely Safe

Smooth-running—quiet—clean. Runs on gas, gasoline, kerosene or alcohol.

Does a big wash for 5c. Not only washes and wrings, but the belt wheel enables it to do all work about the house that a machine should do.

It Works for You

It runs the churn—the ice cream freezer—food chopper—bone grinder—runs anything that requires power. Servants do not object to washing the Maytag way. Your husband uses a machine to do a machine's work. Put a MAYTAG in your home to do the same for you.

FREE—"THE MAYTAG LAUNDRY MANUAL" containing valuable formulas, compiled by expert launderers, on laundering all fabrics. A post card brings it.

THE MAYTAG CO., Dept. 21, Gen. Offices and Works, NEWTON, IA.

Branches: Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Fargo, N. D., Winnipeg, Man., Madison, Wis., Lincoln, Neb., Portland, Ore., Washington, Philadelphia, Detroit, Peoria, Ill., Sioux Falls, S. D.

There is a Maytag Washer of every type—hand—power driven—electric—all built to the enviable Maytag Standard

SEE THAT ENGINE

DEALERS:—We sell through you and for you. Write. Address The Maytag Co., Newton, Ia.

ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

Make Deep Ditches For 5 Cents a Foot

You can make clean, smooth ditches 3 to 4 feet deep and 5 to 6 feet wide in the hardest ground or the wettest soil at a cost of from 3 to 5 cents a running foot—less than half the cost of hand digging. You can finish the job quickly and do it better by using

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

Just drill holes, load them, fire, and the work is *done!* By following simple directions you take no risk and need no experience to get satisfactory results with Atlas Farm Powder. Sold by dealers near you.

Use Atlas Farm Powder to dig ditches. Use it to blast out stumps and boulders. Use it to liberate the rich plant food in the subsoil. Use it to save time and save money in many kinds of work.

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Every farmer and fruit grower will find it worth while to read our 74-page book, "Better Farming," fully illustrated, which tells how to increase farm profits with Atlas Farm Powder, The Safest Explosive. Mail the coupon and get it FREE.

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FREE BOOK COUPON

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Send me your 74-page book "Better Farming." I am interested in the use of explosives for the purpose before which I mark X. SEP 8

☐ Stump Blasting ☐ Tree Planting
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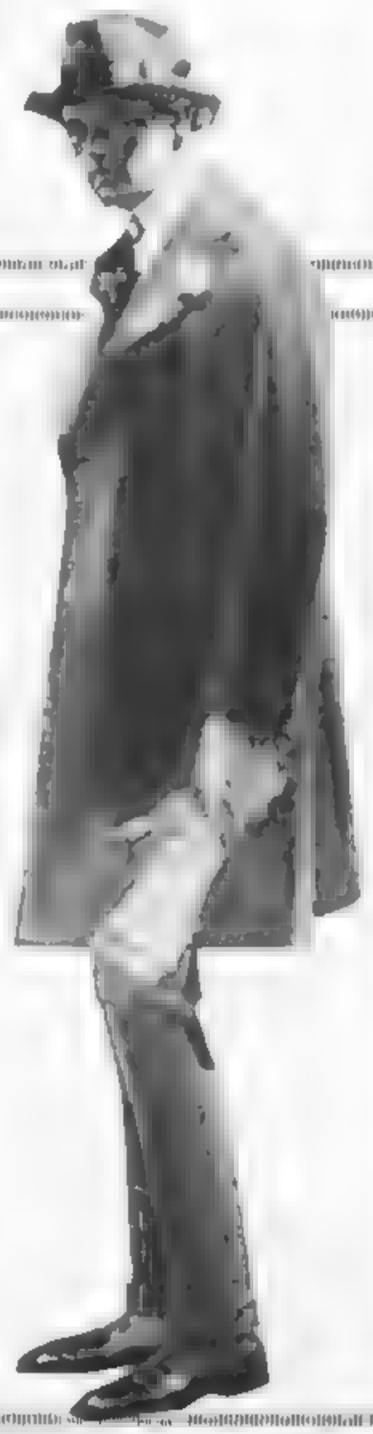
Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes



THE art of wearing clothes results naturally from habitual wearing of well-made clothes. So, also, the art of consistently making good clothes comes naturally from Sixty-One Years of making clothes well.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Wholesale Tailors Rochester, N. Y.

Style Panels Mailed on Request

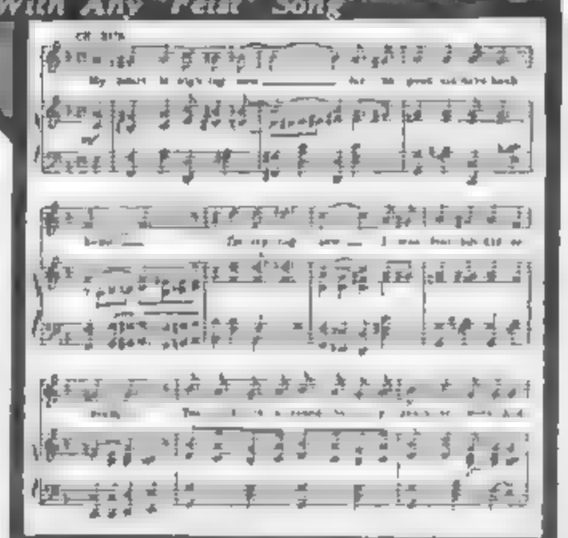
The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors Registered 1868
THIS LABEL MARKS THE SMARTEST READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHES

Two Cyclonic Successes

"You Can't Go Wrong With Any 'Feist' Song"

"THERE'S A BROKEN HEART FOR EVERY LIGHT ON BROADWAY"

A "Cyclone Hit" is just the way we want it to stand on record. It starts on high-gear and never stops going. It's a ballad from an entirely new angle. It throws back the curtain on Broadway—you see *behind* the lights and the madding crowds—you see the tears and shadows which most songs forget to mention. By Howard Johnson and Fred Fischer.
Emma Carus just worships it. It's only once in a blue *moon* that both sides of the footlights show such real attachment for a new song. It means it's a "go" and you must get it.



"THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS BACK HOME"

Cyclone No. 2. A whirlwind of action and a maelstrom of fun. It warms the cockles of your heart and brings back all those endearing charms of youth; home folks; familiar scenes; the love for the place where you were born, etc., etc. "Those Good Old Days" just puts a ticket for "back home" in your hatband and your happiness is supreme. By McCarthy and Monaco. Sophie Tucker says, "It's a joy-ride of fun."

ON SALE TODAY
At every Music Store, and at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress or McCrory Store

Other Popular, "FEIST" Songs

"MOTHER" "In the Glory of the Moonlight"
"Come Back Dixie" "Along the Mississippi Shore"
"Beatrice Fairfax" "Have You Forgotten Me"
"You'd Never Know That Old Home Town of Mine"
"You Can't Get Along with Em or without Em"
"Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You"
"Sweet Cider Time When You Were Mine"
"Come Back Home to Old Kentucky" "Soldier Boy"
"Siam" (I'm Lonesome Where I Am) "Norway"

SPECIAL NOTE You should get all these songs from [illegible]

These pieces may also be procured for your Talking Machine or Player Piano. Orchestra Leaders will gladly play them on

LEO FEIST, Inc., FEIST Bldg., 232 W. 40th St., New York

THE SOLE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 18)

The Head Professor changed his natty coat for a jacket and brush.

"Look good, lady; here's de way it's did"—beating the brush in a tattoo against his hand, and against Virgil, who presented every portion of himself for a copious brushing down. "Dar now! He l'arns all dat from dese lessons; den goes travelin'."

Virgil began at the beginning:

"Sonny starts wid Lesson One an' dis brush; from dat he proceeds on to dis white jacket—Lesson Two. Polishin' shoes is Lesson Three. He puts on de cap at Lesson Six and goes to totin' gripsacks—an' so forth, an' so forth, ontil he gits dis diploma. An' dar you sees yo' boy!"—pointing to the large photograph of a porter receiving his dollar tip from a thoroughly brushed passenger.

The mother grinned with satisfaction.

"He got to have dese things, ain't he?"

"Co'se! How'd yo' boy look practicin' in a raggetty coat, wid no cap?"

"Nothin' too good fer my boy!"—untying the strings to her tobacco sack, in which she carried money.

Virgil Custard was undeniably a youth of talents. He sold one complete course of lessons—five dollars; whisk broom, one dollar; jacket, three-forty—and so on. Total eleven-eighty for spot cash. With an armful of liberal education for Sonny the woman was passing out, when Virgil called:

"Hold on, lady; take dis button fer yo' boy to wear, so ev'ybody'll know he's 'tendin' college."

Criddle observed the maneuver and recognized genius. Massively and amiably he advanced:

"Hello, Virgil! I jes' 'lowed to enter an' speak wid you. In my tongue is de law o' kindness. How's you comin' on?"

"Fine! Got twenty-six scholars yistiddy an' ——"

"Twenty-six! A hundred and thirty dollars in one day?"

"Here 'tis!" Virgil displayed a neat stack of money orders ready to be cashed, failing to mention certain bills sent loose in the mails, which were now stuffed tightly in his pocket. "An' I got forty-two scholars dis mornin'."

Criddle collapsed in a stout chair.

"Dat makes sixty-eight! Honest, Virgil, is you took in three hundred an' forty dollars in two days?"

"Bizness nacherly picks up; wid nigh eight hundred niggers to hear from."

Criddle glared at the grinning, owl-eyed youngster, patting out money orders and patting out money orders until the fat negro thought he'd go wild. He felt himself sweating ice water, and his fingers tingled, while Virgil the Joyous gabbled on:

"Den dere'll be a lot of 'em buyin' outfits."

"Outfits?"

"Sholy! Same as sellin' regalias. Can't git no diploma widout de official outfit, an' can't git nary job widout a diploma."

The veteran promoter of many lodges realized the strategy of Virgil's situation and began figuring on a scheme to fix the Government, so as to absorb this juicy proposition. Suppose they neglected to arrest Virgil? Criddle got sicker and sicker until Starsby slipped through the back door, with a reassuring certainty of pursuit in every furtive movement. He hung back, keeping conveniently close to his exit and eying the front door for inspectors.

Criddle strolled aimlessly, both hands flapping his coat tails, and pretended to examine various pictures of Pullman cars. Passing Starsby he whispered:

"Simon, ef you's foolin' me an' dis nigger gits away wid all dat money ——"

"No chance to git away from de Unity States. He e'lected a hundred an' thirty dis mornin'."

"Den git yo' forty-two twenty spense." Criddle moved on before Starsby could demand his fifty.

Frightened little Starsby doubted not that inspectors were already in Vicksburg tracing those money orders, and he desperately needed cash—anybody's cash—for the jump to St. Louis. Criddle refused to loosen up and Virgil was jingling actual silver on his desk. Starsby sneaked toward the cash and took a chair.

"Don't fergit, Parson: Wid yo' fust lesson you got to send ev'y scholar a receipt.

(Concluded on Page 41)

Cut Down Your Smoking by Buying a Pipe

Gilbert offered Edwards a cigar which Edwards accepted. Glancing at Gilbert a moment later, Edwards observed him filling a pipe. He asked, "Why do you give me a cigar, and smoke a pipe yourself?"

"Because," said Gilbert, "about six months ago I woke up to the fact that I was smoking eight or nine cigars a day.

"Now any man who smokes more than seven cigars a day is worried about his smoking, whether he admits it or not.

"I did a little figuring and bought a pipe. I never smoke more than fourteen or fifteen pipes a day, and in doing so I do not consume anything like the tobacco there is in nine or even six cigars.

"My pipe, as you see it here, is pretty well caked up, it is very sweet, it saves me money, it has cut down my smoking, and excepting the one cigar I smoke after dinner, I am inclined to believe I enjoy the pipe every bit as well as I used to like my cigars."

Liking a pipe is largely a matter of getting acquainted with the right sort of pipe tobacco.

To acquaint you with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco we will gladly mail you a sample free.

Edgeworth Tobacco is made in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is made by pressing the tobacco into a flat cake or plug and cutting this cake into thin oblong slices.

These slices are packed tightly together so as to preserve the order of the tobacco.

When you wish to smoke, you peel off one of these sweet, fragrant slices, grind it into bits with your fingers and fill your pipe.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is exactly the same as Plug Slice except that it is rubbed up and ready for smoking.

As to which is "better"—that is as difficult to say as it is to explain why some smokers prefer a curved and others a straight stem for their pipes.

You may have a sample of either the Plug Slice or the Ready-Rubbed, *or both*, by simply sending your name and address on a post card stating which is your favorite form of tobacco.

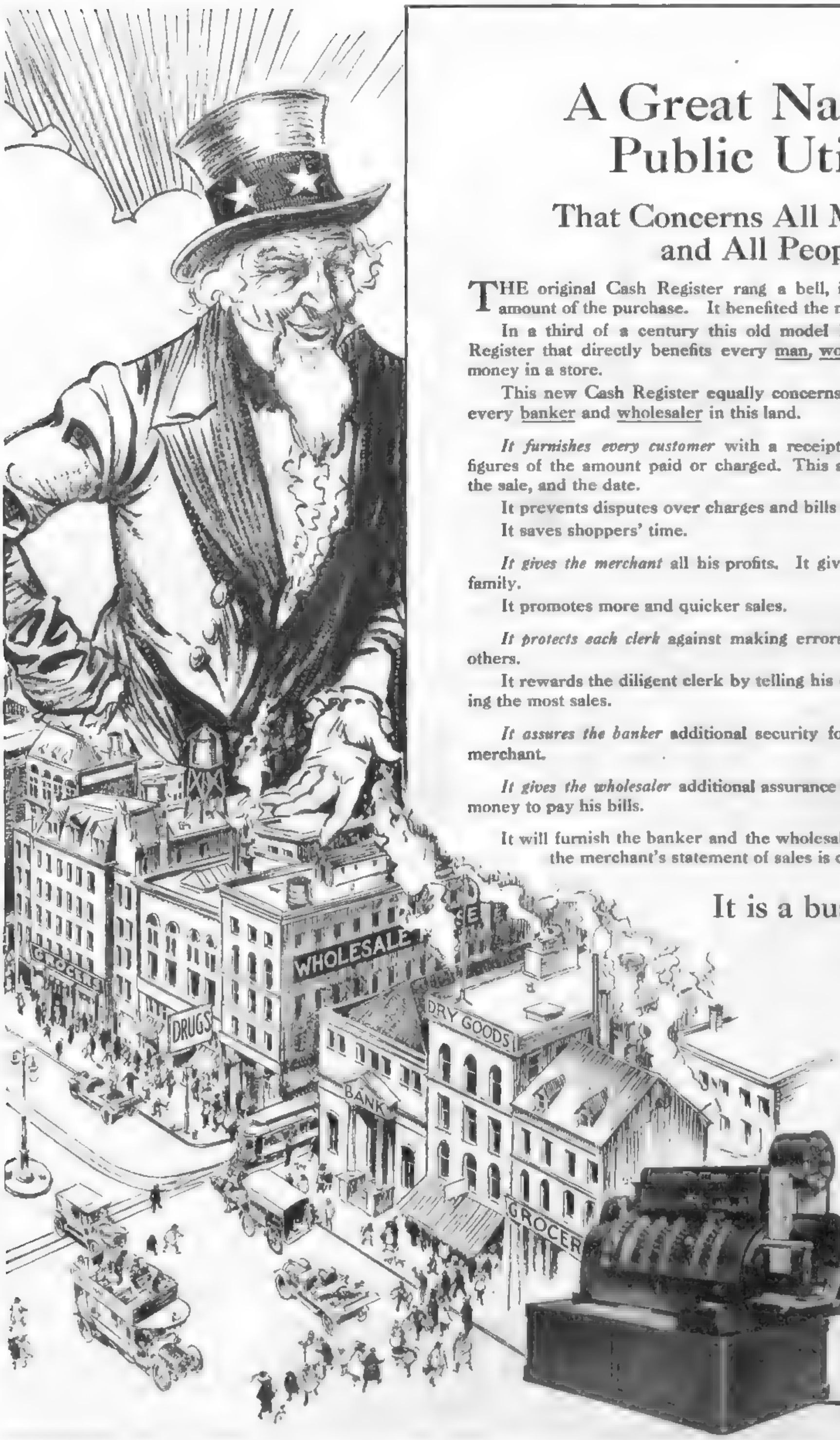
It will be a favor if you also mention the name of your tobacco dealer.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Plug Slice are 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 in handsome humidor packages. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply, but except in a few isolated cases all dealers have it.

For the free samples write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO



A Great National Public Utility

That Concerns All Merchants and All People

THE original Cash Register rang a bell, indicated and recorded the amount of the purchase. It benefited the merchant only.

In a third of a century this old model has developed into a Cash Register that directly benefits every man, woman and child who spends money in a store.

This new Cash Register equally concerns every merchant and clerk, every banker and wholesaler in this land.

It furnishes every customer with a receipt or sales slip with printed figures of the amount paid or charged. This also tells in print who made the sale, and the date.

It prevents disputes over charges and bills paid.

It saves shoppers' time.

It gives the merchant all his profits. It gives him more money for his family.

It promotes more and quicker sales.

It protects each clerk against making errors and against the mistakes of others.

It rewards the diligent clerk by telling his employer which one is making the most sales.

It assures the banker additional security for the money he loans the merchant.

It gives the wholesaler additional assurance that the merchant will have money to pay his bills.

It will furnish the banker and the wholesaler mechanical evidence that the merchant's statement of sales is correct.

It is a business necessity.

MERCHANTS!!

We have new 1916 models that give this perfect service.

Write us today or see our agent in your city and learn how you can secure one of these public service machines.

Liberal allowances will be made for old National Cash Registers that were good in their day, but do not so completely protect you or give the valuable service our 1916 models do.

Address Dept. A.

The National Cash Register Company

Dayton, Ohio

JAP-A-LAC
HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

What Makes Jap-a-lac So Good?

It's the durability that is put into it; it's the good materials combined with chemical skill; the uniformity of it, made doubly sure by over forty years of varnish and paint making experience and by tests ten times as severe as any you will subject it to.

Then the convenience of it; the ease of applying it; the attractive finish you get by its use; the new color and rich effect it gives to all worn and discolored surfaces on furniture, floors and woodwork! It's no wonder that many million housewives the world over are using Jap-a-lac Household Finishes.

For the touching up of all worn and discolored surfaces about the home there is a Jap-a lac Household Finish exactly suited to the purpose.

Many Kinds

There are many kinds of Jap-a-lac Household Finishes. You will use the transparent colors in varnish and stain combined most frequently, but when you want a solid color effect the Jap-a-lac Enamels will serve your purpose best. Or you can get the same satisfaction in Jap-a-lac Clear Varnish (Natural) and in Gold and Aluminum effects. Then remember, there are both Brilliant Black and Dull Black in Jap-a-lac Household Finishes

Many Colors

The color effects are practically [illegible] Jap-a-lac Varnish Stain will give you a full and clear finish in Oak, Mahogany, Walnut and other attractive transparent colors. That pure white enamel effect you like so well is the result of Jap-a-lac Enamel. In this same finish, you can secure lovely delicate enamel tints as well as the reds, greens and other stronger colors. Remember too that durable blacks, gold and aluminum are included in Jap-a-lac Household Finishes

Many Uses

All worn and discolored surfaces about your home are quickly renewed by the Jap-a-lac treatment. You can finish floors in any style or color. You can renew any kind of furniture, while tiresome woodwork effects can be entirely covered up and replaced with new, rich Jap-a-lac colors. Iron bedsteads, andirons, and other iron articles in furniture, machinery or vehicles all take on new and durable colors just as well as wooden surfaces

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes sold by dealers everywhere. Send for color card and interesting, instructive booklet.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, U. S. A.
THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

[illegible]

GLIDDEN

(Concluded from Page 38)

An', Parson"—Starsby leaned over carelessly—"Parson, jes' slip me dat piece o' money for de spense."

"Sholy! How much?"

"Rent, post-office box, an' furnicher, an' printin'—forty-two twenty."

"Is dat all? You wouldn't min' takin' some of it in silver?"

"Take it any kind o' way."

Virgil dallied with quarters and trifled with half dollars, and stacked them with maddening deliberation. Starsby's breath came in long gasps and short pants. A pile of silver toppled over; Virgil recounted it, coin by coin. Starsby's palm itched for the money, while his legs twitched for traveling and his eyes watched the door for inspectors. Every time he reached experimentally for the silver Virgil drew it back.

"Lemme be real shore dis is correct."

Somebody made a noise at the front. Starsby leaped up with a smothered cry and stopped.

"Mr. Pres'dent," the Head Professor called, "here's a gent'man wants to take lessons."

Before Starsby could get back to the desk Virgil had pocketed the money and turned to meet his scholar. It was a lank and rangy prospect, coatless, with sleeves rolled up.

"Parson, you ain't sent me nary letter, but I wants a higher job."

"What bizness does you foller?"

"Hostler. I 'lowed to l'arn in 'bout two days; den go to ridin'."

"Huh!" snorted the Head Professor. "You can't graduate dat sudden, even ef you is been chambermaid in a livery stable."

"Ain't dere a heap o' curryin' down in dis?"

"Brushin' down—onless you aims to be porter in a stock car. Look here, nigger, what does you know 'bout carryin' matches to light a gent'man's seegars, an' never brushin' no man onless dere's somebody watchin' to see how much he gives you? You won't rake in nothin' 'cept Boston half dollars."

"Boston half dollars?"

"Dat's what de porters calls a dime! You needs plenty lessons."

"When does I git my job?"

Which the Sole President answered:

"I'll put you on de register. By jinin' now yo' number will be 389."

"Got to wait mighty long?"

"'Twon't be no time. Dey uses up a heap o' men. Porters gits kilt off rapid, in wrecks an' sech."

"Say, dey do?" The hostler commenced fading toward the door.

"Don't run, nigger! Porters ain't gittin' kilt so fast sence dey got dem all-steel sleepers."

While Virgil was failing to rope his rangy prospect Starsby sidled up against the desk and, with a hand behind him, opened the drawer where he had noticed a duplicate post-office key. Those yellow fingers were very nimble, which his line of business required. With eyes fastened on the Sole President, Starsby felt round, picked up the key and closed the drawer. His plan was so very simple as to approach crudity: He would search the post-office box for letters with actual cash inclosed. Money often came loose and Starsby had known it to get lost.

When Virgil returned to his desk a flitting yellow shadow had already vanished through the back door—which presented an opportunity for Criddle. He sat down patronizingly.

"Virgil, dis is a nice bizness! 'In de mornin' sow thy seed, an' in de evenin' withhold not thine han'.'"

"I'm workin' her fer all she's worth."

"My boy, heed de counsel of thy elders. A word fitly spoke is like apples o' gole. S'posin' I takes a hundred o' dat money an' goes oratin' 'mongst our lodges an' schoolhouses 'bout what a fine college you got?"

Virgil did not at once devour the idea; so Criddle elaborated:

"Heap o' niggers don't ax for letters. 'Sides dat, dey don't believe nothin' 'cept what you tell 'em plain to deir faces; an' ——"

Serenely Virgil occupied himself with the smoothing out and patting down of money orders. Criddle licked his hungry lips and explained in detail, lengthily.

"Now can't you see dat?"

Criddle talked, kept talking; but Virgil was some extractor himself and developed the silent treatment for defense—when a frenzied yellow man burst in at the rear door.

"Bartlett! Bar—Criddle, I got to see you, right away!"

Something had occurred. Criddle lumbered up and waddled.

"Come on—over to de Club."

"Go no place! Right here ——"

Starsby yanked Criddle outside to a trembling platform, holding the door ajar so that he could see within.

"Gimme dat fifty right now, an' no stallin'!"

"What fer? He ain't got 'rested."

"I seen dem same two inspectors at de post office, 'sultin' wid dat money-order lady."

"Which two?"

"Same which was in Norfolk, workin' on my case, an' Birmingham. I knows 'em good!"

"Is you shore?"

"Reckon I'd be dis skeered ef I warn't shore?"

Starsby clutched the lapel of Criddle's coat and watched the front door. The fat black negro balked.

"When dey gwine to grab Virgil?"

"Right now! Dar dey is!" His shaky finger pointed.

Two brisk-stepping white men shoved past the Head Professor and entered. They were now approaching the Sole President.

"Bartlett, gimme my fifty! Quick!" Starsby's voice vibrated with terror.

"Wait! Le's see what dey gwine to do."

"Wait nothin'! You done got me pinched. When I goes over de road Ben Bartlett travels 'longside o' me—an' you knows what for!"

"'Tain't no sense wranglin', Simon. Here's yo' fifty. Light out!"

Like a wizened yellow-faced ape Simon Starsby grasped the money, leaped over the rail, and Baltimore Criddle was glad enough to see the last of him.

Discreetly Criddle remained outside to enjoy his expenditure. The inspectors spoke to Virgil, who got up immediately and locked his desk. They were men of few words, which Criddle couldn't hear; but he got the worth of his money watching them take Virgil away—one inspector a few steps in advance, the other a few steps behind.

"Huh!" Criddle chuckled to himself. "Reckon he ain't gwine to beat me for Gran' Organizer—not now!" With an air of proprietorship he examined the furniture. "Dis is a nice little desk, an' dat rug'll go side an' side wid de casket." He tried the various chairs. They were quite comfortable. So was Criddle. "Maybe I better not move 'em until to-morrow."

Ponderously he sauntered across the street to his rocker at the Club.

"Now den, I'll wait to hear de law an' de testimony, accordin' to de Prophet Isaiah."

Criddle waited, and waited some more. Negroes on the street evidently suspected nothing. They were not collecting in groups or jabbering. Criddle waited and watched.

"Huh! Cost me ninety-two twenty to git rid o' him, an' cheap at dat!"

Criddle waited, and then—batted his eyes and half rose. Here came Virgil, free and without escort; Virgil, walking a bit faster, swinging his cane more jauntily and holding his head somewhat higher in the air!

"Criddle, dat Starsby nigger come mighty nigh tanglin' me in some trouble."

"How come?"

"Give me a circular to have printed which had a few things agin de law."

"Warn't yourn agin de law?"

"No; Mister Harry Madison he's my lawyer, an' likewise lawyer fer de Guv'ment—Guv'ment do zackly what he tell 'em. I made him cut out all dem parts befo' I printed it."

"You did!"—which took Criddle's last wind.

"Sholy! But dem 'spectors 'lowed I was sendin' de same kind o' papers as Starsby. Dat's how come dey's seekin' Starsby, an' sho' got pestered 'cause he 'loped away."

"An' you ain't 'rested—not 'rested a-tall?"

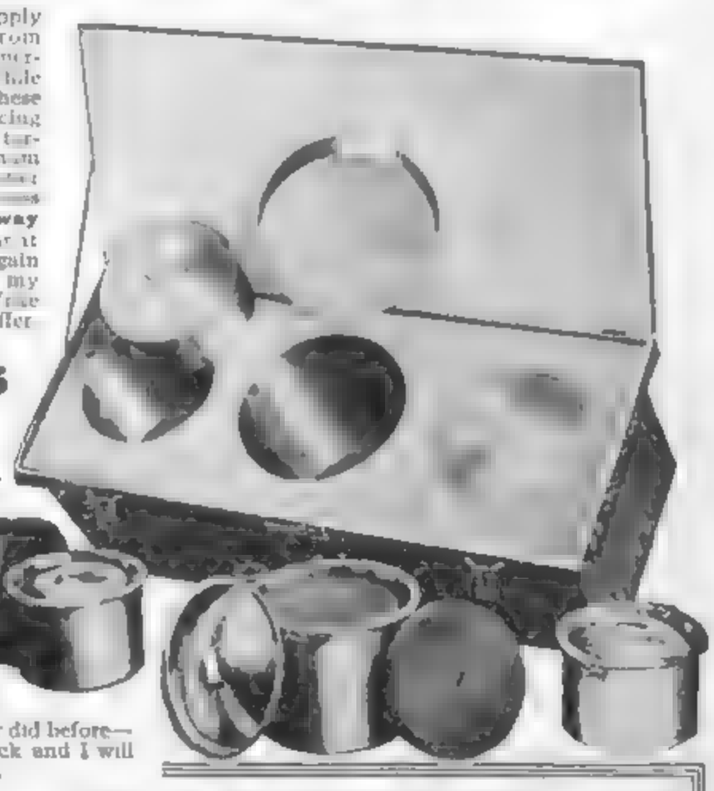
"No; dey jes 'vited me up to 'sult wid Lawyer Madison. He p'inted out whar my paper warn't like Starsby's—'cause I had mo' sense!"

"Den you gwine to keep a-runnin' de College?"

"Colleges is kinder risky. I'm gwine to hold on to dis money an' stick wid de Coffin Club. Say, Criddle, don't you want to buy a nice little desk an' a rug ——"

10,000 Cookers at My Bargain Price Before I Have to Meet War Cost of Aluminum

WAR cut off the supply of aluminum from Europe—prices in America skyrocketed. While preparing to meet these conditions, by advancing my prices, I made a fortunate buy of aluminum which enables me to offer 10,000 Rapid Fireless Cookers **priced away down.** It will be a year at least before I can again offer the Rapid at my present low prices. Write today for big special offer.



Try It 30 Days On My Personal Money-Back Guaranty

I want you to use the Rapid Fireless Cooker the way for 30 days. Then I want you to take a vote of the entire family and yourself—and if you don't decide that the Rapid Fireless Cooker is a marvel—if the whole family don't say that they never had better meals, more wholesomely cooked, and if you don't say that you did it with far less work than you ever did before—then I want you to send it right back and I will return your money without argument.

Rapid **Fireless Cooker**

Aluminum Lined Throughout—Full Equipment of "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils

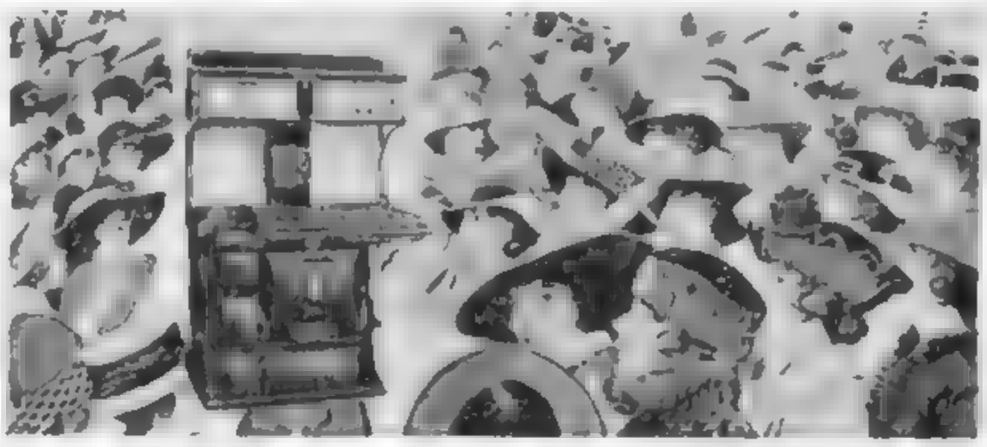
My Rapid Fireless Cookers make a big reduction in the cost of living. Rapid Fireless Cookers will actually save you a large per cent of your fuel bill, save you work and worry, and will cook all kinds of foods better. It makes them thoroughly digestible and delicious. All the flavor of the food remains in the food after it is cooked. My Cooker steams, boils, bakes, fries and roasts all kinds of vegetables and meats.

Send for Big FREE Book

Contains 150 recipes by famous chefs showing how, with the Rapid Fireless Cooker, you can cook [illegible] roasts, boils, stews, steams, fries, bakes every kind of meat, fish and vegetables, makes delicious soups, [illegible] Desserts of [illegible] you can make delicious puddings by the Rapid. Send for the Free book. With it will come [illegible] proposition. Write today. A postal will do. Address

Wm. Campbell, Pres.

The Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 314, Detroit, Mich.



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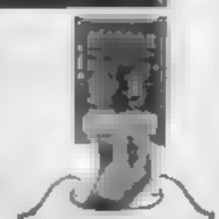
Every housewife in America has long dreamed of a range that would successfully burn coal or wood and gas or oil, singly or in combination. The Duplex-ALCAZAR is the first range to fully fill the bill. It is as near perfection in construction, operation and results as human brains and great manufacturing facilities can make it. Furnished in two types to burn coal, wood and gas, or coal, wood and oil as fuel. The Duplex-ALCAZAR is a year-'round range that conforms to every conceivable weather condition and every possible requirement of cooking. The change from fuel to fuel is made instantly. In its very simplicity lies its strength.

THE DUPLEX ALCAZAR
TWO RANGES IN ONE

The Duplex-ALCAZAR Range is made in steel—cast iron and porcelain construction. Style range is great enough to fit every conceivable condition and need. You will recognize its unique merit when you see the range itself. Back of these ranges is the most progressive stove factory in America.

The best stove merchant in your town is now displaying a line of Duplex-ALCAZAR Ranges, especially adapted to the requirements of your section.

Write Us for Descriptive Literature. Gladly Sent Free on Request.



Write For Details

Send your name and we will [illegible]

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The Most Popular Shoe in the World
REGAL means more than leather and findings—it means care, skill, study and conscience. It tells a tale of achievement. It expresses the power to excel,—to make machinery, materials and methods serve better uses,—to compel satisfaction by means of a more perfect product.
This is accomplished by reason of Regal manufacturing efficiency, volume of production, collective purchasing power and a world-knowledge of style requirements.
The Spring Line of Regal Shoes affords a choice of approved models, the ultimate in fashionable, reliable, dependable footwear for Men and Women. Now shown in Regal stores and agencies from coast to coast.
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Shoes sent prepaid by Parcel Post on receipt of price.
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Thousands of buildings have been effectively guarded against such deterioration. They have been dampproofed, protected and at the same time decorated and beautified by the use of Trus-Con Stone-Tex (applied with a brush).
Stone-Tex is a liquid-cement coating, which seals all the pores and fills the hair cracks, becoming an inseparable part of the wall. Hard as flint, it will not chip, flake nor peel off, like paint. Keeps the building free from moisture and also provides an artistic flat-toned finish—decidedly appropriate for concrete, stucco or brick.
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FREE CONSULTING SERVICE:—
Our expert chemists and chemical engineers will advise you regarding all waterproofing or dampproofing problems. Feel free to avail yourself of this service—no charge or obligation of any kind.

HOW RICH IS AMERICA?

(Concluded from Page 15)

other countries. It has been said that the estimates were really exaggerated, because so much American property was owned abroad. But recently we have bought back one and a half billion dollars of our own securities and have loaned at least one billion dollars to other countries. Unlike some of the estimates of British and German wealth, ours do not include foreign investments owned by us. Wealth is always reported by the census where located rather than where it is owned. Thus, states like Kansas and Iowa may show surprising gains and the New England States none at all, though farms and railroads in the West may be largely owned by the Eastern investor.

It is no easy task, I repeat, to make an estimate of wealth. Values fluctuate so rapidly that an appraisal good one day may be worthless a few months later. You can count the value of farm products, but by the time your report is compiled and printed half of those products will have been eaten and gone into the blood and sinew of man and animal. Where, then, shall you count them?

Is the navy wealth or is it destruction? Does the equipment of educational and charitable institutions constitute wealth? How about the stumpage on millions of acres of land? Conceivably the time may come when stumpage will be very great wealth indeed, because there will be a demand for it and machinery will be devised to get it out cheaply. Seaweed may ultimately be used in vast quantities for fertilizer. Already the Sargasso Sea is being studied in that connection. Then, there are billions of tons of soft coal now unmined, but which some day may prove of incalculable value. The census does include naval vessels and institutional equipment, but it makes no guess whatever at potential wealth, such as the soft coal fifty years hence, unless the present assessed value of the land where the coal is deposited reflects it.

Most puzzling of all is the question of unearned increment. Land and the improvements on it were valued at nearly fifty billions dollars more in 1912 than in 1904. How much of that increased value was due to rising prices no man can say. Rising prices, in turn, may be caused solely by the growth of population and the increase of wealth in other directions, which enables people to pay more for land. Then, too, rising prices are due to the smaller purchasing power of money than formerly. But land is something that grows real crops to satisfy real hunger. A bushel of wheat does not feed more people when it sells at a dollar than when it brings only fifty cents.

Checking Up the Census

Offsetting this immensely questionable item in the schedule is the fact that the census takes no separate account of such public improvements as sewers, bridges, street paving and highways. The cost of such improvements is usually assessed against the property presumably benefited thereby, and so the rising price of land reflects these great agencies in the growth of human comfort, welfare and wealth.

Then, too, the increase in such items as manufacturing machinery, manufactured products, street railways, electric-light plants, telephone systems, irrigation works, clothing and furniture has been just as amazing as the expanding value of land itself—that is, the comforts and necessities of life and the equipment for producing them have also mounted fast. Even in these items rising prices may be reflected to some extent. But, allowing for a twenty-five per cent rise in prices from 1904 to 1912, each inhabitant of this country was twenty per cent richer on the average in the latter year and four times as rich as before the Civil War.

The 1912 estimate was published in 1915. A few months before the figures were released a class of university students was given the task of making up an estimate of its own. The teacher was a trained statistician and he knew the methods employed by the Census Bureau, though having none of its elaborate machinery with which to work. The students came within five to ten per cent of the Census Bureau's calculations, which shows in a striking way that, imperfect as all these estimates are, they do not go as far wrong as might be supposed.

Each census has been more accurate than its predecessor, because each one has enjoyed the cumulative benefit of what has gone before, thus making innumerable checks and comparisons possible. Before 1880 it was the custom to value land and the property on it by merely adding up the assessed values in every county. In 1880 experts were employed for the first time to check up the figures sent in by the untrained local agents, who went from house to house

A Century of Revelation

In that year, also, an immense number of letters were addressed to bankers, real-estate men, and business men in every county, asking for information as to the selling price of parcels of property there. In this way the assessed values and the true values were checked off; and in each census since that day a still further effort has been made to improve on the methods employed. The last census engaged nearly two hundred field agents, who visited every county in the Union.

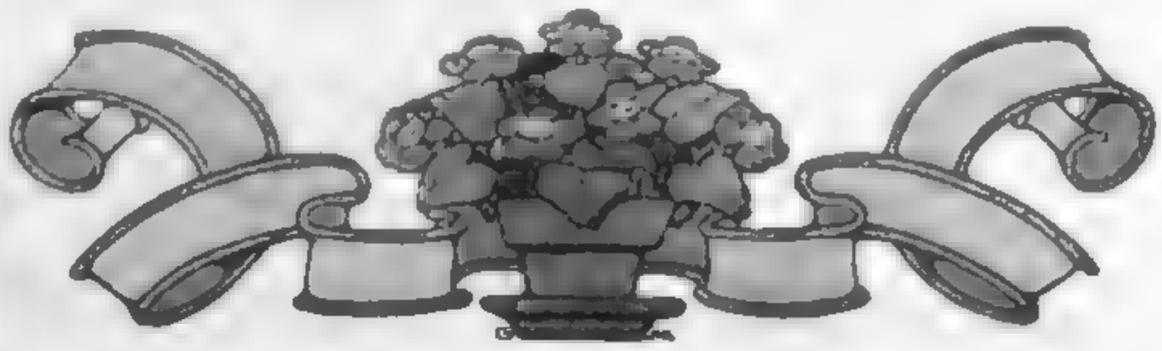
Many of the devices employed were ingenious in the extreme. In getting at the value of furniture in homes one director of the census had more than eight thousand insurance policies examined. In trying to add up the amount of capital employed in trade and banking the same director obtained access to more than a million reports made by the commercial agencies.

Who can say how fast our riches have grown since 1912? The rate of increase averaged ten billion dollars a year from 1904 to 1912. It has probably been far greater in the last few years, because of the huge expansion of the automobile, moving-picture and electrical industries. Automobiles and moving pictures have leaped up to near the top of the column since the census was compiled. And in the year 1915 the startling enlargement of the steel, copper, chemical and other mineral industries alone would make any 1912 estimate look like a six-year-old suit on a ten-year-old boy.

We are more than thirty times as rich as we were when the Census Bureau first began to count. Yet at that time one George Tucker wrote a book, which may be found in a few of the big libraries, describing the "enormous growth of the United States in wealth and population up to 1855!" Even in 1912 six states had more wealth than the whole Union in 1850. Perhaps when the next census is taken a dozen states will have proved their right to that distinction.

But the romance, the superlative fascination, in reckoning our national estate lies not in the figures but in the possibilities. It is the discovery, development and utilization of our resources that hold out the greatest possibility of adding to the mammoth total. It is the opportunity to go forth and find that has absorbed the American people.

"For a hundred years, and a little more," declares Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, "this quest has been the drama of our life. It has given color to our civilization and buoyancy to the hearts of the people. It has been a century of revelation; and as yet we have only the most superficial knowledge of what this land is, of what it will yield to research, and how it may best be used. Its development has only begun."



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Standing back of the scenes, so to say, the people of Detroit have so close and thorough a knowledge of the men in the many organizations, of the standing of the manufacturers, and, most of all, of the QUALITY of the many cars, that it is safe to say that in no other city on earth does expert knowledge of cars play so large a rôle in the buying of cars as it does in Detroit.

The 1915 registrations of Studebakers by Detroit residents, according to the official figures, far exceeded those of any other car selling at more than $500. There were 1456 Studebakers registered in all—and using this figure as 100%, the standing of the various cars in Detroit's opinion was as follows:

1st	—Studebaker	100%
2nd	—A car selling at more than $2,000	90%
3rd	—A line of cars priced from $700 to $1150	85%
4th	—A line of cars priced from $950 to $1500	63%
5th	—A line of cars priced from 1000 to $1500	52%
6th	—A line of cars priced from $850 to $1300	51%

We look on this testimonial from Detroit as the strongest that Studebaker cars have ever received. And there can be no better guidance for buyers unfamiliar with the details of cars than this outspoken judgment of Detroit buyers who KNOW cars and whose opinion is authoritative. See the cars—ride in them—see for yourself why Detroit makes Studebaker its own choice.

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—because it's a Studebaker

FOUR CYLINDER MODELS

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$ 875
Roadster, 3-passenger	850
Landau-Roadster, 3-pass.	1150

SIX CYLINDER MODELS

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$1085
Roadster, 3-passenger	1060
Landau-Roadster, 3-pass.	1350
Coupé, 4-passenger	1600
Sedan	1675
Limousine, 7-passenger	2500

F. O. B. Detroit

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Panel Delivery Car	$875
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Open Express, complete	$1200
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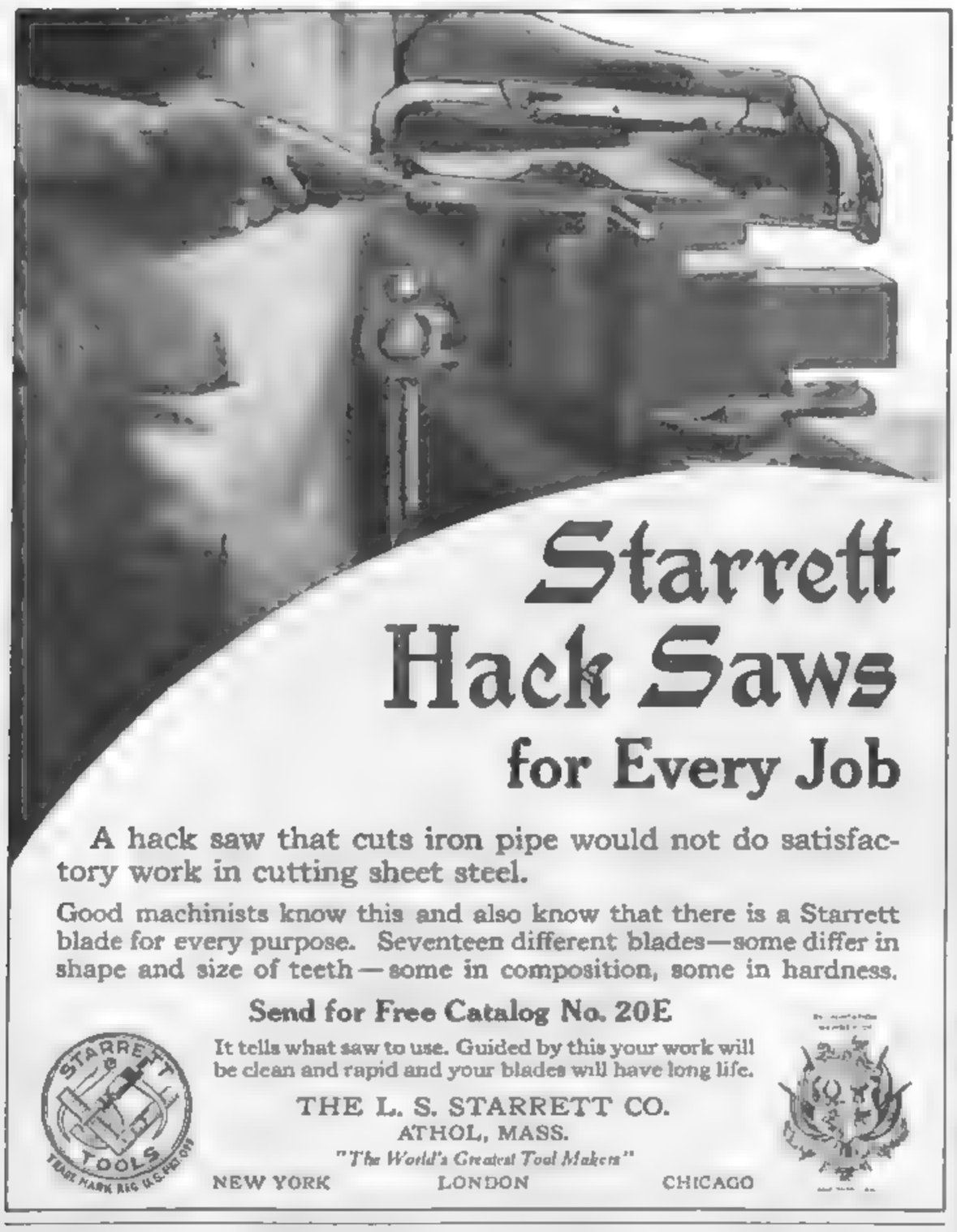

Starrett Hack Saws for Every Job

A hack saw that cuts iron pipe would not do satisfactory work in cutting sheet steel.

Good machinists know this and also know that there is a Starrett blade for every purpose. Seventeen different blades—some differ in shape and size of teeth—some in composition, some in hardness.

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It tells what saw to use. Guided by this your work will be clean and rapid and your blades will have long life.

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For *Real* Bicycle Joy—

YOU have only *tasted* of real bicycle joy until you own a SMITH MOTOR WHEEL.

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Then the pulsing motor, obedient to your command, sends you magically on at any speed from 4 to 20 miles an hour. There is no jarring vibration, no grease or dirt. Special riding togs are unnecessary.

Smith Motor Wheel
DETACHABLE

Up to 125 miles of new pleasure and "get-about" service are yours from one gallon of gasoline.

Little wonder that there are nearly 10,000 happy motorwheelists now!

Your dealer will demonstrate. Or write for our book "Motorwheeling."

Dealers: A few exclusive territories are still open. Write for full particulars.

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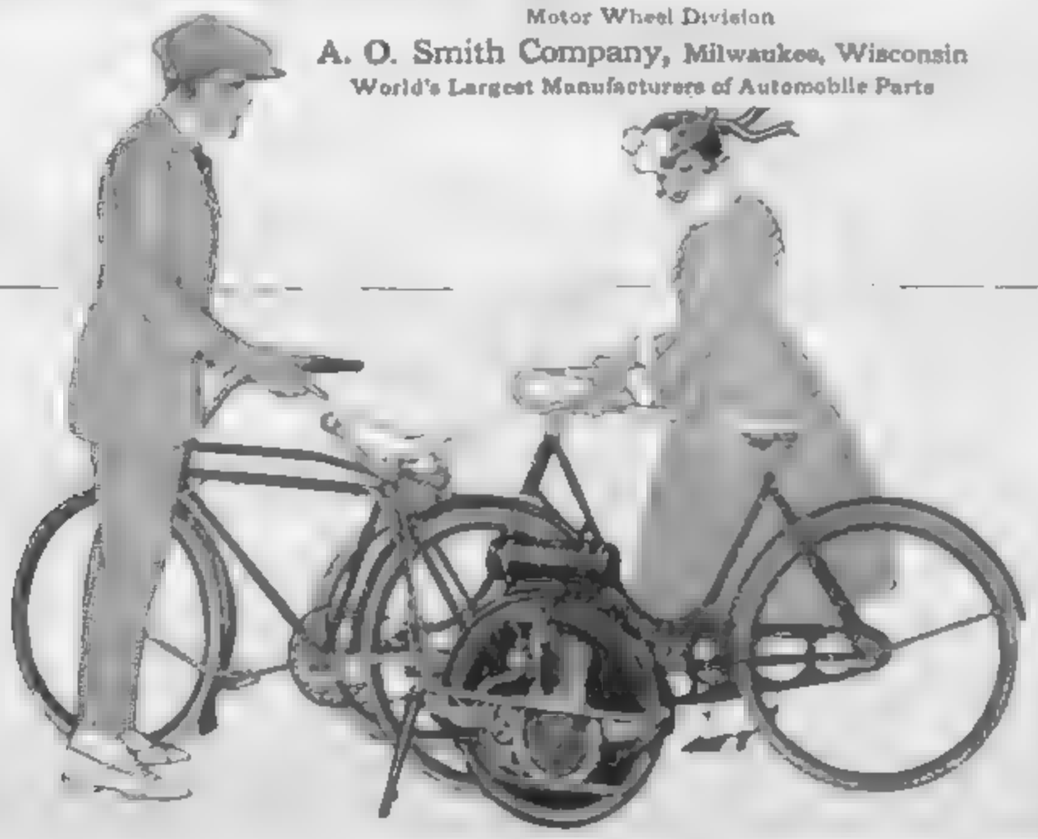


THE MAN HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 20)

The criminal investigator was certain that the assassin was in the community. He reasoned that he would be afraid to make himself conspicuous by any change until after the affair had blown over. The circuit court of the county was in session. The judge instructed the grand jury to investigate the mysterious assassination. The whole community was present at the court sitting. The criminal investigator thought the assassin might be in the crowd. As the people were leaving the courtroom, which was on the second floor, the criminal investigator stood at the head of the stairway and suddenly called out the name of the suspected convict. A man going out through the hall turned. He was immediately arrested and his arm examined for the bullet wound. The scar was found. He was identified and convicted of the murder.

Police methods in America are necessarily varied. Each municipality has its own system. The detective service of the Federal Government is arranged by departments. The Department of Justice, the Treasury Department, and so on, have their detective branches of the general Secret Service. These branches in their particular features are as efficient as any.

A vast number of frauds are run down and broken up by the Secret Service. Some of these frauds, in spite of the wide publicity constantly given to them, seem to continue to flourish. The inspector at the head of the training school of the New York Police Department directs attention to two of these frauds constantly practiced. The swindlers engaged are shrewd and skillful. The persons they select for victims are usually those who can command a certain amount of ready money and have a reputation in their community for being willing to take a chance on "sure-thing gambles."

The victim is introduced to a person who pretends to be the superintendent of one of the great telegraph companies. The usual plan is for the sharper to take his victim, on some pretext, to an upper floor of the telegraph company's building. Here, by accident, they meet in the hall the superintendent of the company. This man is in a hurry, as it is during business hours, but he is glad to meet his old friend; and he suggests that they take lunch together in a neighboring café. It is a friendly luncheon. At the end of it, after the way has been skillfully prepared by appropriate intimate talk, the superintendent promises to hold up for a few minutes the result of a certain horse race that afternoon. He will telephone the name of the winner to his friend in time for him to place a bet on it before the result of the race is announced by the telegram from the track. The victim is then taken to what appears to be a first-class pool room. In it are well-dressed men placing large bets on various races. These persons are pointed out to him as well-known sporting millionaires and famous horse owners.

The Sick Engineer

The whole thing is staged for the victim's benefit and, of course, is entirely false.

The victim is then taken to a near-by telephone booth, where the message from the superintendent is to be received. At the time indicated the superintendent telephones the name of the horse and the men hasten into the pool room to place a bet. This preliminary bet is apt to be small. The horse named wins and the victim obtains his small wager.

That evening when the superintendent of the telegraph company meets the victim he is astonished at the trifling bet. The result is, in the end, the superintendent agrees to hold up another race, and the victim arranges to obtain all the money he can get in order to bet it on a sure thing. When the great "killing" is made, and the stripped victim goes back to consult with the superintendent over the extraordinary mistake, the pool room disappears behind him and the superintendent is no longer attached to the great telegraph company.

Sir Robert Anderson used to say that the persons who were duped by get-rich-quick schemes were always those who were attempting to take advantage of somebody else. It is upon this instinct to obtain something for nothing, or by sharp practice to defraud another, that the American sharper always depends.

"The sick-engineer game" is based on this principle.

The victim is taken downtown in New York into one of the great office buildings near the Wall Street district and introduced to a broker. This introduction is all managed as a matter of the merest inadvertence. The broker is a pleasant person, and during the course of the conversation he mentions a certain mining stock or some industrial stock that has suddenly become exceedingly valuable. He names a very large price that he would be willing to pay for this stock if he could happen to find any of it. Nothing more is said about it. The victim and the sharper go out.

That evening on their way to the theater the sharper remembers a friend of his, a mining engineer, who is ill, and they stop in a furnished rooming house for a moment to call on the sick man. The conversation presently goes round to the value of mining stock. It happens that the sick engineer mentions the very stock the broker wants. He evidently does not know anything about its sudden increasing value and he offers to sell all the stock he holds for a small sum. The victim sees a chance to make a lot of money by buying this stock and turning it over to the broker. So he gets away from his friend a little later, slips back and purchases the whole of the sick engineer's stock.

Another Mining Game

The inspector of the New York police says that this game is usually arranged for a Friday or Saturday evening after the Wall Street broker will have left for the day.

Monday morning, when the victim goes downtown to turn the stock over to the broker, he discovers that this person has hired desk room in the building for one day only and has disappeared. He hurries uptown to the room of the sick engineer; but here he also discovers that the invalid has gone away without leaving his address, and, of course, the stock he has purchased is worthless.

Like these are the Spanish Prisoner Fraud, the Confidence Trick, and innumerable gambling swindles. A form of the American gold-brick game has been worked over and over again in England.

After the death is announced of some wealthy person a letter is received from America addressed to him. It is opened by his relatives. It is from a man in a well-known mining region of the United States or Canada. It apologizes for a long silence, but explains that the writer had waited until he was able to repay a sum of money which he had borrowed. He goes on to say that he has finally struck it rich and is ready to return the loan. It was not a very considerable loan, but the writer is very grateful, because it helped him over a bad time and enabled him to hold his claims until he had made a strike.

The relatives of the dead man of course reply, saying that they had never heard of the loan, that the dead man's papers contain no reference to it, and so on. This letter brings a fulsome answer. The writer says that the dead man evidently intended to release the loan to him, since he kept no record of it; but he is not to be outdone in generosity. He will return it. He now has enormous wealth in sight and nothing can give him greater pleasure than to share his good fortune with the family of his esteemed benefactor. A few hundred pounds will buy undeveloped claims near his strike and insure his friends a vast fortune. He asks them to send some competent person to New York, where he will show them samples of the ore. The result is that one of the family goes over to New York. He is met there by the shrewd sharper. He is shown ore of unquestionable purity. Sometimes he is taken West to the claim, which has been carefully salted, and the result is that the heirs of the dead Englishman and their idle money are permanently parted.

Variations of these swindles are constantly being perfected. But they all have the same underlying base—either an opportunity easily to get the better of some one else, or a fortune by the accidental discovery of great natural values unknown to the public and to be obtained by secret manipulation. Every confidence game can be determined by these two simple tests.

The one difficulty in America with municipal detective centers is that they are under political control. The heads of these

departments are usually removed when the opposition comes into power. To remain any time in office an American official would have to emulate the example of the Parisian, De Morny, who was at the head of a department depending upon public favor.

One evening an anxious adherent rushed into his office

"Monsieur," he cried, "I have accurate information. There is going to be a clean sweep here."

"Ah, my friend," replied De Morny, "give yourself no concern. Wherever there is any sweeping to be done I always manage to be found on the side of the broom handle!"

Nevertheless, in spite of these disadvantages American detective centers are beginning to take on the thoroughness of the German system.

Experts are assembled for the investigation of theaters of crime. Care is taken to observe finger prints and to obtain molds of footprints and marks of burglar tools. Our laboratories are able to give correct data on bloodstains. In the investigation of questioned documents, forgery, Black-Hand letters, and the like, a very considerable advance in method has been made in the last few years. Experts have shown us how to care for questioned documents and properly examine them.

Frauds have been detected by the fact that part of a writing followed a fold in a paper when the ink line crossed the fold. Properly examined, one could say whether the paper had been folded before or after the line was written, although the line was not more than a hundredth of an inch in width. Often where the writing crosses a fold a bit of ink will have passed through the paper. The eye would not discover this; but very greatly enlarged under a microscope the evidence would at once appear.

Knowledge of Ink and Writing

Documents are produced which it is pretended are of great age; but a knowledge of the change of color of commercial inks at once shows them to be fraudulent. The eye might be questioned; but the use of the microscope puts the thing beyond doubt. A document may be thus registered, its color ascertained at a certain time and then taken later for comparison. Often a document is changed or altered, and the point where the alteration touched the inks of the original writing will appear under the microscope. It will show which of the lines cross and which are laid down on top of the other. The difference in inks, if writings have been changed, will sometimes appear in a tiny sediment, which a proper microscopical examination will disclose.

Certain experts in this country are now able to make as good an examination of documents connected with criminal affairs as those in the service of the German detective centers

The Secret Service, under the Post Office Department, has made a careful study along this line

Checks, drafts, and so on, have been identified by the peculiarities and identifications along the edges of detached stubs. When enlarged these indentures are a perfect method of identification. Stamps from a certain sheet have been identified by this process. The line where a sheet of paper is torn off from another sheet has proved to be a complete identification.

In one case a note for a large sum was shown to have been written on a page detached from an autograph album, which had originally contained only the signature of the pretended maker. The note had been written above the signature. But for a careful microscopical examination along the line of cleavage where the paper had been torn the fraud would not have been detected.

In some cases sums for one hundred or one thousand dollars have been raised to seven or nine so skillfully that the change could scarcely be detected. But under a proper microscopical examination the top of the seven or the loop of the nine plainly appeared laid down on the other writing.

The efficiency of this German scientific method on one occasion saved an innocent man in Colorado.

A prisoner was charged with murder. He maintained that he was innocent. He said that he had been attacked and that during the struggle a pistol had been discharged, resulting in the death of his assailant. The authorities held that he had deliberately shot the dead man. The truth depended upon whether or not it could be shown that there had, in fact, been a struggle.

The Unsolved Mysteries

A competent criminal investigator who happened to be at hand pointed out that the brand on the dead man's face from the fire of the pistol was below the bullet hole. This meant that at the time the weapon was fired the pistol had been held upside down. He demonstrated that in ordinary pistol fire the brand was always above the bullet hole if the weapon were held in a normal position—that is to say, the brand in such pistol fire is always above the line of sight on the barrel, because the force, in pulling the trigger, causes the muzzle of the weapon to jump up, and this tendency results in the brand being always above the bullet hole. It was, therefore, clear that the story told by the prisoner was true. The brand being below the bullet hole showed that the weapon had been upside down at the moment it was fired.

An assistant commissioner at Scotland Yard, with the complacency of one at the head of an infallible machine, used to say that all the strange, unsolvable mysteries occur in America. Some of them do.

A newspaper reporter was passing along the street early in the morning before a great office building in a Western city, when he saw a man lying on the sidewalk. The man seemed desperately injured and the reporter at once put in a call for an ambulance. A policeman and several persons appeared when the ambulance arrived. The surgeon examined the man. "You don't want an ambulance," he said; "you want the dead wagon." The ambulance returned and headquarters was directed to send for the body. Just at this moment one of the windows, several stories above in the building, was suddenly thrown up and a woman appeared.

She screamed frantically and gesticulated to the people in the street below.

The police who had appeared, and all the crowd, including the newspaper reporter, rushed into the building. The elevators were not running. They were compelled to go up the stairway. There was some difficulty in locating the floor upon which the woman had appeared. Finally they discovered the room, with the window up. It was an unoccupied room in the office building. The woman was not to be found in the room. She was not to be found anywhere in the building; and, what was more mysterious, when they returned to the street the dead man had disappeared! And from that day nobody ever discovered a trace of the woman or the dead man, or any manner or form of evidence of a crime.

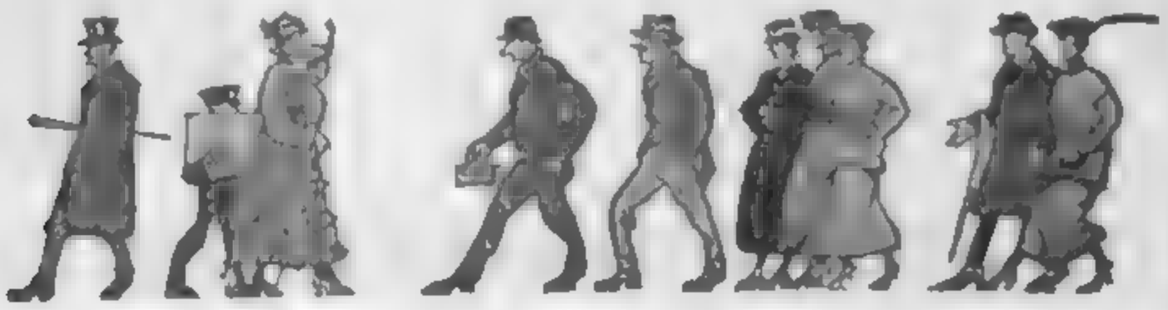
All the paraphernalia of the ghastly drama simply vanished out of human knowledge.

An Able Seaman

TWO sailors were disputing on the street in Seattle over the merits of former captains of theirs. Each held his favorite to be the greatest navigator in the business. They appealed to a man standing by. He decided against one of the disputants.

"What do you know about navigation?" asked this sailor. "Where do you come in as a sailor?"

"Why," the man replied, "I am the greatest navigator in this country! Once I sailed a five-masted schooner from Nome, Alaska, to Butte, Montana, with no other chart than a railroad map!"



Near and far sight in one pair of glasses

Can you see distant objects clearly through your reading glasses? Or are you compelled to take them off every time you look across the room or at a distance? Then you need KRYPTOK Glasses.

Thousands of middle-aged men and women who need glasses for close work only, are putting up with the inconvenience of constantly removing and replacing their glasses—and are straining their eyes when they look through their reading glasses at objects three or four feet away—simply because they do not know about

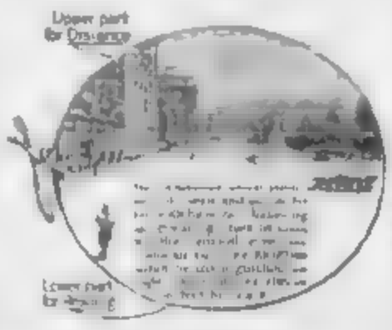
KRYPTOK GLASSES

THE ONLY INVISIBLE BIFOCAL

KRYPTOKS combine near and far sight in one solid lens. The lower part gives the necessary correction for close vision, while the upper part is adapted for natural far vision.

KRYPTOK Glasses cannot be distinguished from simple lenses, yet they enable you to see both near and far objects with perfect clearness and distinctness. No troublesome removing of glasses

The smooth, even surface of KRYPTOK Glasses is absolutely free from the disfiguring, age-revealing, vision-blurring lines, seams or shoulders of old-fashioned bifocals KRYPTOKS are the *only* perfect bifocals without lines or blur of any kind.



Write for Booklet "Eyesight Efficiency"

It contains valuable information about [illegible] the eyes and explains why KRYPTOK Glasses are universally recommended by ocul[illegible] opticians and optometrists. Please give name of your oculist, optician or optometrist

KRYPTOK COMPANY, Inc.
849 Old So. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Hosiery

The look of luxury, the trim ankle-fit, the beautiful sheen and delicate colorings of Everwear Hose make it easy for people of taste to choose this line.

That this shapeliness, newness and softness of texture last as long as the fabric is going to make first-time buyers of Everwear glad they were persuaded.

Everwear Hosiery is made for men and women, in pure thread silk, lisle and cotton; for children, in lisle and cotton.

Your department store or haberdasher sells Everwear. If not, ask us how you can be supplied.

Light and medium weights; $1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c and 25c. All good colors.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Hart Schaffner & Marx

New Varsity Fifty Five designs for Spring have the style that young men want.

Look for this picture in color, in the window of the store that sells these clothes

"Close investigation
Will prove this Campbell 'kind'
A most efficient ration
For your body and your mind."

And no wonder it's so good.

No wonder that this tasty soup is so helpful in promoting all-around strength and vitality.

You find some of the most important elements both for body-building and brain-building in

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

Carefully selected ox tails are the basis of this delightful soup. The sliced joints—full of meaty nourishment—together with carrots, yellow turnips, celery, barley, and other vegetables, are combined in a savory whole-tomato purée. And we add a dash of our imported Spanish sherry to give the final touch of zest to this palatable combination.

A rich, substantial, full-bodied soup which you are bound to enjoy.

"Soups properly prepared," as a great editor recently said—referring to Campbell's Soups—"are the most valuable and important factor in digestion. *And your digestion makes you what you are!*"

Why not have your grocer send you some of this wholesome Campbell "kind," and begin its regular use *today?*

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HENREE DEMANDS HIS RIGHTS

(Continued from Page 13)

determination. Now, which of us possesses all these in the highest degree?"

M'sieu Field glanced covertly at my partner and then answered: "You, of course." Indeed, he could have said nothing else.

"*Eh bien*, my friends! It is settled. We start at once. And let our watchword be: We Demand Our Rights."

It was a happy inspiration. They greeted the slogan with whoops and M'sieu Field's services were again requisitioned for an Old Hen. After that we went to work, for it has never been my habit to let second thought blow cold on a decision. Before we went to bed the crusade had been launched; the first shells had been fired. Ever a man of lofty sentiment, my poor partner was much wrought up; he sang before we went to bed, Oh, Where is My Wandering Wife? our host rendering effective assistance in the bass.

Next morning, when I awoke in M'sieu Field's house amid strange surroundings, there came a revulsion of feeling. I was beset by a curious oppression. I freely confess it, my friend, the plan now seemed to me chimerical. I wanted to go home. I wanted my wife back. I wanted everything to be as it had been before our ill-judged assertion of independence.

However, it was too late to back out now. The morning paper that a servant brought me sufficiently revealed that. M'sieu Field had gauged the journalists correctly—we had busted into the front page. There, under a wide heading in large type, flared the startling announcement. I read:

"It has come! Husbands are organizing to demand their rights. Three of our leading millionaires are already intrenched in the magnificent home of Sam Field, on the Bluff, prepared to fight it out to the last drop. And they're well supplied.

"'They are the redoubtable Sam himself, Colonel Joe Hicks, and his partner, Henri Giraud, another of our copper barons, whose daring deeds did not cease with hurling knives in a side show, but have won him a unique place in high society. Their purpose—but list to the words of their leader:

"'We are banded together,' announced Mr. Giraud with flashing eyes, 'to assert ourselves, and to win for all husbands whose lives can be touched by our influence that liberty of action for which men have bled and died since time began. We want the same liberty we accord our wives—the right to those harmless pursuits and activities which custom has conferred upon the male for ages.

"'It is iniquitous,' continued Mr. Giraud, warming up, 'that women should demand all and concede nothing. It is unfair. I might even say it is unjust. We have determined to remedy this condition at all costs. Our slogan is: We Demand Our Rights.'

"'Just what are they?' asked the reporter. 'What're you after?' Along these lines Mr. Giraud showed reticence. His ally, Sam Field, was more explicit. Sam got down to cases.

"'In the course of human events,' he said, 'and in pursuit of that liberty and happiness which are the inalienable rights of every citizen, a man should be allowed, from time to time, to go duck huntin'. Well, that's it. When we go after ducks in future we propose to go without any fuss.'

"His friend the Colonel was even more modest in his demands. While refusing to make a statement for publication, he intimated that his grievance was against boiled shirts and the twinkle, which hurts his feet.

"The interviews did one thing—they let the cat out of the bag. It was learned that the trio made a trip this week to the Fin and Feather Club Lake, over the protests of their wives, and when they got back their wives had flown. All three are at the Reese. They registered there on Tuesday in the following order—J. Giraud, Patricia Hicks, Mrs. Sam Field. Is there any significance in this?

"'We will organize a league,' said Mr. Giraud. 'It will be the Equal Rights League. Only married men will be eligible for membership, for of course only married men need it. And by concerted action we hope to bring sufficient pressure to bear to relieve our unhappy plight.'

"'How will you go about it? Petition the Legislature?'

"'No, no. We wish to exert only a moral influence. We are opposed to coercion of every kind. First, we will hold a monster parade in order to test our strength. It will also serve the purpose of separating the sheep from the goats.'

"Announcement of the League's formation is bound to create a furore. The dauntless three who conceived the idea are perhaps our wealthiest citizens, so it will not lack for backing, and their wives cut a considerable swath in society. That the League will receive a host of supporters goes without saying.

"When made acquainted with the project last night, Mr. Lang Wharton, president of the Dixie Golf Club, expressed the warmest enthusiasm.

"'Our members will join the League to a man,' he said. 'You can say we'll have a band in the parade.'"

I groaned and laid down the paper, dizzy in the head. The words of the article seemed to burn into my brain, m'sieu. What had I done? How woefully indiscreet and rash—surely I could not have said all that. I distinctly remembered having talked with a young man of engaging manners who represented himself as a journalist—but he had not made a note—there had been no interview. Aha, the accursed Old Hens! That was it.

And what would Madame Giraud say to this exhibition? At the thought a wave of tenderness surged over me. I would go back to her at the Reese immediately. I would deny it all and beg her to forgive; again I would clasp her in my arms.

With this aim in view I sprang energetically from bed, and the top of my head almost snapped off. M'sieu, I had forgotten the good cheer provided the night before; I had forgotten the Old Hens. And while I stood clasping my throbbing brow, in burst M'sieu Field, freshly shaved, pink, hearty and bubbling over with life.

"What'd I tell you?" he cried. "It's the biggest thing of the year, Henree. Why, we'll tear this old burg wide open. I've got three bands, the Chamber of Commerce, the Cattlemen's Association, the Ad League, the Ministerial Association, and every single member of the two country clubs. They all want to march."

"Alas, m'sieu, I do not think——"

"You're not weakening, Henree?"

Before I could reassure him a servant entered to summon me to the telephone.

"It's Jane," declared my host, "I'll bet a farm. Don't go. Or, if you do, tell her you'll talk to her when she's home where she ought to be, and not before. That's what I told Meg. She got me out of bed before eight o'clock to find out what I meant by it."

I hardly heard his advice. Ah, my friend, you cannot conceive the emotions that agitated me as I picked up the receiver. I thought I should swoon. To hear again the accents of my beloved, to assure her—I am persuaded, m'sieu, that if Madame had in that critical moment spoken softly and kindly to her husband, his generous heart would have responded. Yes; I would have deserted them to fly to her. But what I heard was:

"Hello, hello! Is that you, Henree? What makes you so husky? Speak up! How dare you tell the papers——"

And my impulse was checked. Her harshness had the effect of a dash of cold water in the face. I replied icily:

"When you awake to your duty, madame, and return to your home, I will talk to you, but not before. If——"

A sharp click in my ears jarred me to the backbone; she had hung up with a bang. I returned to M'sieu Field.

"So that is finished," I said cheerfully. "What are our plans for the day, my friend? Let us to work."

"Henree," broke out the worthy fellow, "you're a wonder. You're the original try-it-once kid."

Bien, we held the parade. It was four miles long and stopped traffic for an hour. Little had we recked of the avalanche our plan would set in motion. The response was spontaneous, bewildering, magnificent.

Husbands flocked to our standard. They left their businesses, abandoned their customary pursuits, to join the cause. Even as we moved in serried ranks up the avenue they darted from the sidewalks to swell the array. The plaudits were deafening. Strong men wept, women fainted, the police were powerless.

The Sign of Nurse in the SAN-TOX Druggist

Look For This Drug Store

Only druggists with an established reputation for honesty, integrity and fair dealing are permitted to handle the SAN-TOX Line of Toilet Articles and Household Preparations.

Before any SAN-TOX Druggist placed SAN-TOX on his shelves he was required to rigidly investigate the entire line of more than 125 items and by so doing thoroughly satisfy himself that each one will substantiate his personal guarantee.

San-Tox

The Public Service Line

You will know the one "best" drug store in **your** locality by the sign of the Nurse on the window. Go there for all your toilet requisites and household preparations. The SAN-TOX Druggist will unhesitatingly recommend SAN-TOX because he knows that you will be delighted—that you will come back for more. He will cheerfully and without argument refund the price of any SAN-TOX item which does not satisfy you in every particular.

THE DEPREE CHEMICAL COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Wives who had never detected a symptom of rebellion in their mates were left deserted. Their hitherto dutiful spouses could not resist the call; blood cried to blood; they swung by in the procession, staring the ladies defiantly in the eye. Recruits appeared in hundreds from unsuspected sources.

First came a band, then two banners; behind them an automobile bedecked with flowers. In it rode the founders of the League—myself in the place of honor, Messieurs Sam Field and Joe Hicks on either side. How they yelled and huzzaed when they beheld me, all those waiting thousands! Never had I received such ovations, not even in the palmiest days of my professional career. And never had I appeared to such advantage. Repeatedly I rose in the car to acknowledge the shouts, and the thunderous plaudits broke out anew.

Behind us streamed the host of Leaguers, rank on rank, never ending. A superb spectacle: bands blaring, streamers flying, banners flaunting the breeze; men on horseback, men afoot, automobiles loaded like a six-o'clock jitney.

Some of the devices displayed were extremely pithy. Besides the banner of the League bearing our slogan, We Demand Our Rights, were many of individual invention: Give Us Liberty or Death! No Hooking up the Back! Treat Us as Well as You Would the Furnace Man! One Night Off a Week!

Yet among the watchwords flung to the wind were several I would willingly have dispensed with, but in every great movement one must put up with the bad for the sake of the good. For instance, M'sieu Joe hired a stout varlet to march in the middle of the procession with a perfectly huge banner inscribed: No More Boiled Shirts.

The spectacle amazed the town.

"Wonderful!"

"Great!"

"Fine work, Giraud! You're a wiz!"

Prominent citizens, leaders in the professions and the world of business, crowded about me to offer felicitations when the parade had dispersed. Journalists besieged me at every turn, pressing for a statement.

"It is only the start," I assured them.

"What comes next? More demonstrations?"

The moment had arrived to play my trump card. If that did not bring them home nothing would.

"You have guessed it. Another demonstration, but this time it will be the ladies."

"Ladies?" they echoed.

"To be sure. The Anti-Suffrage League of this fair city has joined our ranks. They propose to entertain us with a luncheon. Madame Twiller can give you the details."

It was easy to see that the reporters were impressed. Mention of the rich and fascinating Madame Twiller had instantly given them visions of front-page articles illustrated with pictures of the beauty.

"And you can say for me," added M'sieu Sam Field in high feather, "that we haven't fairly begun yet. You can say for me that we'll put into the field a candidate for President."

"What!!"

"Why not? The Equal Rights League is only one day old and has eleven thousand members. In six months we'll have ten million at the lowest computation. Do you begin to get me?

"And we've got a platform that'll appeal to every voter. What does he care about the average party plank? Junk, I tell you. Junk!"

M'sieu Field was beginning to perspire in his excitement. "But when you begin to talk about equal rights for the downtrodden husband you're on ground he knows. He'll go bald-headed for a platform like that. Why, it's the biggest thing in American history since Washington crossed the Delaware. Before spring gets here we'll be a national party and we'll put up a candidate against Bryan."

"Who'll he be, Sam?" they demanded.

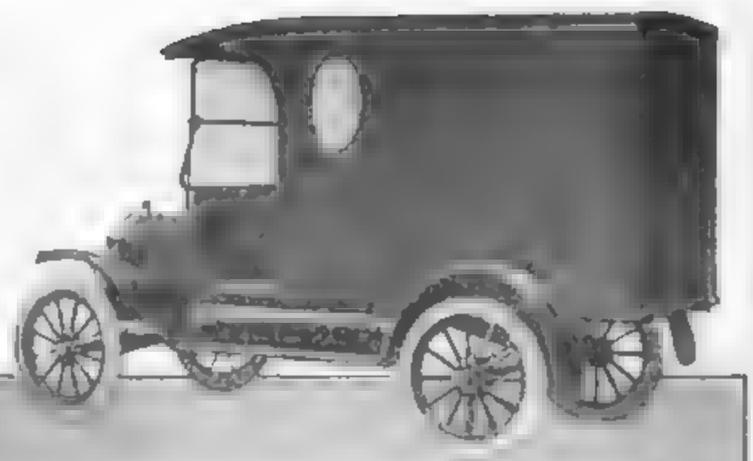
Try as I would, I could not hide my confusion. For all eyes turned at once toward me as my noble friend exclaimed, with a gesture truly dramatic:

"Who else but Henree Giraud?"

Frantic yells broke forth; cheer upon cheer and shouts of joy. Men slapped one another on the back and roared their delight. Many were so overcome with emotion that tears coursed down their cheeks and speech was denied them. I bowed again and again. Ah, if my dear mother could have seen me then!

(Continued on Page 52)

BABCOCK BODIES *for* FORD CARS



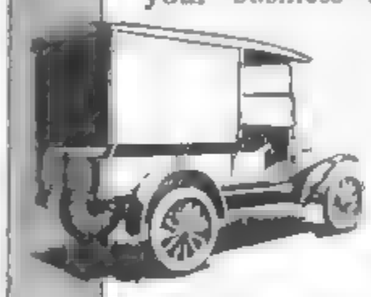
Babcock Bodies put within your reach these sturdy reliable delivery cars—low in cost and maintenance; high in money-saving value for your business.

Just what you want

There are nine different types from which you can select a body exactly suited to your business requirements.

Strong and light

Efficient design—selected woods—open-hearth steel braces—quality workmanship—built on the Ford idea.



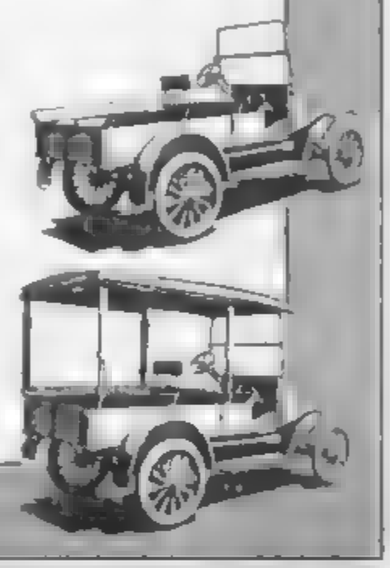
Quality at low cost

Babcock Bodies are built in thousand lots on the unit plan. Each body gets the benefit of quantity production and you get the utmost quality at the lowest cost.

Ask your Ford Dealer for information, or write us for illustrated Booklet.

FORD DEALERS: Write for our Sales Proposition.

H. H. BABCOCK COMPANY
Watertown, N. Y.



Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose Won't Twist or Kink

IF lawn hose has five layers of alternate active rubber and seamless braided cotton, that hose is bound to last longer than ordinary hose.

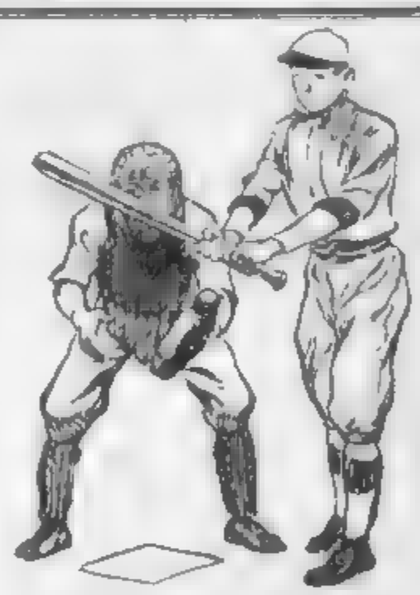
If it has six extra large rubber ribs, running the full length of the hose, that hose is protected from twisting and kinking.

You have probably been disappointed time and time again, because you bought hose that was *just* hose. Don't do it again.

Ask your dealer for Goodyear-Akron Hose. Be sure that it bears the Goodyear-Akron trademark. Then you will know that you are purchasing lawn hose that will not crack, kink or leak—hose that will last several seasons with continual satisfaction.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON Lawn Hose



"Batter Up"

All through the South the big league teams are working out. Every morning there is batting practice; but a big-leaguer gets out of a sipping two-bagger no more joy than you do.

The big league teams and the college teams are now ready—in one way; they have their outfits—brand new—from caps to spikes.

Are YOU ready too?

Is your glove right? Do you need a pair of spiked shoes? How about that uniform?

You and your team mates can get your boys' baseball outfits this coming season free of charge. We will outfit hundreds of boys' teams this year. Why not yours? Don't let the season find you unprepared. Write us *now*. Send the coupon today.

Sales Division, Box 303
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia
Gentlemen: How can I get my baseball outfit from you free?

Name _____

Address _____

SIMMONS BEDS

SIMMONS COMPANY TRADE MARK

**Greater Beauty—
Better Finish—
Stronger Construction—
Lighter Weight!**

Steel Beds Perfected!

STEEL has long been recognized as an ideal material for the metal bed. Simmons has recently perfected a process to draw and electrically weld polished, cold-rolled, strip steel into perfect tube. This has made steel beds of refinement at last possible.

The new tubing, round or square, and the machines upon which it is made are both Simmons inventions. Basic United States patents protect them. Hence, the new Simmons Steel Beds are exclusively a Simmons product. Look for the Simmons name on the foot rail.

See Your Dealer's Exhibit of SIMMONS BEDS

Simmons Steel Beds are made in many designs impossible in old-style iron. There are no screws or bolts to come loose and rattle; each joint is electrically welded and fused perfectly into a single piece of reinforced thickness—sturdy, rigid beds. Weighing a third less, they move easily without marring floors or tearing rugs.

The surface of the steel, burnished to saw-blade fineness, takes a porcelain-like finish heretofore impossible of attainment on the old-style tube.

Coat after coat of tough, elastic Simmons Enamel is flowed on, each coat being individually baked. The result, glass-like in its perfection, is permanent almost as the steel itself.

Simmons Company have just placed stocks of their new models of metal beds with retail furniture stores throughout the United States. Go and see them. A surprise awaits you finishes such as you never dreamed possible on metal—beds which, at first glance, you can hardly believe are of everlasting, sanitary steel.

The beds are made in a great variety of styles. There are models to harmonize with each type of bedroom furnishings. There are sizes for every room. The range of price meets every requirement.

Charming color themes are carried out in soft, delicate shades; there are beautiful Oak, Mahogany, American and Circassian Walnut finishes. Hand-decorated styles harmonize with the painted-wood bedroom furniture so much in vogue. Others in quaint, old-fashioned lacquer effects will give you novel suggestions for bedroom decoration.

And what must interest every buyer is Simmons gigantic volume of manufacture, and Simmons financial and productive resources. These have made possible the development of quality to the highest standards yet attained in steel-bed manufacture.

The Prices Are Moderate—Within the Reach of Everyone

Dealers will be glad to have Saturday Evening Post readers inspect these new Simmons Beds. If they haven't in stock the exact model and finish you want, they will obtain from the Simmons factory large size photographs of the beds you prefer.

Always Buy a Simmons Spring for a Simmons Bed

SIMMONS SPRINGS

SIMMONS COMPANY TRADE MARK

Choose The Exact Spring That Suits You

Quality Springs Fairly Priced!

THAT Simmons Beds, both brass and steel, might be as comfortable as they are beautiful—as restful to the body as they are pleasing to the eye; as useful as they are ornamental, Simmons Company maintain at Kenosha, Wisconsin, a great Spring factory—the biggest in the world.

Simmons warrant covers both Springs and Bed. For nearly fifty years Simmons have been making Springs. During that time everything that could add to comfort has been adopted. Since a third of your life is spent in bed, for comfort and health, see that your bed is equipped with Simmons Springs.

Let Your Dealer Show You SIMMONS SPRINGS

Simmons Springs are sold at sane prices—as low as the decreased cost of enormous production can make them, but high enough to protect you from inferior materials and careless workmanship.

Simmons Company make both link fabric and coil springs, the two great types stamped as standard by public approval—a hundred styles to fit all Simmons Beds. The four illustrated here are representative.

This wide range of Simmons Spring styles is most important to you. It permits you to pick the pliability and resiliency best suited to your individual comfort.

Consciously or unconsciously, you find certain types of springs uncomfortable. You do not relax—do not get the full benefit from your sleep. Night after night of unrefreshing slumber can become a serious menace to health.

There is at least one style of Simmons Spring that will exactly suit you.

Link Fabric Springs

Springs of this type take their name from the pliable link fabric top first made and patented by Simmons. Simmons make many styles of link fabric springs. Best known is their No. 3526, the "Nonsag" illustrated above.

Simmons "Nonsag Spring" is constructed upon a steel frame with malleable corners—light, graceful, sanitary, strong; is fitted with the Simmons Double Wire Link Fabric suspended from oil tempered Carbon Steel Helicals and **center strengthened with a strip of pliable steel.** It is the most comfortable link Spring ever produced. Each side has the advantages of a single bed. Two people of different weights sleeping on this spring do not roll together.

Our 3506 is another popular number.

Coil Springs

Simmons Company make a range of coil springs, graded in tension to suit the individuality of the user. Varying styles permit you to pick the exact kind you want.

No. 2452, Simmons "Silent Night" Spring, shown here, is a double deck of eighty yielding coils. Every coil, connected to all its neighbors by small, horizontal springs, acts in gentle unison, and fits the body perfectly

No 2426, the other coil spring pictured, is slightly firmer owing to less flexible coil connections. This is one of our very popular styles.

Remember, dealers can supply you with a Simmons Coil Spring of the resilience you prefer.

Always Ask for Simmons Springs

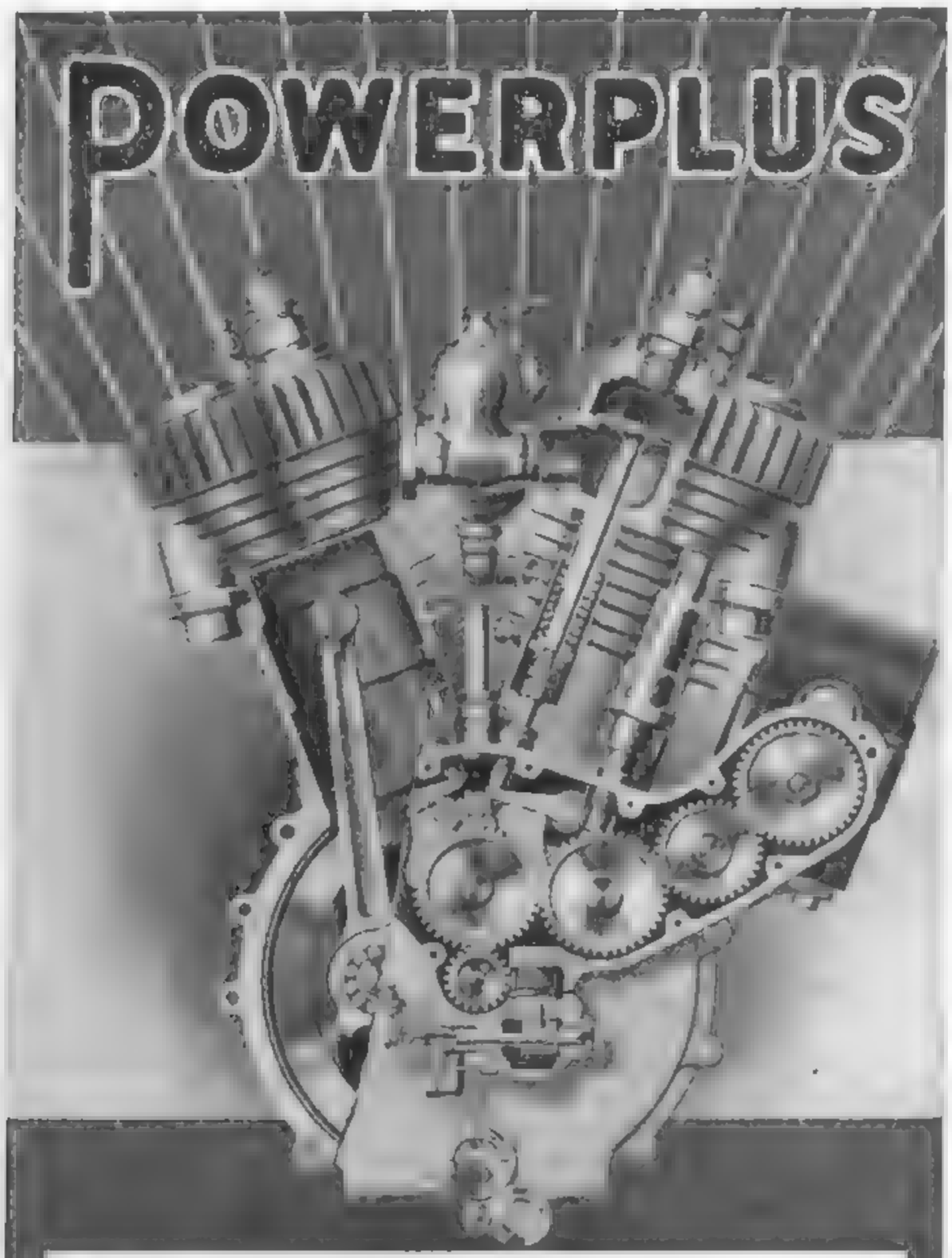
Simmons Beds are the utmost in appearance; Simmons Springs are the utmost in comfort. In every city, town and village, Simmons Dealers supply both.

SIMMONS COMPANY

Branch Warehouses at
Boston
New York
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Richmond, Va.
Pittsburg
Cleveland
Cincinnati
Atlanta
Detroit

The World's Largest Makers of Metal Beds and Springs
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Western Factory, San Francisco, Cal.

Branch Warehouses at
Indianapolis
Chicago
St Louis
St Paul-Minneapolis
Denver
Seattle
Portland, Ore.
San Francisco
Los Angeles



Indian with New Powerplus Motor

THE far-ahead standard of quietness, cleanliness, accessibility, simplicity, speed, power! The most wonderful advancement and example of mechanical completeness in motorcycle history!

A machine that has, almost daily since its introduction, astonished the world by feats of power, speed, hill-climbing and general endurance.

The 1916 Indian, with new Powerplus motor, is an acknowledged masterpiece—a created whole.

Right out of the crate any *stock* Powerplus, cleanly, silently, easily, hits the trail at approximately 70 miles an hour.

It is the all-drop-forge machine. 81 steel drop forgings embodied in the 1916 model. No other motorcycle made has this great number of drop forgings.

These Samson pieces make the 1916 Indian a machine which withstands, with smallest wear and operating cost, the hardest tests to which a motorcycle can be subjected.

The expensiveness and fineness of Indian construction are comparable with those of a high grade motor car.

For these excellent reasons, we assert our earned right to call the 1916 Indian wonderful in all the word means.

2800 Dealers Everywhere

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HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 701 State St., Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

Indian

(Continued from Page 49)

The journalists hurried off to pen their articles, and we went into executive session at M'sieu Field's house. At least, that is what he called it, although the proceedings seemed to me to partake more of the nature of a convivial gathering. But when one throws his hat into the arena of politics one must be reconciled to anything.

In the midst of the festivities Madame Giraud called me up the second time, to ascertain how far this monkey business, as she termed it, was to be carried? But I was prepared. My rejoinder was: "Where are you talking from? The house?"

"No, the Reese. I want you to come over here for ——"

"When you awake to a sense of your duty, madame, and return home, I will talk to you, but not before."

And our conversation ended as before, only more abruptly.

Said M'sieu Joe to me about midnight: "Mighty fine while it lasts, hey? But think of to-morrow, Henree. Gee! I've had eight of them Old Hens, and Patsy made me swear never to take more'n two."

"Aw, forget Patsy!" scoffed our host

"I can't," answered M'sieu Joe miserably.

In saying this he did not exaggerate. Nor did he have the opportunity to forget her. For hardly had I got the sleep out of my eyes next morning and opened the paper to read the account of our stupendous achievement and the impetus given to the new movement by the alliance with the Anti-Suffrage League under the captaincy of the beautiful Mrs. Twiller—hardly had I glanced at a few of her pictures –than there came a ring at the front door, a woman's voice, sounds of an altercation.

I stole out into the hall and peeped over the banisters just in time to see Madame Patsy push wrathfully past the shocked butler and jerk back the door of the breakfast room. Inside sat M'sieu Joe and our host.

"So!" said Madame, breathing through her nose.

"Don't say it here," begged her husband.

"I wouldn't waste my breath on you. Where's your hat?"

"Why? I ain't through eating yet, honey."

"You're coming home with me, and right now too. The car's outside."

"No, I ain't, either."

"Do you think," cried Madame, "I'm going to sit quietly by and let you make a fool of yourself? Going to lunch with a lot of shes and get yourself talked about, hey? Not if I know it. You come on home with me. You might as well forget the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Twiller this minute—the hussy! I'll bet she did it to get her picture in the paper."

M'sieu Joe put down his napkin, but he did not move. He was slightly pale round the ears and his voice trembled, but his look denoted inflexible determination.

"Not till you say you're sorry," he declared. "I won't budge one step till you do, Patsy."

"I'm sorry get your hat. Anti-Suffrage League—the very idea! And as for you, Sam Field, you'd best think up something mighty quick, for your wife'll be here in less'n five minutes."

Madame Field was returning home? My allies were deserting? It behooved me to act with decision and promptitude. I darted back into the bedroom and hurriedly donned my clothes.

The front door banged on the Hickses; exit M'sieu Joe. Hardly had the echo died away than it opened on Madame Field, who came fluttering tearfully into her husband's eager arms as I started to descend the stairs.

And then the telephone rang. The butler moved to answer it, but I was too quick for him. Yes, m'sieu, I knew who was on that wire. Call it what you will—intuition, chance, love's sixth sense—but my whole being cried out that it was my wife summoning me.

"Henree, dear," murmured a soft, penitent voice; "I'm home. Won't you ——"

I did not wait to hear more. Babbling some inarticulate words of relief I hung up, and seized my hat and overcoat.

"Won't you wait till I order the car, sir?" asked the butler.

"No. Wait? Never, Norton. Send my things to my house."

"Very well, sir."

The lackey seemed worried as he helped me on with my coat.

Time: all day long.
Place: the Sterling Kitchens. Not a bare hand in sight. Bright Sunlight. Pleasant faces. Snowy caps and clothes.
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CINNAMON CUT
And —fresh, white gloves every morning for every hand.
Peppermint—In Red Wrapper
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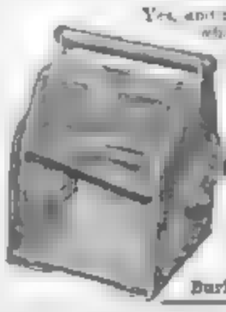

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Makes a pen that will never rust or corrode. Always writes [illegible] No Spatter [illegible] each pen of [illegible] with offer of valuable premium, worth $1.25

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Wears four times as long as common pens

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show this standard high grade 42 key fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein it excels any other $100 typewriter, if by doing this and rendering [illegible] you could easily have one GIVEN YOU to keep as your own? Then by post card or letter to us simply say: "Send Particulars"

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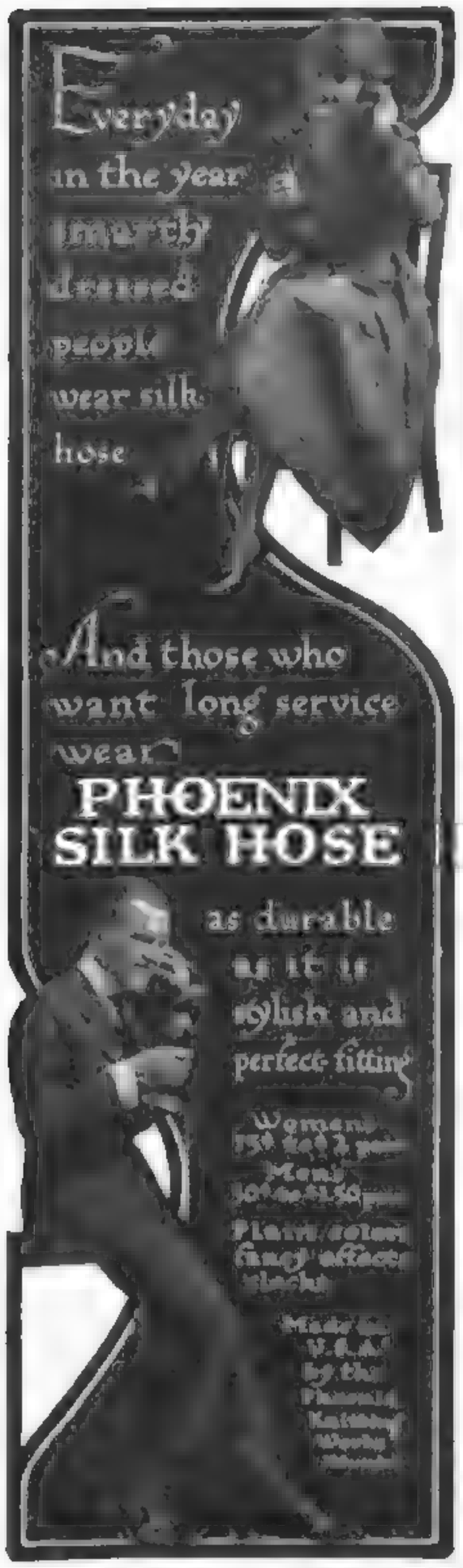

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Carry it with you always. Keep a bottle in the house.

Be sure to get genuine New-Skin

See directions and circular. Prices (in U. S.): 10c, 25c. At all druggists. Or send us 25c in stamps for the larger size by mail.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

Also in 5 and 10 cent red and gold paper cartons.

"And the League, sir?" he inquired softly. "You see, sir, I joined it too. And we 'ad such 'igh 'opes ——"

"The League, Norton, is dead—defunct—busted."

"Very good, sir." But he sighed.

And that, m'sieu, is the story of how we won our rights. The French have a saying *Tout finit par des chansons*, and so it proved with us. How? I will tell you. Attend.

Said my wife to me that evening as I sat reading to her from a book of travels—said my wife, fondling my hand:

"Henree, how would you like to have a few of your friends in to dinner some night?"

"Admirable suggestion, my angel."

She hesitated awhile, then asked:

"Would you have to invite Sam Field?"

"Assuredly, my child."

"Well—if you have to. But I don't think he's a desirable companion for you at all, Henree. I don't think he has a good influence."

We were lovingly debating this point when a maid entered. "Mr. Hicks is on the phone, Mr. Giraud."

I frowned. More duck hunts? Or a meeting of the Equal Rights League? Bah! They should not inveigle me into any more of their absurd projects. But M'sieu Joe's first words relieved my anxiety.

"Say, I'm plumb scared, Henree. I am, honest."

"What now, my friend?"

"Why, she brought me my slippers tonight. Huh? Sure! And she lets me take my coat off and smoke the old corncob."

"Excellent! Congratulations!"

"It can't last," he replied resignedly. "Not a chance. But, gee, Henree, ain't it great so far?"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Up to His Chief

A WOMAN, obviously demented, was admitted one day to the office of Postmaster-General Burleson.

"Didn't you know that woman was crazy when you let her in?" the postmaster-general indignantly asked one of his clerks.

"Sure," said the clerk, "but I didn't know what else to do with her."

Waiting Troops

PARISIANS used to claim that all Swiss were waiters. A Paris paper once printed a story about the visit of the Kaiser to Switzerland. The Swiss troops were drawn up for review.

"Just as the Kaiser began to review the troops," said the Paris writer, "some rascal shouted *'Garçon!'*

"And every soldier dropped his musket, touched his hat and said obsequiously: *'Oui, Monsieur.'*"

Lacking the Makings

A BIG Western railroad man was on a tour of Montana. He stopped at a small town named Bowler and went into one of the eight saloons.

"Make me a Manhattan cocktail!" ordered the empire builder.

"I'm sorry, sir," the bartender replied, "but I ain't got an onion in the house."

Worse and Worse

A NEGRO elevator man in a Broadway office building was telling Bide Dudley, the New York theatrical writer, that his landlord had forced him out of his home because he could not meet an increased rental.

"So he dispossessed you?" said Dudley sympathetically.

"Wuss'n dat, boss," said the darky, "he disflatted me!"

Plenty Left

WHEN Oscar Hammerstein was building his London opera house a head carpenter came to him one day with the information that a mechanic had just had two fingers cut off by a circular saw.

"Don't bother me!" shouted Hammerstein. "Don't bother me! Hasn't he eight fingers left?"

Fitting

HANSEN GLOVES do more than fit the hand—they fit the occasion. When you wear a Hansen Glove you combine the satisfaction of infallible style with the comfort of a glove exactly planned for the time, place and use required.

This *Hansenbilt Washable* for semi-dress combines elegance with practical convenience. Because of the wonderful tannage this glove can be washed and will dry out as soft and shapely as new.

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For automobile driving and sport—for every kind of work—there's the correct Hansen glove or mitten. Lined and unlined—all soft, strong, flexible, *efficient*. Write for book. If your dealer is not supplied let us know. Please write for further details. Address

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DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

PIONEERS

IN every avenue of human endeavor the pioneer is the forerunner of progress.

In science and invention, in industry and commerce, as well as in the sturdier tasks of empire building, the pioneer leads the way.

Obstacles bar his path, but he overcomes them—prejudice and skepticism block the way, but he is undaunted.

He is the trail blazer—the foundation builder—the map maker.

Five years ago the automobile industry was startled by the announcement that an electric cranking and lighting system—the Delco—had been adopted as standard equipment by a well known motor car.

This marked a new epoch in automobile development.

Foremost electrical engineers declared that it was impractical.

Failure for the new system and for the motor car manufacturer who had adopted it was predicted on every hand.

But it did not fail—

On the contrary, it revolutionized the entire motor car industry.

The years of pioneering that had preceded its introduction had been well done.

Three and a half years ago the first national advertising of this new system said:

"Haste was made slowly in the pioneering work.

"It was recognized from the outset that the perfecting of the system from a mechanical standpoint was the vital factor—the Delco System was designed to relieve the automobile owner of trouble, and it was especially important that the system itself should be trouble-proof in order that it might not defeat its own purpose.

"Then, too, the importance was realized of safeguarding both manufacturers and owners by proper patent protection.

"The Delco Company surrounded its product with broad basic patents in order to insure the ability to make future improvements unhampered and to protect Delco users from patent annoyances."

This pioneering work was all done before the system was even offered to an automobile manufacturer.

And now after the lapse of five years three hundred and thirty-five thousand owners of Delco equipped cars are the living proof of the soundness and thoroughness of Delco pioneering.

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

And PATENTS

AND not only has the Delco System proved its right to leadership along technical and mechanical lines—

But Delco patents, broad and comprehensive as they are, have laid the foundation for complete protection of makers and owners of electrically equipped cars.

The basic claims of some of these patents have recently come up for adjudication in the highest patent court and have been broadly sustained.

And in addition there have just been issued new patents which with the others cover the achievements of this long period of development work in electric cranking and lighting.

All of these patents, supplemented as they are soon to be by further issues, adequately insure the permanency and stability of the industry.

The trail that was blazed by the Delco Company has opened up a broad new field, requiring the highest type of technical and inventive skill in its development.

An entirely new branch of industry has been created—an industry that has not only broadened the scope and usefulness of the motor car in this country, but that has given great impetus to the export trade.

Here again is exemplified the wisdom and foresight of the founders of this country in providing in the Constitution an encouragement for invention in the form of patent protection, as a reward for meritorious achievement.

That is the way the Delco Company looks upon a patent—as a reward issued by the Government to compensate the pioneer for risks assumed and hardships endured.

And while these patents carry with them rights that must be respected by others, there is no inclination on the part of this Company to use them to embarrass or hamper the development of the industry.

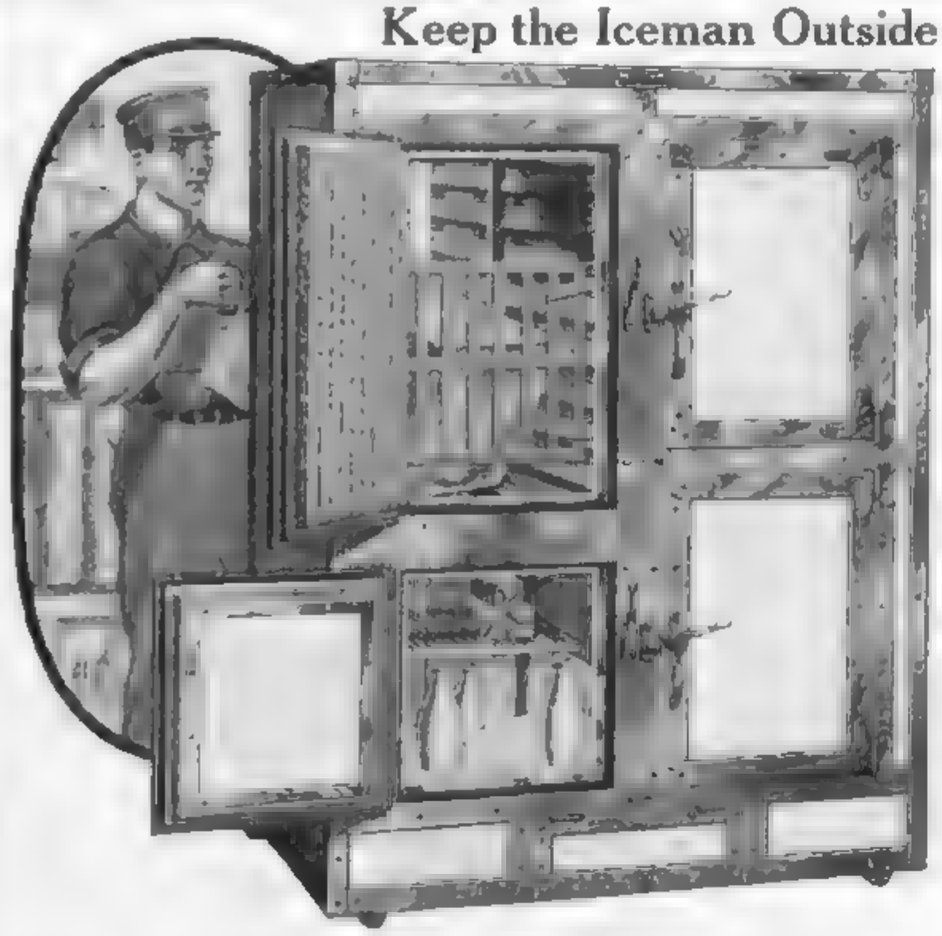
On the contrary, they will be used constructively to build up and safeguard the industry, to encourage progress and improvement, to advance standards of quality and promote economy of production.

In this constructive way the revolutionizing influence of Delco pioneering will reach its fullest development.

The best interests of the entire cranking, lighting and ignition industry will be advanced and safeguarded—and the rights of both manufacturers and owners of motor cars will be fully protected.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio

Keep the Iceman Outside



Snow White Opal Glass

If you are even thinking of buying a refrigerator for the old or new home, you will want to know about McCray Sanitary Refrigerators. The food compartments are lined with white opal glass—nearly one-half inch thick—practically unbreakable—the cleanest and most sanitary lining known. McCray Refrigerators are scientifically insulated and have a continuous circulation of cold, dry air that keeps food fresh and healthful. They may be arranged with outside icing door—a great convenience. Every McCray is guaranteed.

The McCray No. 8421 (with Opal Glass Exterior and Interior and nickel-plated trimmings) illustrated, is a special design built to order.

McCray Refrigerators

Are sold only at the McCray Agencies in the Principal Cities and Direct from the Factory

Our very complete line of large and small sizes meets almost every requirement, but for special needs McCray Refrigerators are built to order in accordance with architects' specifications to conform to the house plan and match the interior finish

McCray Refrigerators are also built in all sizes for every requirement of hotels, clubs, restaurants, florists, institutions, grocers, markets, etc.

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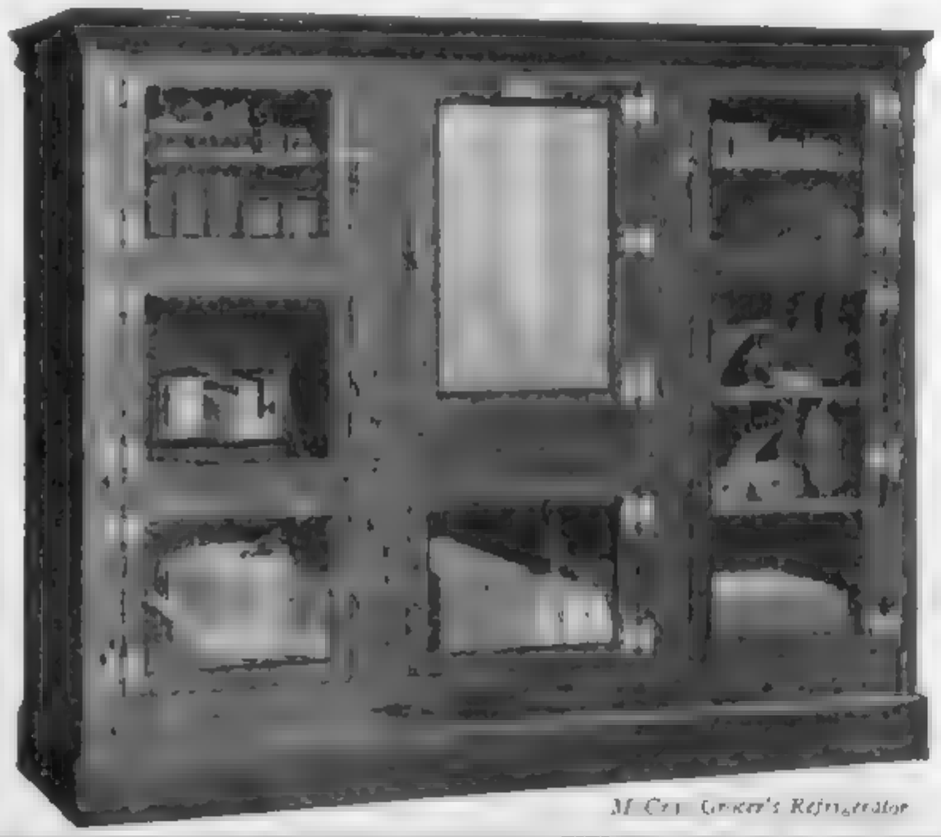


McCray Grocer's Refrigerator

MAKING A STRIKELESS STATE

(Continued from Page 8)

The employer went into the office and emerged with a nice upholstered chair.

"There, Pat; sit down and be comfortable. I'll lower the awning here so it'll be shady, and you can see everything that goes on. Smoke this cigar, and perhaps the world won't come to an end after all."

An hour later he looked out. Pat was gone. At ten-thirty the men were back at work on their own initiative.

Later a very sheepish committee from the employees visited the employer and the grievance was amicably adjusted in an orderly way.

A whole lot of employees don't give a rap about belonging to a union; but even they don't like to be told that the union is simply a scheme to get a slice of their pay, and that their real welfare can be cared for only by the employer. This sort of argument touches the pride of employees, and when *that* is touched a diplomat skilled in the knowledge of human relations is needed to deal with the situation.

In an establishment where it was known that the employer would discharge employees or discriminate against them if they joined a union industrial peace reigned for a number of years. Then a psychological hour arrived and, without any apparent leadership or inspiration, most of the help formed a union of their own and applied for membership in the craft affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Then the storm broke. The employees did not even wait for a representative to complete their organization; nor did they apply for sanction or advice. Obsessed by an exhilarating feeling of power, which collective numbers stimulate, they just went on strike.

For three days the striking employees did nothing else but present and listen to grievances, real and fancied. It had been the policy of the employer to deal with the individual. He had consistently refused to deal with a shop committee or a committee of any sort acting for other employees. Therefore the meetings of the strikers were enlivened with scores of individual grievances of long standing. Some of the grievances were of themselves of small consequence; but they served to inflame the minds of the employees.

A woman employee told them that, three years before, oil dropping from the floor above had ruined a shirt waist which had cost her $1.35. She had requested the foreman to ask the employer to make good the damage. He laughed at her, she said. Then she went to the office; but her efforts to see the employer were unsuccessful. After several attempts she gave up the endeavor; but she did not forget, and her story added more fuel to the flames of rancor.

Storing Up Old Grievances

A veteran who had been employed in one department for twenty-eight years was out sick for three weeks. When he returned a new employee was running the machine he had operated. There was some delay before he got it back, and that soured his disposition.

Fully one hundred and eighty to three hundred odd employees gave utterance to similar grievances, each one more or less trivial, but formidable in the aggregate.

I listened to a recitation of this accumulation of grievances and then suggested that the striking employees prepare a list of requests they desired the employer to grant.

I did not present this list until the employer had explained in detail the many reasons he gave for believing that the employees were ungrateful, thoughtless and hasty. From his standpoint, he had always considered their welfare. Any employee, he said, who became dissatisfied with wage and conditions could always appeal to him. He "pointed with pride" to the fact that only one appeal had reached him in seven years.

"So, you see, there can't be anything unfair about the wages, else I'd hear more of it," he declared.

"How did you treat the case the employee presented?" I inquired.

"Why, this man claimed that a slight change in the method of doing the work he was on made it more difficult for him to earn as much as he had under the old system. Foolish, of course. The superintendent had made it easier for him, but he couldn't or wouldn't see it. I backed up the superintendent. It would have been bad for the discipline if I hadn't. I hold him responsible for labor costs and production, and it is up to him to deal with the employees without bothering me with the details. I've told him to get rid of any man who isn't satisfied with his job."

Right there was the serious defect in his system. He had unconsciously removed himself from the most important function of the industry—dealing with his own employees. In fixing a rigid standard of costs, and holding the superintendent responsible for its strict observance, he thought it was only fair to give this official full power in dealing with employees. The superintendent and foremen, having knowledge of the employer's reluctance to mix in matters of employment, naturally discouraged any desire in the minds of the workers to carry their grievance higher up.

So the industry continued. On the surface, from time to time, were the usual cases of discord that arise in any establishment; but they were individual grievances or those in which only a few were concerned. Naturally the superintendent, having settled them to his own satisfaction, dismissed the cases from his mind. He overlooked the fact that an employee has fewer things to think about and that things which appear trivial to the superintendent loom large to the individual employee. He could not be expected to carry the details of several hundred grievances in his mind, but each of the several hundred employees remembered and nursed every point in his or her individual case.

Why Minnie Was Fired

The employer finally conceded that a system of employment that permitted the mental storage of grievances could be improved. The strike was amicably adjusted. One of the most important provisions of the agreement was the establishment of a standing shop committee, chosen by the employees, to which any grievance not otherwise adjusted might be referred. Thus, an employee with an alleged grievance could submit it to a tribunal of his associates for their consideration. If they deemed it a proper grievance it was brought to the employer's attention.

This served as a clearing house for grievances. Some such system, we have found, does much to prevent an accumulation of grievances, which sooner or later are bound to disturb relations. This particular employer found that his costs were soon decreased by an increased production. One reason, he discovered, was the fact that an employee naturally does his work more efficiently when his mind is not disturbed by a grievance.

Furthermore, to provide against a possible deadlock in the disposal of a grievance, it was agreed that any matter not adjusted by conference should be referred to the State Board for final determination. Thus, in this establishment at least, the strike and lockout method was "scrapped," once and for all.

Another case in which the human equation entered primarily came to light in a strike of girls in a textile factory. The girls had previously been out on strike and returned minus five or six of their number, among whom were the president, secretary, and other officials of the union. The company had evidently failed to provide employment for these few. The other girls, believing that discrimination had been shown, sent word to the superintendent one morning that if the girls out of employment were not reinstated before five P. M. all the girls in the shop would cease work at that hour.

The news spread over the factory and in due time reached the ears of the general manager. He went on a tour of inspection and inquiry. Presently he stood in the room where the girls were working. One of them came down the aisle with sprightly step and martial mien.

"Hi, there, Minnie!" said the general manager. "Are you going to strike?"

"Well, I should say so!" Minnie replied without pausing or losing a step.

Back she came in a moment, laden with a bundle of material. The general manager was still anxious to satisfy his curiosity.

"Say, aren't you joking about striking?" he pursued.

Minnie paused. Her head canted slightly up and down to allow her eyes to take in

his figure from top to bottom. Then she spoke:

"Anybody but a fool or a general manager would know I wasn't joking."

Minnie was not permitted to wait until five o'clock to go on strike.

While I was endeavoring to establish a good understanding, the general manager referred to this case.

"Suppose the girls asked us to take back that girl," he argued. "I'd absolutely refuse. The minute she came in the door I'd go out."

Having been discharged for cause, however, Minnie was not a striker; therefore, her case was not a part of the controversy. As a matter of fact, though, both the general manager and Minnie had been guilty of error. The mill was in charge of a superintendent. The general manager had had no close relationship whatever with the employees. He did not hire or discharge them; neither did he assign and direct the work they performed. To the help his authority was scarcely more than legendary. Therefore it was not unnatural for Minnie, in the mood that she and the other girls were, to display to him a spirit of bravado she doubtless would never have shown to the superintendent.

One of the most delicate situations in a strike settlement arises when the employees return to work. Most agreements provide that the employees shall return to their former positions and that the employer shall take them back without prejudice. In one case several employees had remained at work, and this action rankled in the minds of those who struck. When the strikers returned the two factions exchanged greetings. Expurgated, the repartee was essentially this:

"If it hadn't been for you scabs we'd have won!" a striker said.

"Go chase yourself!" the other man answered. "You bunch of bums couldn't win anything."

This sort of thing isn't particularly serious. As soon as work begins to go through in normal quantities the employees soon forget the stings, and the usual form of relationship among them is generally restored.

But it is much more serious in cases where men have been hired to "break the strike" and continue in employment after the strike is settled. The employer is in an embarrassing position. He has hired men with the understanding that their jobs would be permanent so long as they performed their work to his satisfaction. Some of them being good workmen, he would like to retain them. Before they returned to work the striking employees insisted that the strike breakers must be discharged; therefore, the employer must break faith with the new employees in order to get the old ones back.

Labor Diplomacy

One employer attempted to mix the two elements. When the old help came in some of the machines were operated by strike breakers. Those who had formerly operated the machines insisted that they should be allowed to resume them. The superintendent and foreman were beset on all sides. There was plenty of work and the whole force was needed. A strike breaker was shifted, and he quit; others said they would quit too. The returning employees threatened to go out again unless every man was given his former position, so the superintendent laid off the strike breakers and got the old help working at their usual jobs; then he hired the strike breakers again; and they "lived happy ever after."

Another case did not turn out so happily. The employer insisted that those hired during the strike should remain. There were about one hundred scattered through the various departments. When the striking employees came in one hundred or more had to go out and wait until there was opportunity for employment. Those who were inside at once began, in ways they thought best, to make life intolerable for the strike breakers. The latter found sand in their food, machine grease on their clothes, their shoes cut to shreds.

The employer, hearing of these things, started to investigate. Not being able to fix the responsibility on any person or persons, he permitted his suspicions to control his actions and discharged several of the employees. This roused the anger of all the others and they quit in a body, in spite of the fact that they had been out on strike over six weeks. The factory was then shut down. When it reopened there were no strike breakers to complicate a return to work.

A less wasteful method was adopted by an employer in a big plant where an endeavor had been made to operate with new help. When a settlement was made, ending the strike, he agreed to give employment to all those out on strike, within two weeks. It was necessary to start the departments in rotation; so he shifted what new help there was from the department where the production was started and took on the former help employed there. He followed this scheme of keeping the new help ahead of the old. At the end of two weeks he had sifted the incompetents from the new employees, and those remaining were put on jobs in the various departments to take the places of the former employees who had got work elsewhere and were not coming back.

As the result of a long strike in an industry where skilled help is required only half of the number of striking employees could be given employment when the warfare was called off. The strike had affected several employers, none of whom employed more than thirty men. The union in which the men held membership devised a plan that contemplated an examination of the skill and capacity of its members as workmen. A board of examiners was named, consisting of three journeymen members of the union, an instructor of a technical institution and three employers. In a short time the employers in the trade were only too glad to hire the men who had passed the rigid examination which qualified them as the best in the trade. This school is still maintained and has the loyal support of both employees and employers.

Old Issues and Fresh Fish

The actual cost of a strike to the parties and the public cannot be accurately determined. Though the cost to the parties can be fairly ascertained, for all concerned it is based on estimate. The cost of a strike has far-reaching possibilities.

For instance, there was a strike of fishermen employed by a large corporation. It was settled at a conference between the general manager and a committee of four representing the employees. The men returned to work and the ships left for the fishing ground. When they returned two employees who had been active in the strike were discharged. The men were informed that it was by order of the general manager. They went to him for an explanation. He told them that they had been leaders of the strikers and he did not consider that they were fit persons to be continued in the employment of the company. He also intimated that there were about twenty-five more of the men who would be discharged for the same reason as soon as he was able to pick them out.

This action and threat so incensed the men that another strike was called; and as fast as the ships came in the men were called off.

Before the board the general manager admitted that he discharged the two men because of their acts during the first strike, and that their discharge was the result of an understanding he had with the committee of employees. He claimed that the committee admitted that the two men in question were not entitled to employment, but that it would be better for all concerned to take them back with other employees when the strike was called off and discharge them later. The official acquiesced and became a party to the conspiracy.

This was something new in employment relations. It is an unwritten law that the settlement of a strike purges the striking employees of any acts—except those arrested and found guilty of criminal offenses—which may have been a source of irritation during the time the strike was on; therefore when a strike is declared off and the employer agrees to restore the men to their former positions without prejudice it is all over. The parties turn over a new leaf and start afresh.

Whether or not the agreement between the general manager and the committee of employees was actually made as the result of a suggestion on the part of the members of the committee, the former was the only one who could be held culpable; naturally the members of the committee denied knowledge of such an agreement. The general manager, having admitted that he was a party to a scheme which, to say the least, was deceptive, had to bear the burden of contumely and the loss of confidence in him as a fair employer.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

"There are two things to look for in every can of paint you buy—one is color, the other is quality."

Color is the obvious thing; quality is the vital thing, because quality means protection and that is what prevents decay. When you look into a can of

SWP

(Sherwin-Williams Prepared Paint)

picture in your mind's eye the great industry that produced it—the mines, smelters and linseed oil plants that prepared the raw materials, the laboratories that worked out the exact formula, the huge machines that mixed the ingredients, the experimental rooms, where tests for quality have been carried on for fifty years.

Then you will know how quality gets into every can of Sherwin-Williams House Paint—that quality you cannot see but which you must have to protect your buildings and lend durability to the beauty which color gives.

The Sherwin-Williams dealer in your town has the right finish for every surface in and around your home.

A free booklet to send for

Our new book of practical painting instructions—"The ABC of Home Painting"—tells you how to paint, varnish, stain or enamel any surface.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Bldg.; San Francisco, 523 Market St. Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.

They're Brim Full
of Mile-Muscle
The Master of The Road!
Inch by inch, and mile by mile, your tires must wage a ceaseless battle against the grinding, grueling roads!
Only tires that are muscular and rugged can STAND UP AND FIGHT under this constant strain.
LIKE WELL-TRAINED AND CONDITIONED ATHLETES—
Miller
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD
Tires
ARE FULL OF LUSTY VIGOR, RED BLOODED STAMINA AND STURDY ENDURANCE.
VIGOR—because the exclusive Miller Method of vulcanizing retains the natural vegetable wax and oil in the cotton fabric. It conserves the native vitality of the rubber for wear on your car.
STAMINA—because the life of a tire depends upon the maintenance of the natural lubricants in the cotton, and the native toughness of rubber throughout the process of vulcanizing.
ENDURANCE—because the cotton fabric and rubber in Miller Tires are made into a cohesive mile-producing unit, capable of resisting the severest road punishment.
And—a scientifically designed tread that gears your car to the road thru sand, slush, or mud! This tread is an added "factor of safety."
It's the right tire for your car. Dealers everywhere have Miller Tires—or will gladly secure them for you.
The Miller Rubber Company
AKRON, U. S. A.
We don't build the MOST tires, but we want you to know we build good tires

He said that it was a private dispute of a private corporation, dealing with its employees in a private way; that the public was not concerned. The error in his viewpoint was soon manifested. As a result of the second strike, which came about solely because of his violation of a strike settlement, the price of fish in this community advanced four cents a pound. Over two million pounds of fish are consumed here each week; so the act can be said to have cost the public eighty thousand dollars a week.

The board is constantly advising employers and employees, "by publication or otherwise, to give notice before resorting to strike or lockout." Immediately such a notice is given, we start work without complicating our movements with a lot of red tape.

We began a campaign of display advertising in the daily papers in 1913. The board was of opinion that if commercial advertisers could create and maintain a demand for their goods, the state could create and maintain a demand for industrial peace. The advertising served to emphasize the point that no strike or lockout was justified unless all the methods provided by law had been exhausted. It clearly outlined to employers and employees the opportunities open to them to adjust disputes by peaceful methods.

Results of Two Years' Work

"Employer and employees," the last paragraph of the advertisement pointed out, "are bound by common civic responsibilities to jointly render the public protection from industrial disturbance. During the strike each party engaged in the controversy endeavors to win public sentiment for his side, to the end that its moral decision may help him in sustaining his contentions. The parties should make every effort to consider public welfare before strike or lockout. If public sentiment is of value after a strike or lockout it surely should be respected before either takes place."

The board's advertising opened up a new field. It is merely a matter of business, though—this selling peace by advertising. The results were immediate and gratifying. Strikes and lockouts decreased over sixty per cent in 1914 and 1915. Of course advertising was not wholly responsible. Like any plan of selling, it is an essential part of the endeavor, which must be cooperative. The board followed up its advertising by letters and personal conferences with employers and employees in all parts of the state. Union labor officials and big employers have coöperated with the board in a large way. Each force is glad to assist in a method that protects them from the unnecessary waste incurred by strike or lockout, but insures to each industrial freedom.

In 1914 and 1915 the board handled four hundred and fifty-two cases, divided as follows:

Conciliation	180
Arbitration	208
Public investigation	44
Normalcy	20

This does not include another very important phase of the board's work: Employers and employees, and representatives of employers and employees, daily seek the advice of the board on questions affecting the employment relation. Unless a matter comes before the board in a formal application for arbitration, or a strike is threatened or actually occurs, no record is entered.

The average expense of a case was $57.52, which is absurdly low as compared to the expense of private arbitration, that went as high as ninety thousand dollars in one particular case.

The members of the board do not get vacations. Each year we plan a month of recreation, but our plans have become simply an accumulation of mental blue prints. In the last two years the three members of the board have traveled over eighty thousand miles within the bounds of the state. We hear cases and hold conferences at night in addition to daytime. Evening conferences are welcomed by employees especially as it does not disturb their week's pay. Again, the board has to utilize overtime to keep up with the work required of it; an industrial dispute is not like a matter before a court of law—it will not wait, and there are not any legalities to compel it to.

Evenings, Sundays and holidays haven't any restful meaning to the members of the board when endeavoring to adjust a controversy. When a strike exists, every hour it continues means losses in wages and production; when a strike is threatened, it means serious losses if it occurs. In one controversy I kept the parties in conference from Thursday until Sunday afternoon. Saturday was a legal holiday, but, aside from watching a parade that passed the building where we were conferring, our labors were not interrupted except when we took food.

At another conference negotiations were conducted from Friday afternoon until Sunday night. The parties were so close together on Sunday that none of us left the rooms in the hotel where the conference was held. At three o'clock in the afternoon we had sandwiches and coffee to fortify our good humor; the more jocular of those present called it a "Punk tea."

In weighing their civic responsibilities some employers are inconsistent in their opinions. A former governor, now deceased, told me he was inclined to favor compulsory arbitration as a method of adjusting disputes between parties engaged in railroading and other public utilities.

"How about compulsory arbitration in your factory disputes?" I asked.

"Oh, that is different!" he hastened to say. "My plant is a private enterprise—the public is not affected by its operation; not dependent on whether it goes or whether it does not."

Yet it was the largest manufactory of its kind in Massachusetts and the sole supporting industry in a town of five thousand population. If it stopped the inhabitants of the town would be without opportunity to earn a living. Having created the industry it was up to him not only to keep it going, to provide employment for those who had become dependent on it, but to adopt methods in dealing with employees that would insure the community against loss from anything likely to disturb it.

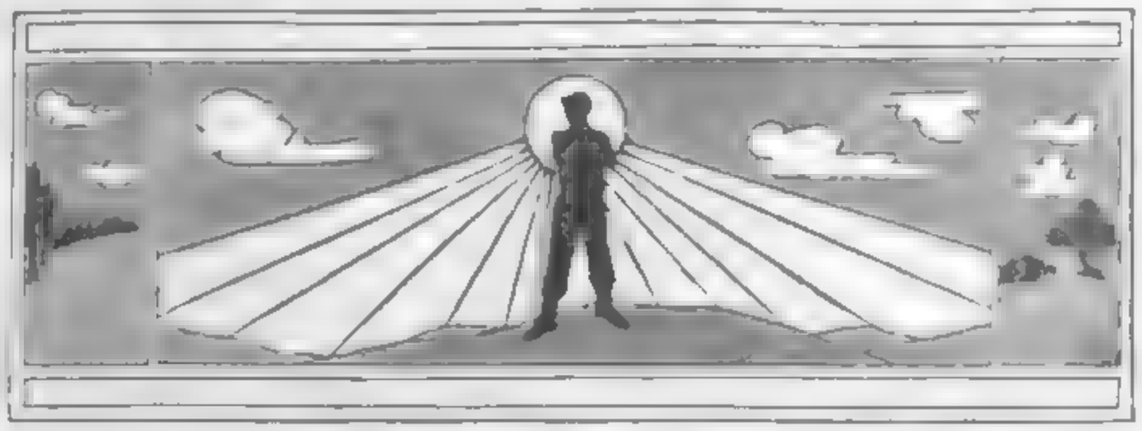
An Industrial Fire Department

The board is an industrial fire department; its members respond to the first alarm. We jump quicker perhaps when we have knowledge that a strike is threatened. Some one of us hikes to the place and gets in touch with the parties. Speed is necessary. The matters in controversy are important to the parties; therefore it is up to the board to get there quickly and devise a method of settlement that will prevent any interruption of the industry.

This is important for four good reasons: It is less difficult to establish a good understanding before the working relations of the parties have been severed; the saving of wages to employees and production to employers; protecting the community from economic losses; encouraging the parties to adopt methods of dealing with each other without the necessity of resorting to strike or lockout.

Besides, if either of the parties, or a mayor, or a selectman has notified the board of a threatened strike the Commonwealth owes it to them to give such notice prompt attention.

Thus, by active endeavor and coöperation we are slowly but surely making Massachusetts a strikeless state.



THE PRESTIGE OF A Motor Car no longer depends upon a mere name, surrounded by a fictitious atmosphere of aristocracy.

The only aristocracy in motor cars, now, is an aristocracy of merit.

It is true that the ownership of a Cadillac carries a distinct social value in every community.

But it is the *character of the car* which sheds lustre on the Cadillac name—not the name which confers lustre on the car.

Intent upon the more serious purpose of making the Cadillac as good as a motor car can be made, this Company has paid scant attention to any other aspect of the case.

Social distinction came to the Cadillac as an after-result. It was conferred by the owners themselves—as an appreciation of its more sterling qualities.

Each year the number of those amply able to pay more, but who prefer the Cadillac because of what the Cadillac is, has rapidly increased.

Each year the lure of a mere name has grown less.

It is the age-old process at work.

Neither a man, nor a motor car, can live on a name alone.

The world demands deeds from the one, and performance from the other.

In the working-out of that process, the world has bestowed greater and greater distinction upon the Cadillac.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

The Highest Paid Editor

IN THE WORLD WRITES ABOUT THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

THE career of ARTHUR BRISBANE is not more inspiring to the young man beginning life than that of CHARLES M. SCHWAB or JAMES J. HILL or ANDREW CARNEGIE; but it is not like theirs. He was not a poor boy. He had every advantage—the son of a brilliant father, regarded as a genius from his youth, privately educated abroad, widely traveled, editor of a metropolitan daily at 24.

In spite of that—we say this advisedly because it is the *lack* of these things which as a rule breeds success—Mr. BRISBANE is today the most widely known editor in the country. It is not merely that he receives a far larger salary than any other editor in the world, or even than the President of the United States. Nor simply from the fact that his editorials are read by more people than those of any editor who ever lived. He has in the highest degree a personality, and a *mind;* and this he has impressed upon his time as has no other editor since HORACE GREELEY

His Belief in Education

Like HORACE GREELEY he is a radical and an idealist. His passion is the education of the people, and the organization of democracy. He deeply believes, to put it in his expressive capitals, in the POWER of KNOWLEDGE

It is his own weapon.

It was perfectly natural therefore that the idea of distributing a large edition of such a power for popular education as THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, at a price within the reach of every home, should enlist Mr. BRISBANE'S unstinted support. He promptly wrote a personal letter to the President of Sears, Roebuck and Company, who have undertaken this distribution. Some of the things he said are worthy of attention.

"The distribution of a *million sets* of that book (THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA) would be, I believe, the greatest service you could render the public

"*It is really a misfortune for a family of children to grow up, or for a man or woman to carry on the work of self-education, without* THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA *at hand*

"The knowledge of the world condensed and arranged by the ablest scholars is in those volumes. In those pages every question is answered."

Mr. BRISBANE is known as a man of exceptional culture and very wide reading. Part of the charm and force of his writing is due to his wealth of apt illustration. Every idea, every argument, he points and punches home with some illustration from history or fiction.

His Idea of How to Read

Now listen to what he says:

"The reading of every serious book should be done with the encyclopaedia at hand. Each unfamiliar word and name should be looked up in the encyclopaedia. To develop that habit in children would be of the greatest possible value to them."

And here is his view of what the general use of such a great work of reference and education as this would mean:

"If those who have given fortunes to charity had given a hundred times as much, they could not do as much for the country as you would do in distributing a million sets of THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA."

He adds: "I see that the price charged for the new edition distributed by you is something *less than one-third of the amount that I paid* for my encyclopaedia. I am glad it is possible to make such a reduction, and I congratulate you upon having undertaken on so wide a scale the distribution of a book that is *the key of all knowledge.*"

In yet another note Mr. BRISBANE emphasizes the immense value which such a work has for the man who will keep it on his desk, within easy reach, and cultivate the *daily habit* of it.

Which Do We Need Most?

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA has already, of course, had an enormous sale. Even of the new Eleventh Edition some 75,000 sets have been sold to date. This is nothing, however, as compared with the tremendous sale of the old Ninth Edition (1875–1889), of which over 600,000 sets were sold, a very large part in the United States.

This means that of this one great work probably more copies have been sold than of all other large encyclopaedias in all the different languages of the earth put together. It is amazing to think of.

ARTHUR BRISBANE

Whose salary is larger than that of the President of the United States

But even this does not mean very much in this monster land of ours. Think of it! In the United States more than two and a half million families now own automobiles. Yet the chances are that in not one in ten of these homes is there an encyclopaedia. And which would be of larger benefit to the American people, 2,500,000 sets of THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA or 2,500,000 pleasure cars?

We think we are a serious people, and we spend more on common school education than any other nation on earth. But we do not spend nearly as much as Germany, for example, on higher education and practical and technical education. That is why, even with all our inventive genius and irrepressible energy, Germany was steadily beating us wherever we met her in the markets of the world.

Its International Scope

The new ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA is an Anglo-Saxon work of typically German thoroughness and exhaustiveness. In Germany itself there is no encyclopaedia to compare with it. Many of the most distinguished German scholars wrote for it, and it is so wholly international in its character that even so ardent a defender of German ideals as Professor MÜNSTERBERG of Harvard commended it unreservedly. He, too, writes of this new "HANDY VOLUME" issue and says:

"It is much to be hoped that this admirable work of international scholarship under British guidance might reach a wider circle of readers than those who could afford to buy the wonderful original printing."

He adds: "*Hundreds of thousands need the Encyclopaedia in their homes.*"

Ex-President ELIOT, America's "grand old man," is equally warm in his support of this new venture, and so are men like President CHARLES W. DABNEY, of the University of Cincinnati, and President MACLAURIN, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who have so deeply at heart the extension of the university influence to a closer contact with the life of the people.

From Captains of Industry

But no less has this enterprise won the commendation of our men of finance and our captains of industry. Men like Judge GARY, at the head of the greatest corporation in the world, or Mr. SCHWAB, or President EARLING, who transformed the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul into a great transcontinental, all write in the same vein. They wish that this new issue of THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA might be widely in the hands of their employees, for they feel that it would make for more efficient service and for more highly trained men.

And this is the keynote of a whole series of letters from the dominant figures in present-day American life. Nor has this venture won less the hearty support of many of our distinguished women, especially those who take an interest in club life or in public questions or in the education of their children.

Mrs. KATE WALLER BARRETT, the head of the National Council of Women in the United States, the central organization of Women's Clubs, declares that "THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA was the basis of the education of my six children, inspiring in them an interest in subjects outside the lines presented to them *by the usual points of contact.*" And she adds: "The new edition seems to me to be more valuable than the old, because of the handy form and ease with which it can be held and read."

An Amazing Reduction in Price

There was a vital reason why the new edition of THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, in spite of its evident everyday value, should not yet have found its way, as Mr BRISBANE and Professor MUNSTERBERG and President ELIOT and scores of others have declared it should, into hundreds of thousands of homes.

That was the price

There was a further bar for many people in the size of the volumes in which encyclopaedias have usually been issued. This new "HANDY VOLUME" edition cut both size and price at one stroke

It is a marvel of compression and compactness. Here is every page of this magnificent work, which cost a million and a half of dollars for its editorial preparation alone—its 30,000 pages unabridged, unchanged by so much as a line or a word; and yet the whole work, the entire 29 volumes, takes up only 32 inches of shelf room.

It sits comfortably on any desk or living-room table ready for instant use every hour of the day.

All of the 15,000 illustrations, maps, engravings, colored plates, are here intact, with no change except the size of the page. And instead of costing from $166.75 to $267.50 per set, the new "HANDY VOLUME" issue costs, in cloth binding, only $58.88.

The entire work, the complete 29 volumes, will be sent upon a first payment of a single dollar. After that about ten cents a day, on the small monthly payment plan.

Isn't it a marvel and isn't it a miracle? Is it any wonder that this amazing offer should have occasioned such a tremendous sale?

This sale quickly rose to 700 sets a day and by the time this notice can be printed it may easily be a thousand.

The India Paper Issue

We arranged with the publishers for a huge printing—50,000 sets—which was probably the largest single printing ever given in the history of publishing. But it is evident that even these will be quickly exhausted, and the publishers notify us that it may be impossible to obtain sufficient quantities of the beautiful India paper beyond the present printing arranged for.

We therefore urge all who wish to secure one of the India paper sets to forward their orders at the earliest possible date. You have only to enclose us a dollar with your name and address. This brings you the complete set in any style of binding you desire. Then only three dollars *a month*, or a little more, while you have the use and enjoyment of this incomparable work. If you have not read of the remarkable offer we are making or do not know fully of the value of THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA *to you*, send a postcard with your name and address. Direct it simply: Sears, Roebuck and Company, Chicago, and we shall be glad to send you full information and a handsome booklet.

It is best to do this at once, lest you allow a real opportunity to go by.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND COMPANY, CHICAGO
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

IN MEMORIAM

(Continued from Page 23)

Then brightening: "But I got in the next room, Mrs. Fischlowitz, a coat better as this for you. Lined all in squirrel skin they call it. One day by myself I bought it, and how my Becky laughs and won't even let me wear it in automobile. I ain't stylish enough, she says."

With an inarticulate medley of sounds Mrs. Fischlowitz held up a hand of remonstrance.

"But ——"

"*Na, na*, just a minute"; and on the very wings of her words Mrs. Meyerburg was across the room, through the ornate door of an ornate boudoir, and out presently with the garment flung across her arm.

"*Na*, here put it on."

"*Ach*, such a beau-tiful coat!"

"So! Let me help!"

They leaned together, their faces, which the years had passed over none too lightly, close and eager. Against the beaver collar Mrs. Fischlowitz's hand lay fluttering.

"Put your hands in the pockets, Mrs. Fischlowitz. Deep, eh?"

"Finer you can believe me as I ever had in my life before. I can tell you, Mrs. Meyerburg, a woman like you should get first place in heaven and you should know how many on the East Side there is says the same. I—I brought you your rent, Mrs. Meyerburg. You must excuse how late, but my Sollie ——"

"*Ja, ja.*"

Eleven! Twelve! Twelve-fifty! Mrs. Fischlowitz counted it out carefully from a small purse tucked in her palm, snapping it carefully shut over the remaining coins.

"Thank you, Mrs. Fischlowitz. You should never feel hurried. Mr. Oppenheimer will mail you a receipt."

"I guess now I must be going, Mrs. Meyerburg—to-night I promised my Sollie we have cheese *Kuchen* for supper."

"Always I used to make it with a short crust for my Isadore. How he loved it!"

"Just again, Mrs. Meyerburg, I want you should let me say how—how this is the finest present what I ever had in my life. I can tell you from just how soft it is on me, I can tell how it must feel to ride in automobile."

A light flashed in brilliance up into Mrs. Meyerburg's face.

"Mrs. Fischlowitz!"

"*Ja*, Mrs. Meyerburg?"

"I tell you what! I—this afternoon my Becky, Mrs. Fischlowitz, she—she ain't so well and like always can't take with me a ride in park. Such—such a cold that girl has got. How I should like it, Mrs. Fischlowitz, if you would be so kind to—to take with me my drive in—in your new coat."

"I ——"

"*Ja, ja*, I know, Mrs. Fischlowitz, cheese *Kuchen* should first get cold before supper, but if you could just an hour ride by me a little. If you would be so kind, Mrs. Fischlowitz!"

Diffidence ran trembling along Mrs. Meyerburg's voice, as if she dared not venture too far upon a day blessed with tasks.

"I got always so—so much time to myself now'days, Mrs. Fischlowitz, sometimes I—I get maybe a—a little lonesome."

"*Ach*, Mrs. Meyerburg, you don't want to be bothered with such—such a person like me when you ride so grand through the park."

"Fit like a fiddle it will make you feel, Mrs. Fischlowitz. Button up tight that collar and right away we start. Please, right next to you, will you press that third button? That means we go right down and find outside the car waiting for us."

"But Mrs. Meyerburg ——"

"See, just like you, I put on a coat on the inside fur. This way, Mrs. Fischlowitz. Careful, your foot!"

In the great lower hall full of Tudor gloom, the carved stone arches dropping in rococo stalactites from the ceiling, and a marble staircase blue-veined as a delicate woman's hand winding up to an oriole window, a manservant swung back two sets of trellised doors; bowed them noiselessly shut again.

The quick cold of December bit them at the threshold. Opposite lay the park, its trees, in their smooth bark, whipped bare and gray as nuns, the sunlight hard against their boles. More sunlight lay cold and glittering down the length of the most façaded avenue in the world and on the great up-and-down stream of motor cars and their nickel-plated snouts and plate-glass sides.

Women, with heads too haughty to turn them right or left, moved past in closed cars that were perfumed and upholstered like jewel boxes; the joggly smartness of hansom cabs, their fair fares seeing and being seen behind the wooden aprons and their frozen laughter coming from their lips in vapor! On the broad sidewalks women in low shoes that defied the wind and men in high hats that the wind defied; nursemaids trim as deaconesses, and their charges the beautiful exotic children of pure milk and pure sunshine!

One of these deaconesslike nursemaids, walking out with a child whose black curls lay in wide sprays on each shoulder, detached herself from the uptown flow and crossed to the trellised threshold.

"Good afternoon, Madam Meyerburg. *Mademoiselle, dites bonjour à madame votre grand'maman.*"

"*Bonjour, grand'maman.*"

In the act of descending her steps, Mrs. Meyerburg's hands flew outward.

"*Ach, du* little Aileen. Come, Aileen, to grandma. Mrs. Fischlowitz, this is Felix's little girl. You remember Felix—such a beautiful bad little boy he was what always used to fight your Sollie underneath the sink."

"*Gott im Himmel*, so this is Felix's little girl!"

"*Ja*, this is already his second. Come, Aileen, to grandma and say good afternoon to the lady."

The maid guided the small figure forward by one shoulder.

"*Dites bonjour à madame, Mademoiselle* Aileen."

"*Bonjour, madame.*"

"Not a word of English she can speak yet, Mrs. Fischlowitz. I tell you already my grandchildren are so smart not even their language I can understand. *Aber* for why such a child should only talk so in her own country she can't be understood, I don't know."

"I guess, Mrs. Meyerburg, it's style now-'days that you shouldn't know your own language."

"Come by grandma to-morrow, Aileen, and upstairs I got in the little box sweet cakes like grandma always keeps for you, eh, baby?"

"Say thank you, grandmother."

"*Merci bien, grand'maman.*"

And they were off into the stream again, the small white leggings at a smart trot.

At the curb a low-bodied, high-power car, with the top flung back and the windshield up, lay sidled against the coping.

"Get right in, Mrs. Fischlowitz. Burk, put under Mrs. Fischlowitz's both feet a heater."

A second man, in too accentuated livery of mauve and astrakhan, flung open the wide door. A glassed-in chauffeur, in more mauve and astrakhan, threw his clutch. The door slammed. Mrs. Fischlowitz breathed deep and grasped the nickel-plated door handle. Mrs. Meyerburg leaned out, her small plumes wagging.

"Burk, since Miss Becky ain't along to-day, I don't want in front no second man."

"Yes, madam."

"I want instead you should take the roadster and call after Mrs. Weinstein. You know, down by Twenty-third Street, the fourth floor back."

"Yes, madam."

"I want you should say, Burk, that Mrs. Meyerburg says her and her daughter should take off from their work an hour for a drive wherever they say you should take them. And tell her, Burk, she should make for me five dozens more them paper carnations. Right away I want you should go."

"Yes, madam."

They nosed slowly into the stream of the Avenue.

"Always Becky likes there should be two men stuck up in front there. I always say to look only at the backs of my servants, I don't go out riding for."

Erect and as if to the fantastic requirements of the situation sat Mrs. Fischlowitz, her face of a thousand lines screwed to maintain the transiency of a great moment.

"That I should live, Mrs. Meyerburg, to see such a sight like this! In the thirty years I been in this country, not but once have I walked up Fifth Avenue—that time when my Tillie paraded in the shirtwaist strike. I—I can tell you I'm proud to live to see it this way from automobile."

ALADDIN ALUMINUM

Lock Cover, Strainer Lip

Vegetable Cooker

Our No. 1034 Vegetable Cooker (4 qt.) Also made in 3, 6 and 8 qt. sizes.

Aladdin Aluminum

WHEN once you begin using this wonderful cooker you stop those painful, scalding burns—you save your hands and save spilling vegetables, too. Study the small illustrations—see how *different* it is.

And remember, the novel features of *this* kettle are only typical of the many improvements that make *every* Aladdin utensil more convenient to use, easier to clean, more sanitary, longer-lasting.

Aladdin ware is heavier and stronger—more thoughtfully designed—more carefully made. It cleans beautifully, stands hard use and wears like iron.

But most important of all, to the woman who uses it, cooks with it, cleans it—every piece of Aladdin ware carries extra touches of refinement—the *little* conveniences one is apt to overlook—that save minutes every day and smooth out "life's little irritations" in the kitchen.

Aladdin saucepan handles, for instance, are hollow—always cool and sanitary. They fit the hand—*no sharp edges to cut*—and extra-big wide bases make them 50 per cent. stronger.

There's a new replaceable handle for tea and coffee pots that saves endless bother. And spouts that never leak—welded on with pure aluminum.

Aladdin Cast Aluminum Ware—skillets, griddles, waffle molds and teakettles—is made from *tougher* metal, of special analysis.

The Aladdin line is not only perfect, but *complete*. Out of the nearly three hundred utensils you can satisfy every kitchen need.

Test Aladdin Aluminum today at your hardware, housefurnishing or department store. Examine it, handle it, notice in how *many* ways it is better. If you don't find it at your dealer's, tell us at what store you called—we'll send direct to you a free illustrated catalog and price list on Aladdin.

Aladdin Aluminum Costs No More

Look for the Lamp

No More Scalded Hands
The strainer lip and lock cover of this vegetable cooker make [illegible]. As you tip to pour, you automatically [illegible] the cover. The more you tip, the tighter it locks. The steam can't escape—the vegetables can't spill. Nothing else like it.

Actual Capacity
Aladdin utensils give full capacity, as [illegible] Each piece of Aladdin vessel as an exact measure. Number on each piece indicates capacity.

Hold-fast Knobs
Knobs with rivets sunk flush—cannot catch the dish-cloth.

The Notched Ear
This holds the bail where you want it—up or down—but always away from the hot vessel—always cool.

The Cleveland Metal Products Company
Cleveland Ohio

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Please send me free catalogue & price list

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ALADDIN ALUMINUM

ALADDIN ALUMINUM

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Instead of pencils and steel pens, use

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen
NON-LEAKABLE

The average *price* of a pencil is 5c; the usual *life* of a pencil is less than one week.

A year's supply of pencils costs $2.75. And the pencil user buys for that $2.75 only an indifferent and an incomplete writing service. For the pencil must be supplemented by pen and ink. Steel pens deteriorate rapidly, ink evaporates quickly.

But he who writes with Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen *pays from $2.50 up, and he acquires a pen that will last a lifetime.* The point of a Conklin can't break or rust—it is always ready to write, and write as fast as your hand can move.

What about ink, you say? The Conklin *fills itself* in four seconds—by a mere thumb pressure on its "Crescent-Filler." And it can't roll off the desk either.

The Conklin is the *original* self-filler and the leader for 18 years—has almost 1,500,000 satisfied users.

Your stationer, jeweler or druggist can show you a full assortment of Conklins. He has the very point that will best suit your hand. $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up.

Every Conklin is guaranteed to write and fill exactly as you think a pen should—it either does this or you will be furnished a new pen or your money refunded without question. There are no "ifs" about it—YOU are the judge.

Write for booklet, with names of dealers in your town, who will be glad to demonstrate the Conklin to you.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., 293 Conklin Building, Toledo, Ohio

"Lean back, Mrs. Fischlowitz, so you be more comfortable. That's all right, you can't hurt them bottles. My Becky likes to have fancy touches all over everything. Gold tops bottles she has to have yet by her. I can tell you though, Mrs. Fischlowitz, if I do say it myself, when that girl sits up in here much like a picture she looks. How they stare you should see."

"Such a beau-ti-ful girl! I can tell you for her a prince ain't good enough. *Ach*, what a pleasure it must be, Mrs. Meyerburg, for a mother to know if her child wants heaven she can nearly get it for her. I can tell you that must be the greatest pleasure of all for you, Mrs. Meyerburg, to give to your daughter everything just like she wants it."

"*Ja, ja,*" said with little to indicate mental ferment.

They were in the park with the wind scampering through the skeins of bare tree branches. The lake lay locked in ice, skaters in the ecstasy of motion lunging across it. Beneath the mink lap robe Mrs. Fischlowitz snuggled deeper and more lax.

"*Gott im Himmel*, I tell you this is better as standing over my cheese *Kuchen*."

"Always I used to let my cheese drip first the night before. Right through a cheese-cloth sack hung from a nail what my husband drove in for me under the window sill."

"Right that same nail is there yet, Mrs. Meyerburg. *Oser* we should touch one thing!"

"I can tell you it's a great comfort, Mrs. Fischlowitz, I got such a tenant as you in there."

"When you come to visit me, Mrs. Meyerburg, right to the last nail like you left it, you find it. Not even from the kitchen would I let my Sollie take down the old clothes line what you had stretched across one end."

"*Ach*, how many times in rainy days I used that line. It's a good little line I bet yet. Not?"

"*Ja.*" But with no corresponding kit of emotions in Mrs. Fischlowitz's voice. She was still breathing deep the buoyant ether of the moment, and beneath the ingratiating warmth of fur utterly soothed.

"*Gott*," she said, "I wish my sister-in-law, Hanna, with all her fine airs up where she lives on Two Hundred and Ninety-ninth Street, could see me now. *Oser* she could stare and stare, and bow and bow, and past her I would roll like—like a rolling-pin."

From the gold-topped bottle nearest her came a long insidious whiff of frangipani. She dared to lean toward it sniffing.

"Such a beautiful smell." And let her eyes half close.

"You market your meat yet on Fridays down by old Lavinsky's, Mrs. Fischlowitz?"

"*Ja*, just like always, only his liver ain't so good like it used to be. I can tell you that's a beau-ti-ful smell."

An hour they rode purringly over smooth highways and for a moment alongside the river, but there the wind was edged with ice and they were very presently back into the leisurely flow of the Avenue. From her curves Mrs. Fischlowitz unbent herself slowly.

"No, no, Mrs. Fischlowitz—you stay in."

"*Ach*, I get out here at your house, too, and take the street cars. I——"

"No, no, James takes you all the way home, Mrs. Fischlowitz. I get out because my Becky likes I should get home early and get dressed up for dinner."

"But Mrs. Meyerburg——"

"No, no, right in you stay. Sh-h-h, just don't mention it. Enough pleasure you give me to ride by me. Take good care your foot. Good-by, Mrs. Fischlowitz. All the way home you should take her, James."

Once more within the gloom of her Tudor hall, Mrs. Meyerburg hurried rearward and toward the elevator. But down the curving stairway the small maid on stilts came intercepting her.

"Madame!"

"*Ja*"

"Madame will pleaze come. Mademoiselle Betty this afternoon ees not so well. Three spells of fainting, madame."

"Therese!"

"*Oui*, not seerious, madame, but what I would call hysteeria and mademoiselle will not have doctor. *Eef* madame will come——"

With a great mustering of her strength Mrs. Meyerburg ran up the first three of the marble steps, then quite as suddenly stopped, reaching out for the balustrade. The seconds stalked past as she stood there, a fine frown sketched on her brow, and the small maid anxious and attendant.

"Madame?"

When Mrs. Meyerburg spoke finally it was as if those seconds had been years sapping more than their share of life from her.

"I—now I don't go up, Therese. After a while I come, but—but not now. I want, though, you should go right away up to Miss Becky with a message."

"*Oui, madame.*"

"I want you should tell her for me, Therese, that—that to-morrow New Year's dinner with the family all here, I—I want she should invite the Marquis Rosencrantz. That everything is all right. Right away I want you should go and tell her, Therese!"

"*Oui, madame.*"

Up in her bedroom and without pause Mrs. Meyerburg walked directly to the small deal table there beside her bed and still littered with half-curled blue prints. These she gathered into a tight roll, snapping a rubber band about it. She rang incisively the fourth of the row of bells. A manservant responded almost immediately with a light rap-a-tap at the door. She was there and waiting.

"Kemp, I want you should away take down this roll to Goldfinger's office in the Syndicate Building. Just say Mrs. Meyerburg says everything is all right, to go ahead."

"Yes, madam." And he closed the door after him, holding the knob a moment to save the click.

In a Tudor dining hall, long as the banquet room of a thane, faced in thrice-weathered oak and designed by an architect too eminent to endure interference—except when Miss Meyerburg had later and at her own stealthy volition installed a Pompeian colored window above the high Victorian fireplace—the wide light of a brilliant New Year's day lay against leaded window-panes, but shut out by thick hangings.

Instead, the yellow light from a ceiling sown with starlike bulbs lay over that room. At each end of the table, so that the gracious glow fell full upon the small figure of Mrs. Meyerburg at one end and upon the grizzled head of Mr. Ben Meyerburg at the other, two braces of candles burned softly, crocheting a flickering design upon the damask.

From the foot of that great table, his place by precedence of years, Mr. Ben Meyerburg rose from his Voltairian chair, holding aloft a wineglass like a torch.

"*Masseltov*, ma," he said, "and just like we drank to the happy couple who have told us the good news to-day, so now I drink to the grandest little mother in the world. *Masseltov*, ma." And he drained his glass, holding it with fine disregard back over one shoulder for refilling.

Round that table Mrs. Meyerburg's four remaining sons, towering almost twice her height, rose in a solemn chorus that was heavier than their libations of wine.

"*Masseltov*, ma."

"*Ach*, boys, my sons, *ich—ich—danke.*" She was quivering now in the edge of tears and grasped tightly at the arms of her chair.

"*Masseltov*, ma," said Miss Rebecca Meyerburg, raising her glass and her moist eyes shining above it. The five daughters-in-law followed immediate suit. At Miss Meyerburg's left the Marquis Rosencrantz, with pointed features and a silhouette sharp as a knife edge, raised his glass and his waxed mustache and drank, but silently and over a deep bow.

"Mamma—mother, dear, the marquis drinks to you."

Mrs. Meyerburg turned upon him with a great mustering of amiability and safely withdrawn now from her brink of tears.

"I got now six sons what can drink to my health—not, marquis?"

"She says, marquis," translated Miss Meyerburg ardently to the sharp profile, "that now she has six sons to drink to her health."

"*Madame me fait trop d'honneur.*"

"He says, mamma, that it is too great an honor to be your son."

From her yesterday's couch of mental travail Miss Meyerburg had risen with a great radiance turping out its ravages. She was Sheban in elegance, the velvet of her gown taken from the color of the ruby on her brow, and the deep white flesh of her the quality of that same velvet with the nap raised.

"He wants to kiss your hand, ma. Give it to him. No, the right one, dearie."

(Continued on Page 65)

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There can be no mistake about KOHLER products. The permanent trade-mark is easily found and is our guarantee of quality.

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You will find in the hygienic designs, the construction, and the beauty of the pure white enamel an explanation of the widespread acceptance of our trade-mark as a guarantee of excellence.

Be sure to see the "Viceroy," our latest built-in bath. It is made in *one-piece* and the price is low, due to manufacturing economies.

This splendid tub has won exceptional popularity, owing to its many attractive features.

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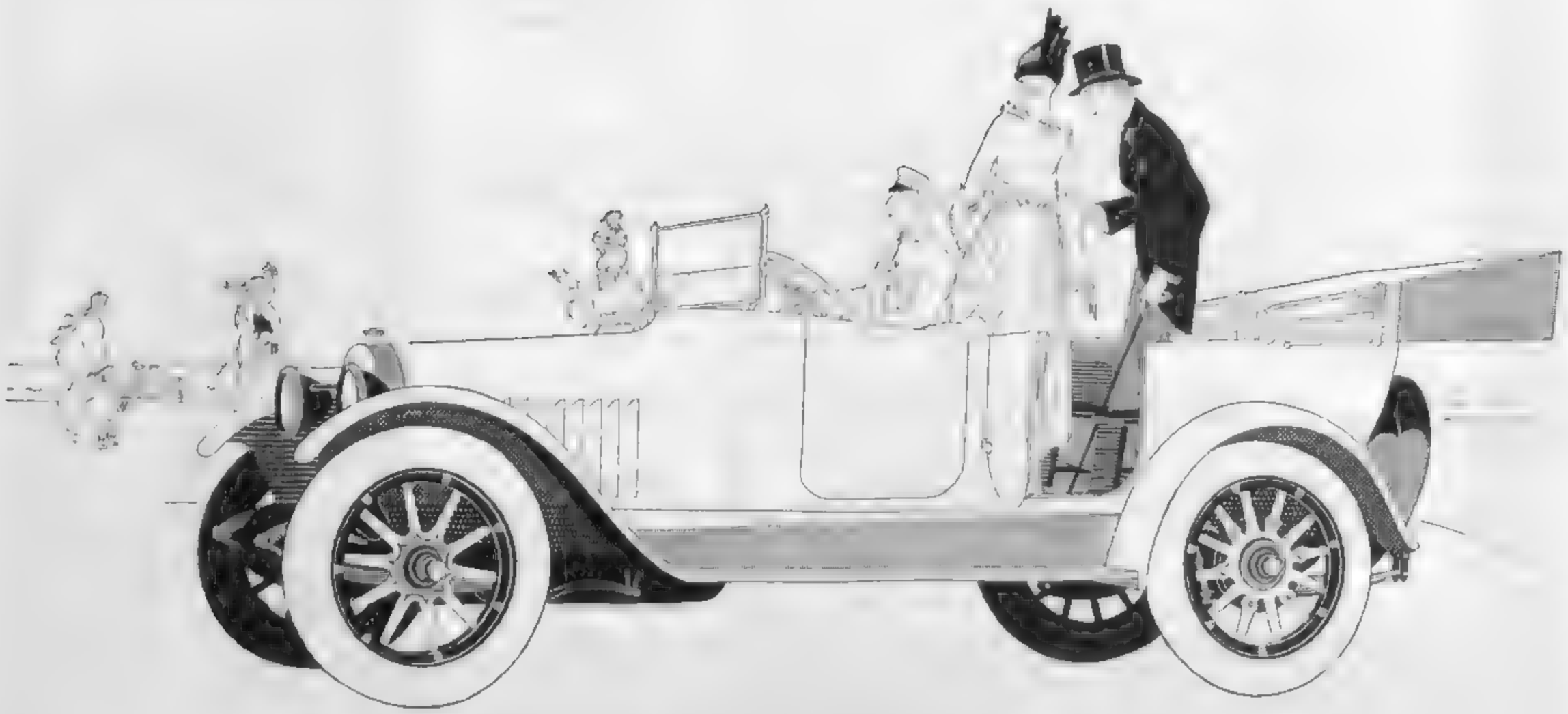

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It's a sensible car to drive. A little larger than its better-known sister—the Six-30. This is a seven-passenger.

Spunk is a good word to describe her by. She accelerates with rare swiftness.

She gets under way with a "light foot."

There is no tugging back on her engine. Run along easily at 10 miles an hour, throw the clutch out and you will observe how smoothly her gears and her differential play together. Then let the clutch in. You don't feel as if you had stepped by accident on the footbrake.

She drives straight as a sunbeam. Her four wheels are always right down on the ground. There is no swaying from side to side.

That is riding comfort at its highest point of development.

Springs only partially tell the story. To describe riding comfort by the length and quality of the springs is like describing the sunset as red.

Now it is easy, straight driving, a nice, interesting pace, no rushing pell-mell, no tire-burning exhibition of boulevard speed.

That is the pleasure of motoring—that and the freedom of her engine in the remarkable delivery of force to her rear wheels.

Which is made so, not by the trick of an engine builder, but by the use of overhead cams in an overhead type of engine.

This engine, as a model, was taken from the race-track where two miles a minute had been the goal desired in speed.

But she was checked down for road use, her magnificent extra power and extra speed translated for you into economy and acceleration.

She's as docile a beast as you would like to have your wife drive. And son Tommy dare step on the little button without any fear from you.

Though she's "peppery." There's a peck of it underneath the right foot. But it's the kind intended for use at 5, 10, 15, 20 and 35 miles an hour. It's the kind you need when you want to pass the man ahead, when you hit a grade, when you turn a corner—all practical, sensible speeds. She'll do 60 if you call on her—but why 60?

Nobody, only a college sophomore or a Ralph Mulford, wants that kind of speed. There is lure in every line and she beckons you today in every one of 740 cities to try her out.

For she's as able a creature in Keokuk as she is in Boston, and as smooth in Baltimore as she is in Red Bank.

$1450 Detroit; $1850 in Canada.

Color options: Valentine green, Meteor blue, Oriford maroon.

Chalmers Motor Company Detroit, Michigan.

(Continued from Page 62)

"I—I'm much obliged, marquis. I—well, for one little old woman like me, I got now six sons and six daughters, each one big enough to carry me off under his arm. Not?"

She was met with immediate acclaim from a large blond daughter-in-law, her soft, expansive bosom swathed in old lace caught up with a great jeweled lizard.

"Little old nothing, ma. I always say to Isadore, you've got more energy yet than the rest of the family put together."

"*Ach*, Dora, always you children like to make me think I been young yet."

But she was smilingly tremulous and pushed herself backward in her heavy thronelike chair. A butler sprang, lifting it gently from her.

Immediately the great disheveled table, brilliantly littered with crystal, frumpled napkins and a great centerpiece of fruits and flowers, was in the confusion of disorganization.

Daughters-in-law and husbands moved up toward a pair of doors swung heavily backward by two servants.

Mrs. Isadore Meyerburg pushed her real-lace bodice into place and adjusted the glittering lizard.

"Believe me," she said, exuding a sigh and patting her bosom on the swell of that deep breath, "I ate too much, but if I can't break my diet for the last engagement in the family, and to nobility at that, when will I do it?"

"I should say so," replied Mrs. Rudolph Meyerburg, herself squirming to rights in an elaborate bodice and wielding an unostentatious toothpick behind the cup of her hand; "like I told Roody just now, if I take on a pound to-day he can blame his sister."

"Say, I wish you'd look at the marquis kissing ma's hand again, will you?"

"Look at ma get away with it too. You've got to hand it to them French, they've got the manners all right. No wonder our swell Trixie tags after them."

"Say, Becky shouldn't get manners yet with her looks and five hundred thousand thrown in. I bet if the truth is known, and since ma is going to live over there with them, that there's a few extra thousand tacked on too."

"Not if the court knows it! Like I told Roody this morning, she's bringing a title into the family, but she's taking a big wad of the Meyerburg money out of the country too."

"It is so, ain't it!"

Round her crowded Mrs. Meyerburg's five sons.

"Come with us, ma, we got a children's party up in the ballroom for Aileen this afternoon, and then Trixie and I are going to motor down to Sheepshead for the indoor polo match. Come, ma."

"No, no, Felix. I want for myself rest this afternoon. All you children go and have your good times. I got home more as I can do, and maybe company too."

"Tell you what, ma, come with Dora and me and the kids. She wants to go out to Hastings this afternoon to see her mother. Come with us, ma, the drive will do you good."

"No, no, Izzy, when I ride too much in the cold right away up in my ribs comes the scintica again."

Miss Meyerburg bent radiant over her parent.

"Mother," she whispered, her throat lined with the fur of tenderness, "it's reception day out at that club, and all the cliques will be there and I want ——"

"Sure, Becky, you and the marquis should drive out. Take the big car, but tell James he shouldn't be so careless driving by them curves out there by the golf links."

"But, ma, dear, you come, too, and ——"

"No, no, Becky, to-day I got no time."

"But ma ma, you ain't mad at me, dear? You can see now for yourself, can't you, dear, what a big thing it is for the family and how you ——"

"Yes, yes, Becky. Look, go over by your young man. See how he stands there and not one word what Ben is hollering so at him can he understand."

Across the room alongside a buffet wrought out of the powerful Jacobean period, Mr. Ben Meyerburg threw a violent contortion.

"Want to go up in the Turkish room and smoke?" he shouted, the apoplectic purple of exertion rushing into his face and round to the roll of flesh overhanging the rear of his collar.

"*Pardon?*"

"Smoke? Do-you-smoke? Smokez-vous? Cigarez-vous? See, like this. Fume. Blow. Do-you-smoke? Smokez-vous?"

"*Pardon?*" said the marquis, bowing low.

In the heavy solitude of Mrs. Meyerburg's bedchamber the buzz of departures over, silence lay resumed but with a singing quality to it as if an echo or so still lingered.

Before the plain deal table and at her side two files bulging their contents, Mrs. Meyerburg sat with her spatulate finger conning in among a page of figures. After a while the finger ceased to move across the page, but lay passive midway down a column. After another while she slapped shut the book and took to roaming up and down the large room as if she there found respite from the spirit of her which nagged and carped. Peering out between the heavy curtains, she could see the tide of the Avenue mincing, prancing, chugging past. Resuming her beat up and down the vistas of the room, she could still hear its voice muffled and not unlike the tune of quinine singing in the head.

The ormolu clock struck, and from various parts of the house musical repetitions. A French tinkle from her daughter's suite across the hall; from somewhere more remote the deep, leisurely tones of a Nuremberg floor clock. Finally Mrs. Meyerburg dropped into the over-stuffed chair beside the window, relaxing into the attitude her late years had brought her, head back, hands stretched out along the chair sides and full of rest. An hour she sat half dozing and half emerging every so often with a start, then lay quietly looking into space, her eyes quiet and the erstwhile brilliancy in them gone out like a light.

Presently she sat forward suddenly, and with the quick light of perception flooding up into her face; slid from her chair and patted across the carpet. From the carved chest alongside the wall she withdrew the short jacket with the beaver collar, worked her shoulders into it. From the adjoining boudoir she emerged after a time in a small bonnet grayish with age and the bow not perky. Her movements were brief and full of decision. When she opened her door it was slyly and with a quick vulpine glance up and down the grave quiet of the halls. After a cocked attitude of listening and with an incredible springiness almost of youth, Mrs. Meyerburg was down a rear staircase, through a rear hallway, and unseen and unheard out into the sudden splendor of a winter's day, the side street quiet before her.

"*Gott*," said Mrs. Meyerburg audibly, breathing deep and swinging into a smart lope eastward. Two blocks along, with her head lifted and no effort at concealment, she passed her pantry boy walking out with a Swedish girl whose cheeks were bursting with red. He eyed his mistress casually and without recognition.

At Third Avenue she boarded a downtown street car, a bit winded from the dive across cobbles, but smiling. Within, and after a preliminary method of paying fare new and confusing to her, she sat back against the rattly sides, her feet just lifted off the floor. She could hardly keep back the ejaculations as old streets and old memories swam into view.

"Look at the old lay-dee talking to hersel-uph," sang an urchin across the aisle.

"Shut up," said the mother, slapping him sidewise.

At one of the most terrific of these downtown streets Mrs. Meyerburg descended. Beneath the clang and bang of the Elevated she stood confused for the moment and then, with her sure stride regained, swung farther eastward.

Slitlike streets flowed with holiday copiousness, whole families abroad on foot, mothers swayback with babies and older children who ran ahead shouting and jostling. Houses lean and evil looking marched shoulder to shoulder for blocks, no gaps except intersecting streets. Fire escapes ran zigzag down the meanest of them. Women shouted their neighborhood jargon from windows flung momentarily open. Poverty scuttled along close to the scant shelter of these houses. An old man, with a beard to his chest, paused in a doorway to cough, and it was like the gripe-gripe of a saw with its teeth in hard wood. A woman sold apples from a stoop, the form of a child showing through her shawl. Yet Mrs. Meyerburg smiled as she hurried.

Midway in one of these blocks and without a pretense of hesitancy she turned into a black mouth of an entrance and up two flights. On each landing she paused more

"Double width cuts cost of laying and reduces crevices and nail-holes."

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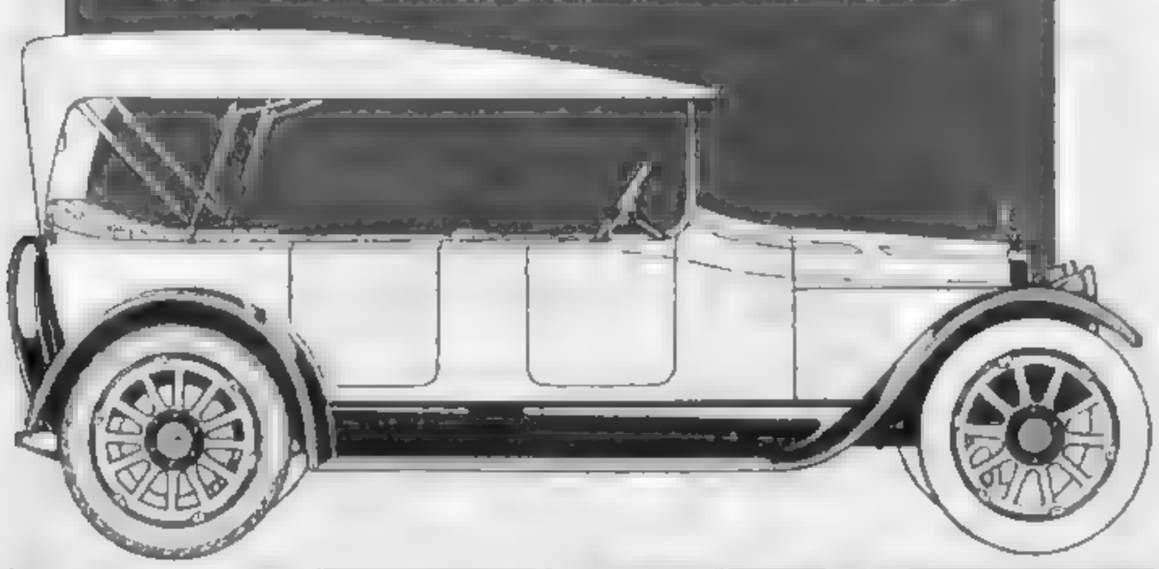

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15c. at your grocer's. Look for this signature on the package.

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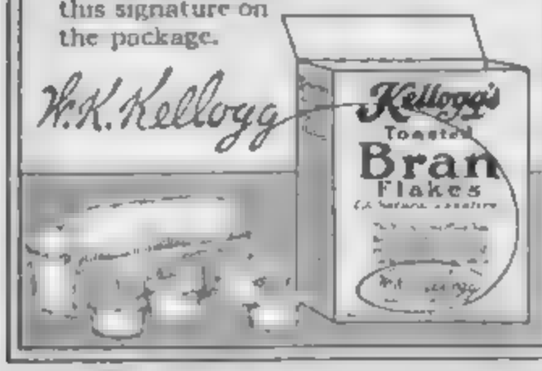

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for tears than for breath. At a rear door leading off the second landing she knocked softly, but with insistence. It opened to a slight crack, then immediately swung back full span.

"*Gott im Himmel*, Mrs. Meyerburg! Mrs. Meyerburg! *Kommen Sie herein.* Mrs. Meyerburg, for why you didn't let me know? To think not one of my children home and to-day a holiday, my place not in order ——"

"Now, now, Mrs. Fischlowitz, just so soon you go to one little bit of trouble, right away I got no more pleasure. Please, Mrs. Fischlowitz. *Ach*, if you ain't got on your pantry shelfs just the same paper edge like my Roody used to cut out for me."

"Come, come, Mrs. Meyerburg, in parlor where ——"

"Go way *mit* you. Ain't the kitchen where I spent seventeen the best years in my life good enough yet? Parlor yet she wants to take me."

An immediate negligee of manner enveloped her like an old wrapper. A certain tulle of bewilderment had fallen. She was bold, even dictatorial.

"Don't fuss round me so much, Mrs. Fischlowitz. Just like old times I want it should seem. Like maybe I just dropped in on you a lump of butter to borrow. No, no, don't I know where to hang mine own bonnet in mine own house? *Ach*, the same coat nails what he drove in himself!"

"To think, Mrs. Meyerburg, all my children gone out for a good time this afternoon, my Tillie with Morris Rinabauer who can't keep his eyes off her ——"

"How polished she keeps her stove, just like I used to."

"Right when you knocked, I was thinking, well, I clean up a bit. Please, Mrs. Meyerburg, let me fix you right away a cup coffee ——"

"Right away, Mrs. Fischlowitz, just so soon you begin to make fuss over me, I don't enjoy it no more. Please, Mrs. Fischlowitz, right here in this old rocker chair by the range let me, please, sit quiet a minute."

In the wooden rocker beside the warm stove she sat down quietly, lapping hands over her waistline.

"*Gott im Himmel*," sitting well away from the chair back and letting her eyes travel slowly about the room, "just like it was yesterday; just like yesterday." And fell to reciting the phrase softly.

"*Ja, ja*," said Mrs. Fischlowitz, concealing an unwashed litter of dishes beneath a hastily flung cloth. "I can tell you, Mrs. Meyerburg, my house ain't always this dirty, only to-day not ——"

"Just like it was yesterday," said Mrs. Meyerburg, musing through a tangle of memories. She fell to rocking. A narrow band of sunshine lay across the bare floor, even glinted off a pan or two hung along the wall over the sink. Along that same wall hung a festoon of red and green peppers and a necklace of garlic. Toward the back of the range a pan of hot water let off a lazy vapor. Beside the scuttle a cat purred and fought off sleep.

"Already I got the hot water, Mrs. Meyerburg, to make you a cup coffee if ——"

"Please, Mrs. Fischlowitz, let me rest like this. In a minute I want you should take me all through, in the children's room and ——"

"If I had only known it how I could have cleaned for you."

"*Ach*, my noodle board over there! How grand and white you keep it."

"*Ja*, I ——"

"Mrs. Fischlowitz!"

"Yes, Mrs. Meyerburg?"

"Mrs. Fischlowitz, if you want to—to give me a real treat I tell you what. I tell you what!"

"*Ja, ja*, Mrs. Meyerburg, anything what I can do I ——"

"I want you should let me mix you on that old board a mess noodles!"

"*Ach*, Mrs. Meyerburg, your hands and that grand black silk dress!"

"For why not, Mrs. Fischlowitz? Wide ones, like he used to like. Just for fun, please, Mrs. Fischlowitz. To-morrow I send you two barrels flour for what I use up."

"But, Mrs. Meyerburg, I should make for you noodles, not you for me ——"

"It's good I should learn, Mrs. Fischlowitz, to get back my hand in such things. Maybe you don't believe me, but I ain't so rich like I was yesterday when you seen me, Mrs. Fischlowitz. To-day I'm a poor woman, Mrs. Fischlowitz, with ——"

Mrs. Fischlowitz threw out two hands in a liberal gesture.

"Such a good woman she is! In my house where I'm poor she wants, too, to play like she's a poor woman. That anyone should want to play such a game with themselves! Noodles she wants to make for me, instead I should wait on her like she was a queen."

"It takes me back, Mrs. Fischlowitz, to old times. Please, Mrs. Fischlowitz, to-morrow I send you two barrels."

"Like you ain't welcome to everything what I got in the house. All right, noodles you should make and always I keep 'em for remembrance. Just let me run down to cellar and bring you up flour. No, no, you set there and let me fold down the board for you. Rock there, Mrs. Meyerburg, till I come up with the flour. Eggs plenty I got."

"And a little butter, Mrs. Fischlowitz, the size of an egg and always a pinch of salt."

"The neighbors should see this! Mrs. Simon Meyerburg making for me noodles in my kitchen!"

She was off and down a small rear stairway, a ribbon of ejaculations trailing back over one shoulder.

In her chair beside the warm range Mrs. Meyerburg sat quiescent, her head back against the rest, eyes half closed and slanting toward the kitchen door. Across the creaking floor her chair swayed rhythmically. Tears ran down to meet the corners of her mouth, but her lips were looped up in a smile.

The cat regarded her through green eyes slit down their middle. Toward the rear of the stove the pan of water seethed.

Suddenly Mrs. Meyerburg leaned forward with a great flash across her face.

"Simon," she cried, leaning to the door and stretching forward quavering arms. "Simon, my darling!"

She leaned further, the rims of her eyes stretched wide.

"Simon—come, my darling. Simon!"

Into the opposite doorway, smirched with flour and a white pail of it dangling, flashed Mrs. Fischlowitz, breathing hard from her climb.

"What, Mrs. Meyerburg, you want something?"

"Simon," cried Mrs. Meyerburg, her voice lifted in a pæan of welcome; "come, my darling, come in. Come!" And she tried to rise, but sat back quivering, her brow drenched in sudden sweat.

Raucous terror tore through Mrs. Fischlowitz's voice, and she let fall her pail, a white cloud rising from off the spill.

"Mrs. Meyerburg, there ain't nobody there. Mrs. Meyerburg, he ain't there. Mrs. Meyerburg!"

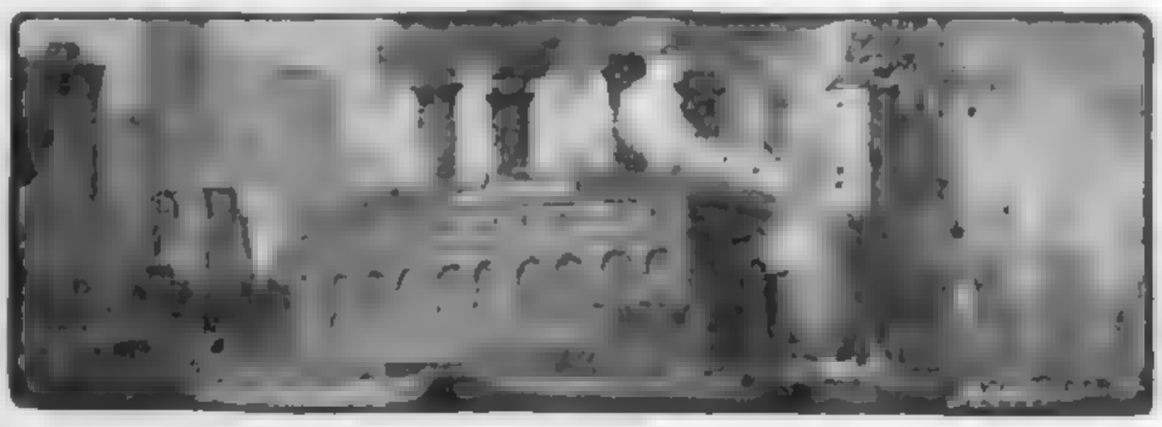
"Simon!"

"Mrs. Meyerburg, he ain't there. Nobody's there! *Ach*—help—doctor—Tillie!"

Back against Mrs. Fischlowitz's frenzied arms lay Mrs. Meyerburg, very gray, her hand against her left breast and down toward the ribs.

"*Gott! Gott!* Please, Mrs. Meyerburg—Mrs. Meyerburg!" dragging back one of the weary eyelids and crying out at what she saw there. "Help—doctor—Tillie—quick—quick ——"

She could not see, poor dear, that into those locked features was crystallized the great ecstasy of reunion.



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THE *official estimate* of the AUTOMOBILE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE on automobile production this year is—

One million four hundred thousand cars.

Of these, over a million will be Fords, Overlands, Studebakers and Maxwells, equipped with Champion Dependable Spark Plugs.

The manufacturers of *over one hundred other cars* will equip this year *exclusively* with Champions.

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Remember *their* conclusions when *you* replace the plugs in *your car.*

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"No car is better than its accessories"

Is This Tank On The Car?

Lift the hood of the car. Has it a Stewart Vacuum Tank?

If so, it is complete.

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When you're buying a new car see that it has the Stewart Tank. It costs you nothing extra. You can get it if you insist hard enough.

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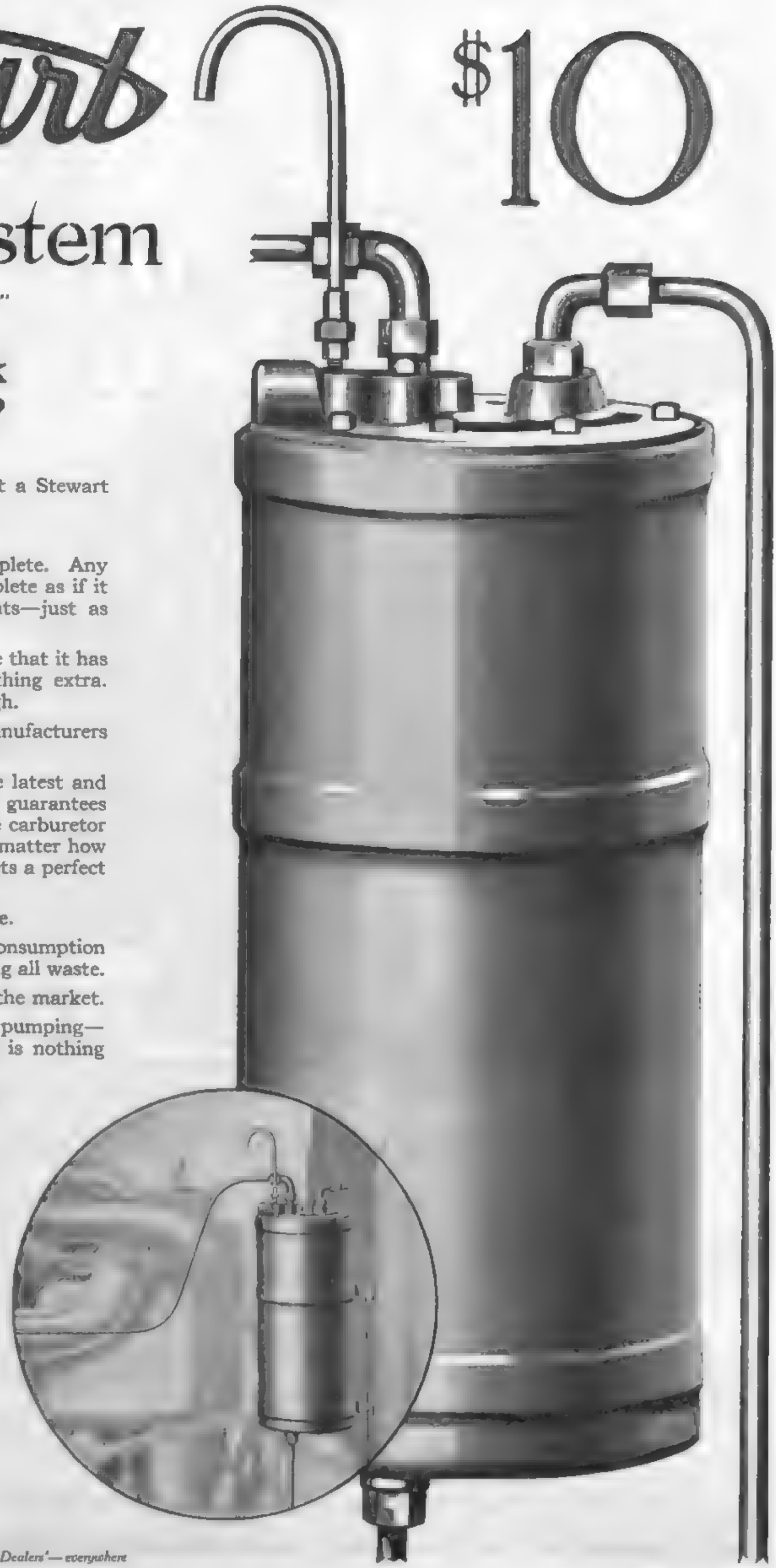

A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 25)

He had a few documents that were a bit incriminating—I couldn't discover where he got those—some letters I had written, and so on. These were his statements of fact. Based on them he made charges that the nomination was stolen, not from him, for he disclaimed any great ambition for it, but from the people. He reiterated viciously that we were thieves. He placed us in intimate relations with the plutocrats. He was eloquent in denouncing the outrage of using Federal officeholders and Southern delegates, mere timeservers from states where the party had few votes and only such representation as would enable crimes of this sort to be perpetrated. He excoriated the plutocrats and he skinned me alive. He reverted to the history of the party, and called on all men who believed in even the simulation of honesty to rise with him in a protest that would drive me and my functionaries and my methods out of public life and politics forever.

That was interesting enough, but it wasn't the most striking part. He proposed a method for setting us in the outer darkness. He recalled with pride the achievements of the party, and said he did not advise a bolt. He wanted nothing. He wouldn't be a candidate, even if a bolt was organized. What he wanted was punishment for us, a purging of the party, so that in its cleansed condition it might go on to its appointed work of governing the people wisely and honestly. He announced that he would neither favor nor foster a third-party movement. The punishment must come from within, not from without.

What he advocated was a national movement among the members of the party to be known as The Stay-at-Home Movement. He did not approve of voting for the opposition candidate. He was a partisan. He urged this sort of a protest, showing, what everybody saw instantly, that if enough voters remained away from the polls the opposition candidate would win, and there would be no irregularity attached to the nonvoters. They would not have left the party. They would not be bolters. They would be rebukers within the organization.

He followed that with a series of speeches in the big cities of the country. We fought him as well as we could, but his idea took from the start. Somebody with money had a few million buttons made, on each of which was printed an American flag and the legend "I shall stay at home on Election Day," and inside of six weeks there were branches of The Stay-at-Home Movement almost everywhere in the North. They had no headquarters and no organization. Canterbury put some clerks in a hotel room in Chicago, and announced that buttons would be supplied in any quantity to all who wrote or came for them. That was all there was to it, but they kept hammering on that "Stop Thief!" business, as applied both to myself and to my plutocrats. The newspapers took up the new movement. By the first of October it was national. Canterbury made more speeches, and I began to feel like a burglar.

Public-spirited citizens supplied whatever funds were necessary. Not much was needed, for buttons are cheap, and the newspapers, even our newspapers, were compelled to give this novel crusade much space because of its novelty. It was news, and big news. I put the screws on my contributors, milked the tariff pets to the last drop, doubled the assessments on the officeholders, and flooded the country with money and press stuff. We even forced the President to make a short trip across the country to urge the voters to remain true to the old flag.

Canterbury appalled me by his energy. He was a whirlwind. His popularity and strength increased day by day. The people held him to be honest and to have no motive other than the good of the party, for he apparently wanted nothing for himself. His refusal to head a third party or to countenance one fixed that for him. I'll grant he was smart, whatever else I may think of him. The greatest asset a politician can have is a reputation for honesty and square dealing, whether he deserves it or not. It has been the constant endeavor of every man knowing the intricacies of the pursuit to establish that he-always-keeps-his-word reputation. Of course, so far as politics goes, that reputation is universally bogus, for no politician keeps half his words. He cannot. But if he can make it seem that he does he will be esteemed by the thoughtless public about like this: "Oh, he may be all that you say, but he always keeps his word." It is like a gambler's being known as "Honest John."

Canterbury established himself as without personal desire in this matter, as a proponent of a real reform movement to cleanse the party of what the opposition papers and the Stay-at-Home papers referred to as "The festering ulcer of Paxtonism." He stirred them up. Every time I went on the street those buttons winked derisively at me from the coat lapels of men who should have been loyally for Rogers. They haunted me at night. They obsessed me in the daytime. Everywhere I turned I saw, mocking me: "I shall stay at home on Election Day." They had it on the billboards and in the newspapers. I began to think that nobody would vote.

But we kept hammering, hammering, hammering. We pounded prosperity into them; speeded up the Attorney-General and got some harmless but impressive action in the trust suits, and pointed out the slander in the charge that we were protecting the plutocrats. We made the plutes themselves give out statements declaring that they had not contributed to this campaign, tried to tar the opposition candidate with the same brush by sending in big corporation contributions to that party's campaign committee so we might say that the opposition was as blameworthy as we were, so far as corporation money was concerned. I hated to let that money go, but I had to. Key, their chairman, saw through that dodge. He held the money until it was too late to be of any use to us, and then returned it with a scornfully virtuous flourish.

"Take back your tainted gold," he said in all the public prints. "We desire it not. The fair fame of our righteous candidate shall not be sullied by contributions extorted from the toiling masses."

I knew that in his heart Key deplored sending the money back as much as I lamented sending it in; but he checkmated me. Such virtue as this is not only its own but its candidate's reward.

Thus we ding-donged to the heartbreaking finish. The last three weeks were lunatic in their charges, countercharges, denunciations, excitement, jeers, fleers and tears. We were all hysterical. I had made my canvasses and had my polls, and they were discouraging. I felt insecure. The swing was against us. As the last resort I sent money into every doubtful state, and exhorted my men to get the people out, make them vote even if they had to use force. I wasn't so prodigal as to send money to states where personal registration is required—there were not so many of them then as there are now—and where that registration, or lack of it, foretold, as it did in some sections, just what was to happen to us. I turned my treasure chest inside out, paid off my staff, closed my desk and took a drawing-room on the train home, in order that I might have quiet and repose for meditation on the mutability of political affairs.

Uncle Lemuel Sterry drove to the train with me.

"Lem," I said, "I'm all upset. This stay-at-home business is on my nerves."

"I wouldn't let it remain there if I were you," he whispered, "for that's what a lot of us will have to do after the fourth of next March."

UNTIL about eight o'clock on election night I considered Uncle Lemuel as unduly pessimistic. After that I held him to be a wild optimist, for, the way things turned out, it didn't seem to me that the American people would allow me to stay at home. Probably they would put me in jail. It is unnecessary for me to set down here the extent of our defeat. We carried some states—some—but the stay-at-homes did the business in enough of our imperial commonwealths to make me a bookworm and the Honorable James Jason Rogers a distinguished addition to our little national colony of Formers. He is a Former yet, almost formal, and, I fear, a permanent one. I recall our interview after the cataclysm. I was subdued. All the ginger had been extracted from me, clubbed out.

"Mr. President," I said, "I am sorry."

"Sorry, William?" he replied. "Why, so am I, but only for you, not for myself.

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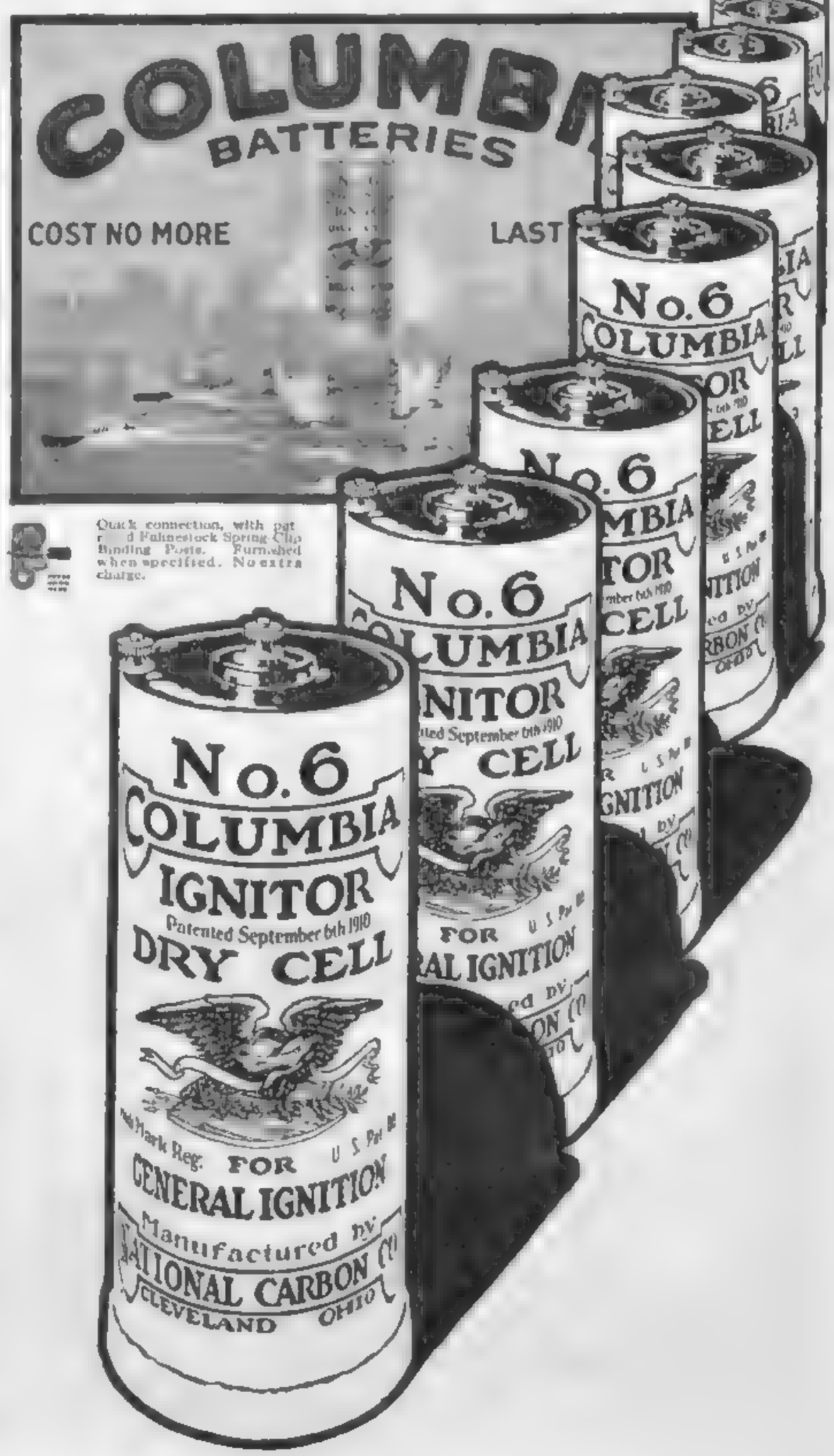

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Retails in 2651 good shops mostly at $5, some styles at $4, some at $6. We'll be glad to send booklet.

To Dealers: This shoe is IN STOCK (No. 6931 Blucher) Kaskin black tucan bal. Black Bottom Stitch Mediumweight Munsing Last. Approval.

Your kind of a Shoe

A man who has been President of the United States, if only for a short period, is immortal anyhow. His place in history is fixed. I have accomplished that, and I am rather glad, now that it is over, to escape the drudgery and the harassments and the tribulations of this office. It entails a great responsibility to be President of the United States, to have the power of decision in matters that may be so important in their bearing on the well-being of the people. That is fascinating, but oppressive. And William ——"

"Yes, Mr. President?"

"Do you still own that fishing camp where I went that day eight years ago?"

"I do."

"Well, let's take the one o'clock train on the fourth of March and go down there. I always had an idea I could catch fish, and I remember those waffles with great enjoyment."

They said he was a bad loser because he didn't appear with a forced smile on his face but none in his eyes, and hand out the usual we-did-the-best-we-could stuff. He sent his decorous telegram of congratulations to the man who beat him, and went about his business. He was a better loser than I was.

A few days later I went to New York and dropped in to see Broad.

"What are we going to do now?" he asked me.

"Speaking generally," I replied, "I would suggest that you take immedinte steps to mend your ways."

"Mend our ways! What ways?"

"Oh, take a survey and pick them out yourself. I haven't time to enumerate them. I came in to shake hands with you, to thank you for your support and to tell you good-by."

"Good-by? Nonsense. Don't think that I'm going to let this temporary setback discourage me. Come right back at them four years from now. They may have us winded, but they haven't got us whipped. I guess with the power we have we can make it as interesting for them as they can for us. And, Paxton ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Suppose they do dissolve some of these corporations. I'm not so certain they can, but suppose they do? Catch me?"

"Yes, suppose they do?"

He laughed a Gargantuan laugh.

"Why, we'll make just as much money busting them up as we did putting them together. Ha, ha! Can't stop us. Can't even delay us. You watch and see."

Broad was a good loser too.

I hated to go back to Washington for the finish of my term. The legislature in my own state, that I had figured on to reëlect me, was against me. I carried the state for Rogers, but my own part of it eluded me. I was out too. Key and the others were duly consolatory, but I wouldn't stand much of that. We went about our business and made such progress as we could. The President was cheerful and amenable. He stood for about everything I proposed, and I was careful not to exceed the limit except in one or two personal instances. We wound up on the fourth of March, and as soon as former-President Rogers, riding inconspicuously down the Avenue on the left-hand side of the carriage instead of triumphantly on the right-hand side as he had four years before, reached the White House and changed his clothes we took a train for my fishing camp. I was pleased to note that he wore a sack suit and a soft hat.

Canterbury and I had avoided one another during that session of Congress. That is, I avoided him. I don't think he cared whether he met me or not. But one day I almost bumped into him in a hotel lobby in New York.

"Howdy, senator," he said genially. "Remember me?"

"Why, yes," I said, not to be outdone, for I had determined that young man had successfully joshed me for the last time, "I recall something about you—Blueberry, isn't it, or Raspberry, or something like that?"

"Rasp," he said. "Used to talk about symbolism, you know—way back yonder before the fall of the plutocrats. By the way, what are you doing now? Something agreeable, I trust."

"I'm staying at home"; and I put a considerable amount of acid into my tone.

"Ah, yes. Seems to me I have heard that term before. Agreeable occupation, isn't it—away from the toil and bustle of the busy marts of trade? Have you been in the busy marts of trade recently?"

"Why?"

"Oh, I thought you might have been down exchanging condolences with your old friends who dominate those important features of our civilization."

"Condolences? They need no condolences."

"Possibly not—convictions would be nearer right. But I must hurry on. Glad to see you so chipper. Under the bludgeonings of fate your head is bloody but unbowed. Read a good deal, I suppose? I may send you a copy of a little thing I picked up the other day. It is called If I Had But Known."

He passed on, and I did not see him again for a long time.

I was reading Buckle the other night, and I came across a thought that, it seems to me, is one of the absolute human verities.

He said that the only way to prevent a man or a group of men from abusing power is to prevent them from getting power.

That's the way it appeals to me, now that I look back on my fifty years in the hurly-burly of politics. And it is not only so in politics, it is true in every other branch of human endeavor. What happened to me was that I lost my sense of proportion. I didn't distinguish between the actuating cause and the culminative effect.

I didn't realize that even in a country like ours a system of procedure may lose its punch.

I forgot that nothing stands still in this world, but either advances or recedes. I figured politics—my kind—as a fixed and determinate proposition. Instead of that it is as fluid as quicksilver. I forgot that publicity is a game that two can play. I underestimated a whole lot of things, but what I most underestimated was Charles Devereaux Canterbury. However ——

Uncle Lemuel Sterry came up to see me, and we sat and smoked and talked in my library.

"Lem," I said, "I have studied over that man Canterbury for hours and hours, but I can't figure out yet what he wanted. I can't get his point of view. It is inconceivable to me that there isn't something behind all this. What is it? What actuated him? What made him run out on us that way and defeat us? What was his impelling motive?"

"Perhaps"—and Uncle Lem leaned over the table toward me and spoke very softly—"perhaps his motives were based on decency and honesty and sincerity, and a desire to do something for the people instead of for himself."

"Maybe so; maybe so," I replied. "That is what Canterbury said; but do you know, Lem, I sort of suspect that Bathrop put up that job?"

(THE END)

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A NORTHERN man, traveling in the mountains of North Carolina, contracted an intense fondness for the corn pone indigenous to that section of the South. He pulled up his horse one day before a mountain cabin. A tall woman came to the door and invited him to alight and stay for dinner.

"Madam," he said, "I thank you for your hospitality; but all I want is some corn bread."

"Come right on in," she said. "Ef cawn bread is whut you wants you've come to the right place. We ain't got nothin' else but!"

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GOODYEARITE packing is a leading factor in the big part played by Goodyear in driving the wheels of world-industry.

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Goodyear Blue Streak Belts

The work of Goodyearite is complemented by Goodyear Blue Streak Belts for the most economical transmission of power.

We have labored to produce a belting with the minimum of stretch, slippage and ply separation.

Blue Streak records, covering years of continuous service, show that Blue Streak service-cost is lower; and that this belt transmits a higher percentage of power under all conditions.

In mills, mines and quarries, where grit and sand make quick work of ordinary belts; where horsepower in the hundreds is transmitted on the main drive, Blue Streak is preferred.

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This means *more horse-power* in the engine to move the car. More horse-power means *heavier engines* and a heavier engine means *heavier weight* throughout to carry it.

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Franklin Cars are in service in the *coldest* and the *hottest* regions on the earth's surface—in Alaska, South Africa and the Indian Empire.

They are in daily use in *every city* of this country and delivering to their users *more comfort* and *more economy* than any other cars they ever owned.

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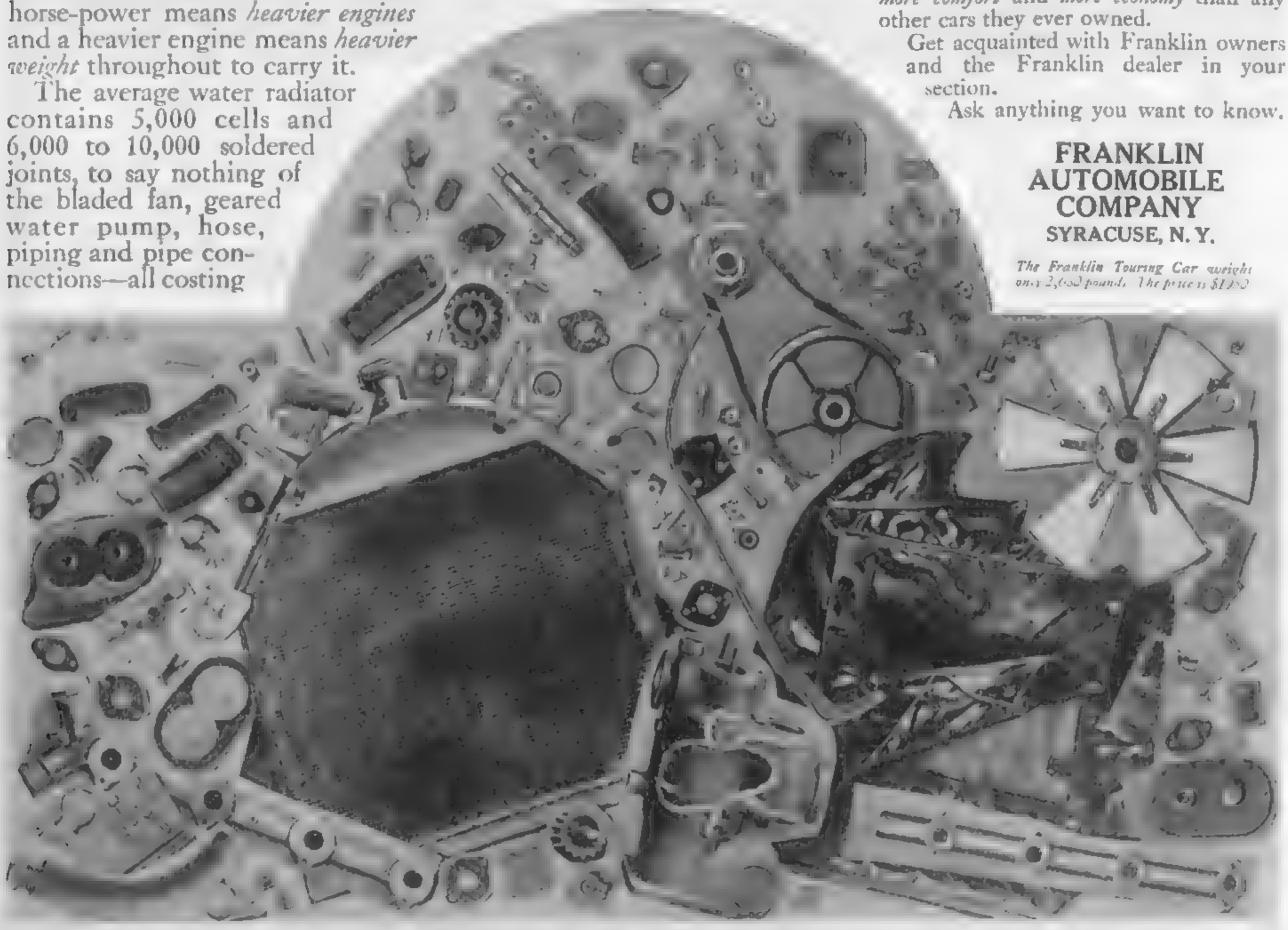

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR AKRON Bicycle Tires

THE MAN WITH TWO LEFT FEET

(Continued from Page 10)

Nevertheless, having paid for his course of lessons in advance and being a determined man, he did make progress. And one day, to his surprise, he found his feet going through the motions automatically, as if they were endowed with an intelligence of their own. It was the turning point. It filled him with a pride such as he had not felt since Minnie, on the shores of the silvery lake at Ye Bonnie Brier Bush Farm, had promised to be his wife. Madame Gavarni was moved to dignified praise.

"Some speed, kid!" she observed. "Some speed!"

Henry blushed modestly. It was the accolade.

He was getting on splendidly now. The cripple's name had dropped out of the daily conversation altogether. Every day his skill became more manifest, and every day, on reaching home, he found occasion to bless the resolve that had sent him to Madame Gavarni's; for daily now it became more apparent to him as he watched Minnie that she was chafing at the monotony of her life. That fatal supper had wrecked the peace of their little home. Before that, her contentment had been obvious. Now it was just as obvious that she was fretting.

A blight had settled on the flat and from their relations spontaneity had departed. Little by little Minnie and he were growing almost formal toward each other. She had lost her taste for being read to in the evenings and had developed a habit of pleading a headache and going early to bed. Sometimes, catching her eye when she was not expecting it, he surprised in it an enigmatic look. It was a look, however, he was able to read. It said as plainly as the spoken word that she was bored.

It might have been expected that this state of affairs would have distressed Henry. It gave him, on the contrary, a pleasurable thrill. It made him feel that it had been worth it—going through the torments of learning to dance. If she had been contented with the life he could offer her as a nondancer, where would have been the sense of losing money and weight in order to learn the steps? The more frigid she was now, the more completely would she melt when he revealed himself. The more uncomfortable their evenings were now, the more they would appreciate their happiness later on. For Henry belonged to the school of thought which holds that there is a greater pleasure in being suddenly relieved of toothache than in never having toothache at all.

He merely chuckled inwardly, therefore, when, on the morning of her birthday, having presented her with a purse which he knew she had long coveted, he found himself thanked in a perfunctory and mechanical way.

"I'm glad you like it," said Henry.

She looked at the purse without enthusiasm. "It's just what I wanted," she said listlessly.

"Well, I must be going. I'll get the tickets for the show when I'm downtown."

She hesitated a moment.

"I don't believe I want to go to the theater to-night, Henry."

"Nonsense! We must have a party on your birthday. We'll go to the theater and then we'll have supper at Geisenheimer's again. I may be working after hours at the bank to-day, so I guess I won't come home. I'll meet you at that Italian place at six."

"Very well. You'll miss your walk, then?"

"Yes. It—it doesn't matter for once."

"No? You still go on with your walks, then?"

"Oh, yes! Yes."

"Three miles every day?"

"Never miss it. It keeps me well."

"Yes?"

"Good-by, darling."

"Good-by."

Yes, there was a distinct chill in the domestic atmosphere; but, reflected Henry, it would not last much longer now. He had rather the feeling of a young knight who has done perilous deeds for his lady and now sees the prospect at hand of cashing in on them.

Geisenheimer's was as brilliant and noisy as it had been before when Henry reached

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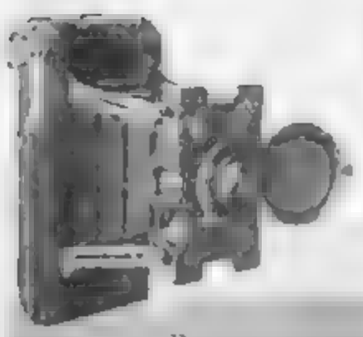

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it that night, escorting a reluctant Minnie. She had wished to abandon the idea of supper and go home, but a squad of police could not have kept Henry from Geisenheimer's. His hour had come. He had looked forward to this moment for weeks and had visualized every detail of his big scene. They would sit down. There might be a stage wait of a few minutes. Then, infallibly, Sidney Mercer would come up and ask Minnie to dance. And then—then—Henry would rise and, abandoning all concealment, exclaim grandly: "No! I am going to dance with my wife!" Stunned amazement of Minnie, changing into wild joy. Utter rout and discomfiture of that pinhead, Mercer. And then, when they had returned to their table, he breathing easily and regularly, as a trained dancer should after a little spin, she tottering a trifle with the sudden rapture of it all, they would sit with their heads together and start a new life. That was the scenario which Henry had drafted.

It worked out as smoothly as ever it had done in his dreams. They had hardly seated themselves when Sidney Mercer was beside the table, bleating greetings. Sidney had the gift, peculiar to his type, of being able to see a pretty girl come into a restaurant even when his back was toward the door.

"Henry!" he cried. "Welcome home! Our little rounder! Always here!"

"Wife's birthday."

"Many happy returns of the day, Mrs. Mills! We've just time for one turn before the waiter comes for your order. Come along!"

"No!" Henry exclaimed grandly. "I am going to dance with my wife!"

He had not overestimated the sensation the words would cause. Minnie looked at him with round eyes. Sidney Mercer was obviously startled.

"I thought you couldn't dance?"

Henry smiled a tolerant, whimsical smile.

"You never can tell," he said lightly. "It looks easy enough. Anyway, I'll try."

"Henry!" cried Minnie as he gripped her.

He had supposed she would say something like that, but hardly in that tone of voice. There is a way of saying "Henry!" which conveys surprised admiration and remorseful devotion; but she had not said it in that way. There had been a note almost of horror in her voice. He could not understand this. They were on the floor now, and it was beginning to creep on him like a chill wind that the scenario he had mapped out was subject to unforeseen alterations.

At first, all had been well. They had been almost alone on the floor and he had begun moving his feet along dotted line A-B—as recommended in The A-B-C of Modern Dancing—with a smooth confidence. And then, as if by magic, he was in the midst of a crowd—a mad, restless crowd that seemed to have no sense of direction, no ability whatever to keep out of his way. For a moment the tuition of weeks stood by him. Then, a shock, a stifled cry from Minnie, and the first collision had occurred. And with that all his painfully acquired knowledge passed from his mind.

This was a situation for which his pacings and slidings round an empty room had not prepared him. He felt unnerved and helpless. Stage fright obsessed him. Somebody charged him in the back and asked querulously where he thought he was going. Somebody else rammed him on the other side. The lights grew blurred and dizziness came on him. He had a momentary feeling as if he were going down Niagara Rapids in a barrel; and then he was lying on the floor, with Minnie on top of him. Somebody kicked him on the head.

He was aware of Sidney Mercer at his side, helping him up.

The place seemed full of demon laughter.

"Min!"

They were in the parlor of their little flat. Her back was toward him and he could not see her face. She did not answer. She preserved the silence that had lasted since they left the restaurant.

Henry's bleak misery found vent in a torrent of words:

"I thought I could do it. Oh, Lord! I've been taking lessons every day since that night we first went to that place. I didn't tell you because I wanted it to be a surprise for you on your birthday. I knew how sick and tired you were getting of being married to a man who never took you out because he couldn't dance. I thought it was up to me to learn and give you a good time like other men's wives have. It's no good! I guess it's like the old woman said: I've got two left feet and it's no use my trying to fight against it. I'm sorry, Min. I did my best. I ——"

"Henry!"

She had turned, and with dull amazement he saw that her face was radiant.

"Was that why you went to that house to take dancing lessons?" He stared at her without speaking. "So that was why you pretended you were still doing your walks! I understand now."

"You knew!"

"I saw you come out of that house. I was just going to the Subway station at the end of the street one evening and I saw you. There was a girl with you—a girl with yellow hair. You hugged her!"

Henry licked his dry lips.

"Min," he said huskily, "you won't believe me, but she was trying to teach me the Jelly Roll!"

She held him by the lapels of his coat.

"Of course I believe you! I understand it all now. I thought at the time —— I can't tell you what I thought. I almost hated you! Oh, Henry, why ever didn't you tell me what you were doing? I know you wanted it to be a surprise for my birthday, but you must have seen there was something wrong. You must have seen that there was something the matter with me. Surely you've noticed how horrid I've been these last weeks!"

"I thought it was just that you were finding it dull."

"Dull! Here! With you!"

Henry choked.

"It was after you danced that night with Sidney Mercer, Min. I thought the whole thing out. You're so much younger than me, Min. It—it didn't seem right for a wonderful girl like you to have to be cooped up for the rest of your life, being read to by a fellow like me."

"But I loved it!"

"I knew you were missing your dancing. You've got to dance. Every girl has to. Women can't do without it."

She threw her head back, laughing.

"This one can, Henry. Listen! You remember how ill and worn-out I was when you first met me at the farm? Do you know how I came to be like that? It was because I had been slaving away for years at one of those dance-hall places, where you go in and pay five cents for a dance with one of the lady instructresses.

"I was one of the lady instructresses, Henry. You can't begin to imagine what I went through. Day after day a million heavy men with large feet —— I tell you, you are a professional compared with some of them! They trod on my feet and leaned their two hundred pounds on me and nearly killed me. Now perhaps you can understand why I'm not crazy about dancing, though I know I dance well. Believe me, Henry, the kindest thing you can do to me is to forbid me ever to dance again!"

"You! You ——" He gulped. "Do you really mean that you can stand—that you can be satisfied with the sort of life we're living? You won't really find it dull?"

"Dull!"

She ran to the bookshelf and came back with a large volume.

"Read to me, Henry, dear. Read me something now. It seems ages and ages since you used to. Read me something out of the Encyclopædia!"

Henry was looking at the book in his hand. In the midst of a joy that almost overwhelmed him his orderly mind was conscious of something wrong.

"But this is the MED–MUM volume, darling!"

"Is it? I didn't look. Well, that'll do. Read me all about Mum."

"But we're only in the CAL–CHA!"

He wavered. Then something of recklessness came into his manner. He gave a careless, happy laugh.

"All right! I don't care! I will, by George!"

"Sit right down here, dear, and I'll sit on the floor." Henry cleared his throat.

"'Milica, or Militech (d. 1374), Bohemian divine, was the most influential among those preachers and writers in Moravia and Bohemia who, during the fourteenth century, in a certain sense paved the way for the reforming activity of Huss.'"

His voice died away. He looked down. Minnie's soft hair was resting against his knee. He put out a hand and stroked it. She turned and looked up—and he met her big eyes.

"Can you beat it!" said Henry silently to himself.

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INSURANCE PAYA

ANNUAL DIVIDEND.

IRELAND UBER ALLES

(Continued from Page 5)

German-American mates who speak German. Reardon has shipped German-American engineers and some of his coal passers and firemen speak fair English. I've got two Native Son Chinamen in the galley and a Cockney steward. We'll get along."

"And a rattling fine idea too," Cappy Ricks declared warmly. "Mike, my boy, you're a wonder. That's the spirit. Always keep down the overhead, Matt. That's what eats up the dividends."

"Well, I wouldn't stand for it if the Narcissus wasn't going to be engaged in neutral trade, or if she was carrying munitions of war to the Allies," Matt declared. "I'd be afraid some of Mike's Germans might blow up the ship."

"Believe me," quoth Michael J. Murphy, "if she was engaged in freighting munitions to England, it'd be a smart German that would get a chance to blow her up. I think I'd scuttle her myself first."

"Well, Mike, if your courage failed you," Cappy Ricks replied laughingly, "I think we could safely leave the job to Terence Reardon."

On that first voyage the Narcissus carried general cargo to northern ports on the West Coast. Then she dropped down to a nitrate port and loaded nitrate for New York, and about the time she passed through the Panama Canal the Blue Star Navigation Company wrote its New York agent to provide some neutral business for her next voyage. Freights were soaring by this time, due to the scarcity of the foreign bottoms which formerly had carried Uncle Sam's goods to market, and Cappy Ricks and Matt Peasley knew the rates would increase from day to day, and that in consequence their New York agents would experience not the slightest difficulty in placing her—hence they delayed as long as they could placing her on the market.

On the other hand, the New York agents, realizing that higher freight rates meant a correspondingly higher commission for them on the charter, held off until the Narcissus had almost finished discharging at Hoboken before they closed with a fine old New York importing and exporting house for a cargo of soft coal from Norfolk, Virginia, to Manila or Batavia. The charterers were undecided as to which of these two cities would be the port of discharge, and stipulated that the vessel was to call at Pernambuco, Brazil, for orders. The New York agents marveled at this for—to them—very obvious reasons; but inasmuch as the charterers had offered a whopping freight rate and declined to do business on any other basis, and since further the agent concluded it was no part of his office to question the motives of a house that never before had been subjected to suspicion, he concluded to protect himself by leaving the decision up to the owners of the Narcissus. He accordingly wired them as follows:

"BLUE STAR NAVIGATION COMPANY,
"258 California St., San Francisco, Cal.
"Have offer Narcissus, coal Norfolk Batavia or Manila, charterers undecided, Pernambuco for orders, ten dollars per ton. Shall we close? Answer.
"SEABORNE & COMPANY."

Cappy Ricks was having his afternoon siesta when this telegram arrived. Mr. Skinner, the general manager of the Ricks Lumber & Logging Company, which occupied the same suite of offices as the Blue Star Navigation Company, and was so intertwined with the latter company as to be an integral part of it, received the telegram and read it to Cappy, who unfortunately was not as wide awake at the moment as usual. Furthermore, Mr. Skinner had just emerged from a terrible battle with a customer who had tried to crawl out of an order for a cargo of redwood lumber just because the market had slumped fifty cents; in consequence of which the estimable Skinner's mind was on other things as he read the telegram to Cappy.

"Is it all right, Mr. Ricks? Shall I wire them to close?" he queried, wondering all the while if he hadn't made a mistake in insisting upon delivery of that cargo after all. Certainly it did call for a fearful lot of No. 2 boards, 1" x 8" and up, and too great a percentage of 4" x 6"–20' No. 1 clear. And there were mighty few clear twenty-foot logs coming into the boom these days.

"Well, will a cat eat liver?" declared Cappy Ricks. "I should say we do accept. Why, man, she'll make forty thousand dollars on the voyage, and whether she goes to Batavia or Manila we're certain to get a cargo back. We should worry."

"All right, I'll wire him," Skinner replied, and paused long enough to make a notation on the message: "O. K.—Ricks." Mr. Skinner meant nothing in particular by that. He was a model of efficiency, and that was just his little way of placing the responsibility for the decision in the event that the wisdom of said decision should, at some future time, be questioned. Mr. Skinner never took unnecessary chances. He always played a safe game.

It is necessary to state here also that Matt Peasley was not in the office when that telegram arrived from Seaborne & Company. If he had been this story would never have been written. He was down at Hunters Point drydock, superintending the repairs to the steam schooner Amelia Ricks, which recently had essayed the overland route via Duxbury Reef. When he reached home that night he found his ingenious father-in-law fairly purring with contentment.

"Well, Matt, old horse," Cappy piped, "I've chartered the Narcissus. Norfolk to Batavia or Manila with coal. Got a glorious price—ten dollars a ton. That's what we get for holding off until the last minute."

"That's encouraging," Matt answered pleasantly, and asked no further questions. He was obsessed with the engines of the Amelia Ricks. It was going to cost a lot of money to put them in condition again, and he remarked as much to Cappy. Thus it happened that they entered into a discussion of other matters, and the good ship Narcissus, having finished discharging her cargo of nitrate, dropped down to Norfolk, where Capt. Michael J. Murphy proceeded to let a stream of coal into her at a rate that promised to load her fully in less than four days.

It is worthy of remark, at this juncture, that Mike Murphy and Terence Reardon had, by this time, cast aside all appearance of even shirt-sleeve diplomacy. Diplomatic relations had, in fact, been completely severed. Crossing the Gulf Stream, Murphy had called the engine room on the speaking tube and politely queried if Mr. Reardon didn't think he could get a few more revolutions out of her. To this Mr. Reardon had replied passionately that if such a thing were possible he would have done it long ago without waiting to be told. He desired to inform Captain Murphy that he knew his business; whereupon Murphy had replied that he never would have guessed Mr. Reardon was that intelligent, judging by the face of him. In disgust Mr. Reardon had replied: "Aw, go to ——" and then tried to close the speaking tube before the captain would have an opportunity to retort. However, Michael J. knew his own, and, like all the Irish, he was a wonder at repartee. Quick as was Terence Reardon, therefore, Michael J. Murphy was quicker. Perhaps all of his message had not been delivered before Reardon closed the tube, but the chief got enough of it for all practical purposes.

He caught one word—"Renegade"; a word so terrible that it left the chief engineer speechless with fury, and before he could call the skipper a baboon the golden opportunity was gone. He closed the tube with a sigh.

IV

WHILE the Narcissus was loading, the Fates were keeping in reserve for Cappy Ricks, Matt Peasley and Mr. Skinner a blow that was to stun them when it fell. About the time the Narcissus, fully loaded, was snoring out to sea past Old Point Comfort, Matt Peasley came across Seaborne & Company's telegram in the unanswered-correspondence tray on his desk. Five times he read it; and then, in the language of the poet, hell commenced to pop!

Cappy Ricks came out of a gentle doze to find his big son-in-law waving the telegram under his nose.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Matt Peasley bawled, for all the world as if Cappy was a very stupid mate and all the canvas had just been blown out of the bolt-ropes.

"Why didn't you ask me, you big stiff?" shrilled Cappy. He didn't know what was coming, but instinct told him it was awful, so he resolved instantly to meet it with a

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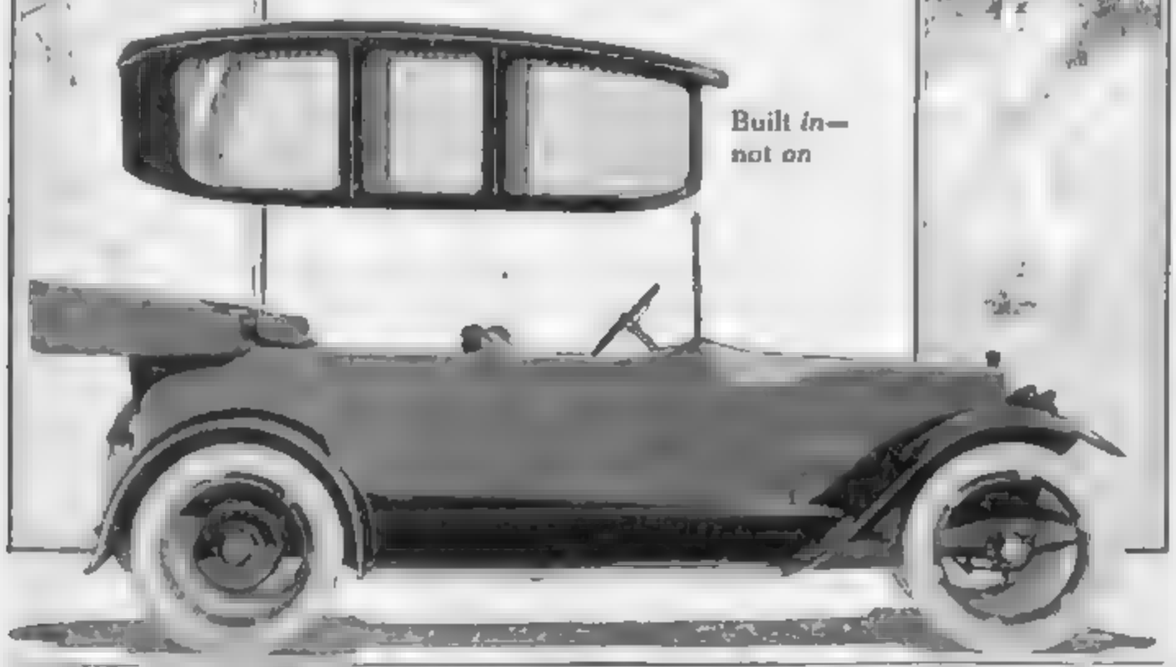

Built *in*—not *on*

brave front. "Don't you yell at me, young feller. Now then, what do you want to find out?"

"Why didn't you tell me the Narcissus was to drop in at Pernambuco for orders?" roared Matt wrathfully.

Cappy pursed his lips and calmly rang for Mr. Skinner. He eyed the general manager over the rims of his spectacles for fully thirty seconds. Then:

"Skinner, what the devil's wrong with you of late? It's getting so I can't trust you to do anything any more. Tut, tut! Not a peep out of you, sir. Now then, answer me: Why didn't you tell me, Skinner, that the Narcissus was to call in at Pernambuco for orders?"

"I read you the telegram, sir," Mr. Skinner replied coldly, and pointed to the notation: "O. K.—Ricks," the badge of his infernal efficiency. "I read that telegram to you, sir," he repeated, "and asked you if I should close. You said to close. I closed. That's all I know about it. You and Matt are in charge of the shipping and I decline to be dragged into any disputes originating in your department. All I have to say is that if you two can't run the shipping end and run it right just turn it over to me, and I'll run it right!"

Completely vindicated, Mr. Skinner struck a distinctly defiant attitude and awaited the next move on the part of Cappy. The latter, thoroughly crushed—for he knew the devilish Skinner never made any mistakes—looked up at his son-in-law.

"Well," he demanded, "what's your grouch against Pernambuco?"

"Forgive me for bawling you out that way," Matt replied, "but I guess you'd bawl, too, if somebody who should have known better had placed a fine ship in jeopardy for you. It just breaks me all up to think you may have lost my steamer Narcissus—the first steamer I ever owned too—and to be lost on her second voyage under the Blue Star flag——"

"Our Narcissus, if you please," Cappy shrilled. "You gibbering jackdaw! Out with it! Where do you get that stuff—lose your steamer on her second voyage? Why, she's snug in New York Harbor this minute."

"If she only is," Matt almost wailed, "she'll never be permitted to clear with that German crew aboard. Pernambuco for orders! Suffering sailor! And you, of all men, to put over a charter like that! Pernambuco! Pernambuco! Pernambuco—for—orders! Do you get it?"

"No, I don't. It's over my head and into the bleachers."

"I must say, my dear Matt," Mr. Skinner struck in blandly, "that I also fail to apprehend."

"Didn't you two ever go to school?" Matt raved. "Didn't you ever study geography? Why under the canopy should we waste our time and burn up our good coal steaming to Pernambuco, Brazil, South America, for orders? Let me put it to you two in words of one syllable: The Narcissus is chartered to carry a cargo of coal from Norfolk, Virginia, to Batavia or Manila. At the time of chartering—and sailing—the charterers are undecided which port she is to discharge at, so they ask us to step over to Pernambuco and find out. Now, whether the vessel discharges at Batavia or Manila, her course in the Atlantic Ocean while en route to either port is identical! She passes round the Cape of Good Hope, which is at the extreme south end of Africa. If her course, on the contrary, was round Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan there might be some sense in sending her over to the east coast of South America for orders. But whether she is ordered to Manila or Batavia, the fact remains that she must put in to Durban, South Africa, for fuel to continue her voyage; so why in the name of the Flying Dutchman couldn't the charterers cable the orders to Mike Murphy at Durban? The Narcissus is worth a thousand dollars a day, so you waste ten thousand dollars of her time, at the very least, when a ten-dollar cablegram would have done the business! I suppose all you two brilliant shipping men could see was a ten-dollar-a-ton freight rate? Eh? You—landlubbers! A-a-g-r-r-h! I was never so mad since the day I was born."

While Matt ranted on, Mr. Skinner's classic features had been slowly taking on the general color tones of a ripe old Edam cheese, while at the conclusion of Matt's oration Cappy Ricks' eyes were sticking out like twin semaphores. He clasped his hands.

(Continued on Page 81)

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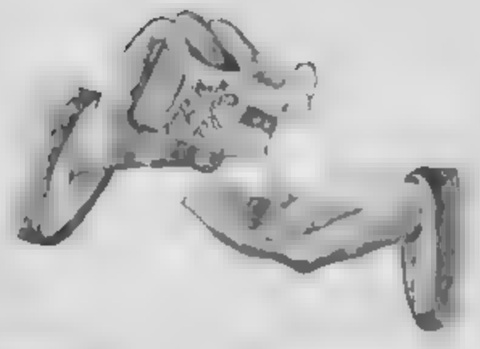

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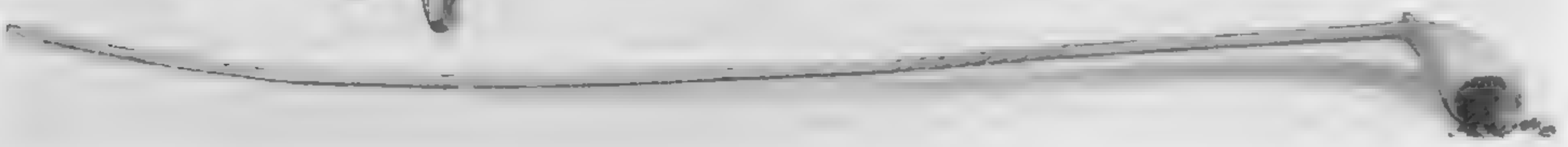


(Continued from Page 78)

"By the Twelve Ragged Apostles!" he murmured in an awed voice. "There's a nigger in the woodpile."

"I very greatly fear," Mr. Skinner chattered, "that you are mistaken, Mr. Ricks. Something tells me it's a German!"

"Well, well, well!" Matt Peasley sneered. "Skinner, take the head of the class. Really, I believe I begin to pick up signs of human intelligence in this sea of maritime ignorance."

"Oh, Matt, quit your jawing and break the news to me quick," Cappy pleaded.

"Haven't you been reading the papers, sir? Australian, Canadian and Japanese warships have been hunting for the German Pacific fleet for the past few weeks, and the Germans have been on the dodge. Therefore, they've been burning coal. They are only allowed to remain in a neutral port twenty-four hours, and can only take on sufficient coal and stores then to enable them to reach the nearest German port. Consequently, since they have been afraid to enter a neutral port, for fear of giving away their position, it follows that they've had to stay at sea—and naturally they have run short of coal. A few steamers have cleared from San Francisco with coal, ostensibly for discharge at Chilean or Mexican ports, but in reality for delivery to the German fleet at sea, but even with these few deliveries there is a coal famine. And now that the Pacific is getting too hot for it, the general impression is that the German fleet will try to get through the Straits of Magellan, for, once in the Atlantic, coal will be easier to get. More ships, you know; more ship-owners willing to take a chance for wartime profits—and they say Brazil is rather friendly to the German cause. We will assume, therefore, that the German secret agents in this country realize it is inevitable that Von Spee's fleet must be forced into the Atlantic; hence, in anticipation of that extremity, they are arranging for the delivery of coal to those harassed cruisers and battle cruisers. The agent in Pernambuco is probably in constant communication with the fleet by wireless; the fleet will probably come ranging up the coast of South America, destroying British commerce, or some of the ships may cross over to the Indian Ocean and join the Emden, raiding in those waters. So the German secret agents charter our huge Narcissus, load her with ten thousand tons of coal ——"

Matt Peasley paused and bent a beetling glance, first at Cappy Ricks and then at Skinner.

"Was she to carry soft coal or anthracite?" he demanded.

"I don't know," Mr. Skinner quavered.

"Search me!" Cappy Ricks piped up sourly.

"I thought so. For the sake of argument we'll assume it's soft coal, because anthracite has not as yet become popular as steamship fuel. Well, we will assume our vessel gets to Pernambuco. If, in the meantime, the German admiral wirelesses his Pernambuco agent 'Send a jag of coal into the Indian Ocean,' to the Indian Ocean goes the Narcissus, and presently she finds a German warship or two or three ranging along in her course. They pick her up, help themselves to her coal, give Mike Murphy a certificate of confiscation for her cargo, to be handed to the owners, who in this case will be good, loyal sons of the Fatherland and offer no objection ——"

"I see," Cappy Ricks interrupted. "And if, on the other hand, the German admiral says 'Send a jag of coal to meet us in a certain latitude and longitude off the River Plate,' and Mike Murphy objects, that German crew on our Narcissus will just naturally lock Mike Murphy up in his cabin and take the vessel away from him! When they're through with her they'll give her back ——"

"I'm not so certain they'll have to lock him up in his cabin in order to get the ship," Mr. Skinner struck in, a note of alarm in his voice. "Mike Murphy is so pro-German ——"

"Ow! Wow! That hurts," Cappy wailed. "So he is! I never thought of that. And now that you speak of it, I recall it was his idea, getting that crew of Germans aboard! He said it would cut down expense. Holy mackerel, Matt; do you think it was a frame-up?"

"Certainly I do, but—Mike Murphy wasn't in on it. You can bank on that. No piratical foreigner will ever climb up on Mike Murphy's bridge except over Mike Murphy's dead body. According to the president emeritus there is more than one kind of Irish, but I'll guarantee Mike Murphy isn't the double-crossing kind."

A boy entered with a telegram. It was a day letter filed by Mike Murphy in New York city that morning, and Matt Peasley read it aloud:

"Sailing at noon. Regret your failure take me into your confidence when deciding withdraw vessel from neutral trade. If orders send me to either of ports named in charter party and I am overhauled en route, that is your funeral. If orders conflict with charter party, as I suspect they may, that may be my funeral. Regretfully I shall resign at Pernambuco. You know your own business, and I cannot believe you would go it blind; if you change your mind before arrival Pernambuco, cable care American Consul and will do my best for you. M. J. M."

Cappy Ricks sprang into the air and tried to crack his aged ankles together.

"Saved!" he croaked. "By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet! Saved! Bully for Mike Murphy! Say, when that fellow gets back if I don't do something handsome for him ——"

Matt Peasley's scowls had been replaced by smiles.

"God bless his old Mickedonian heart!" he said fervently. "He thinks the coal is for that British fleet reported to be en route across the Atlantic to give battle to the German Pacific fleet, or for Admiral Craddock's Pacific fleet in case the Germans chase it back into the Atlantic. He knows that we know he is pro-German and for anything that's against England—and if he makes up his mind the coal is for the British fleet he'll resign before delivering it! By Judas, this would be funny if it wasn't so blamed serious."

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed," Mr. Skinner quoted sagely. "It is most fortunate for us that Murphy's suspicions have been aroused, even if those suspicions do us a grave injustice. We know now that he will call on the American consul at Pernambuco and ask for a cablegram."

"Yes, and, by thunder! we'll send it," Cappy declared joyously. "Cable him, Skinner, to fire that German crew so fast one might play checkers on their coat tails as they go overside."

"I wish to heaven I could wireless him to put back to New York and ship a new crew," Matt Peasley mourned. "There's just a possibility that German crew of his may take over the ship on the high seas and not put into Pernambuco at all!"

"We can only wait and pray," said Mr. Skinner piously.

Cappy Ricks slid out to the edge of his chair and, pop-eyed with horror, eyed his son-in-law over the rims of his spectacles.

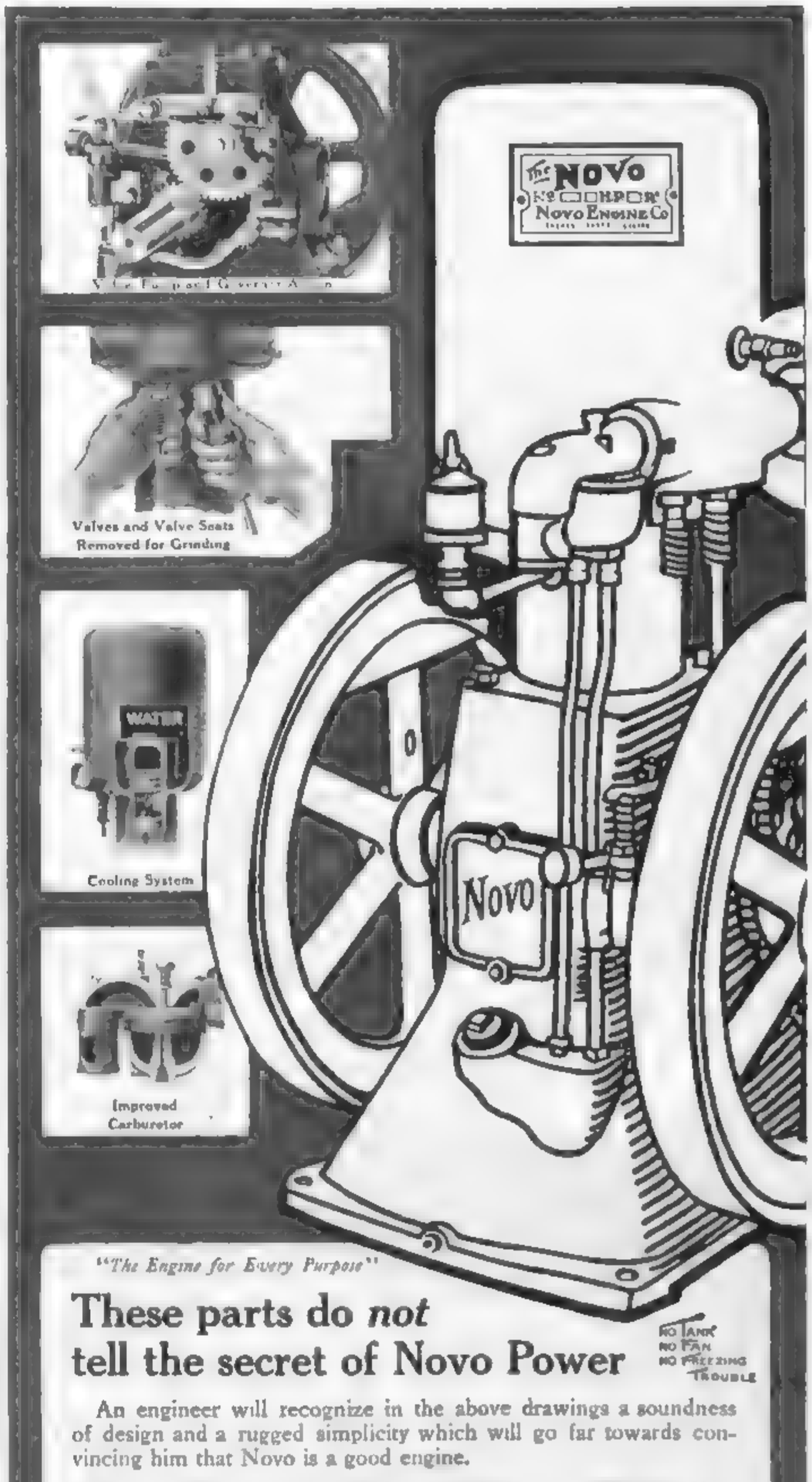
"Matt," he declared, "you're as cheerful as a funeral. Here we have this thing all settled, and you have to go to work and rip the silver lining out of our cloud of contentment. And the worst of it is, by golly, I think there's something to that theory of yours after all."

"We should always be prepared to meet the worst, Mr. Ricks," Mr. Skinner admonished the president emeritus. "While piracy as a practice practically perished prior to the ——"

"Skinner! In the fiend's name, spare us this alliteration and humbug," Cappy fairly shrieked. "You're driving me crazy. If it isn't platitude it's your dog-gone habit of initialing things!" He placed his old elbows on his knees and bowed his head in his hands. "If I'm not the original T. W.!" he lamented. "But you must forgive me, Matt. I got in the habit of thinking of expense when I was young and I've never gotten over it. You know how a habit gets a grip on a man, don't you, Matt? Oh, if you had only overruled me when I decided to save money by cutting out the wireless on the Narcissus! I remember now you wanted it, and I said: 'Well, what's the use? The Narcissus hasn't any passenger license and she doesn't have to have wireless—so why do something we don't have to do?' Skinner, you should have known enough ——"

"I am managing the lumber end of the business, Mr. Ricks," Skinner retorted icily.

"Never mind what you're managing. You're my balance wheel. I've raised you for that very purpose. I've been twenty-five years breaking you in to your job of relieving me of my business worries—and you don't do it. No, you don't, Skinner. Don't deny it, now. You don't. I pay you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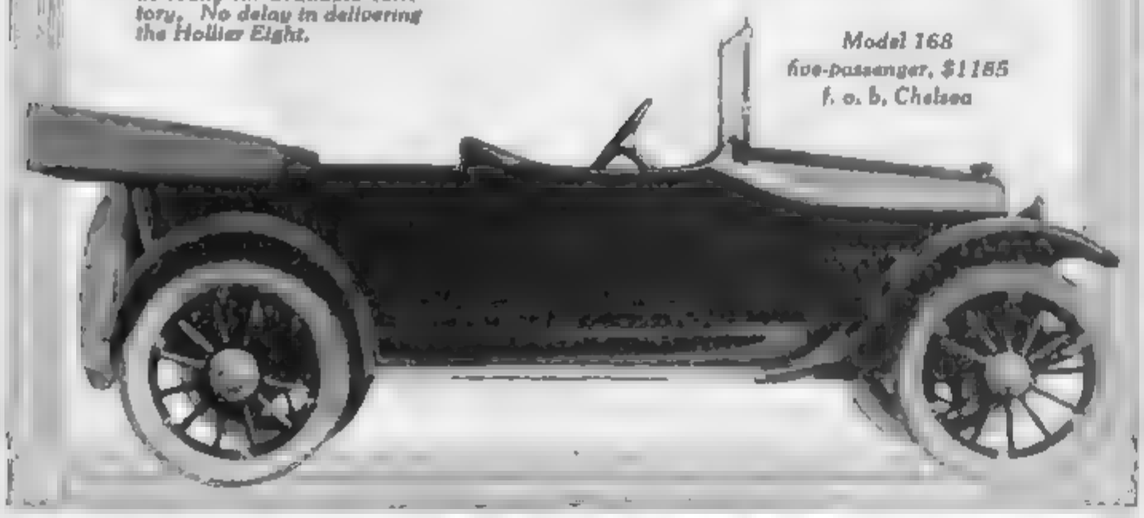

to boss me, but do you do it? No, sir. You let me have my own way—when I'm round you're afraid to say your soul's your own. You two boys know blamed well I'm an old man and that an old man will make mistakes. It is your duty to watch me. I pay the money, but I don't get the service. When Matt argued with me about the wireless you sided in with me, Skinner. You've got that infernal saving habit too—drat you! Don't deny it, Skinner. I can see by the look in your eye you're fixing to contradict me. You're as miserable a miser as I am—afraid to spend five cents and play safe—you penurious—er—er—fellow! Skinner, if you ever forgot yourself long enough to give three hoots in hell you'd want one of them back. See now what your niggardly policy has done for us? At a time when we'd hock our immortal souls for a wireless to talk to Mike Murphy and tell him things, where are we?" Cappy snapped his fingers. "Up Salt Creek—without a paddle!"

"Come, come," Matt said soothingly. "As Skinner says, we can only wait and pray ——"

"All right. You two do the praying. I'm going to sit here and cuss."

"Well, we'll hope for the best, Mr. Ricks. No more crying over spilled milk now. I'll figure out when the Narcissus is due at Pernambuco and cable Mike to let his crew go. And you know, sir, even if he should not receive our cablegram, we have still one hope left. True, it is a forlorn one, but it's worth a small bet. The crew of the Narcissus is not all German. There are ——"

"Two pro-German Irishmen, two disinterested Native Son Chinamen and a little runt of a Cockney steward," Cappy sneered. "And she carries a crew of forty, all told. Matt, those odds are too long for any bet of mine. Besides, Reardon and Murphy hate each other. A house divided against itself, you know ——"

"They might bang each other all over the main deck," Matt replied musingly, "but I'll bet they'll fight side by side for the ship. Of course we don't know Terence Reardon very long; he may be a bad one after all; but Mike Murphy will go far. He's as cunning as a pet fox, and he may make up in strategy what he lacks in numbers."

"The Irish are so filled with blarney ——" Skinner began, but Cappy cut him short with a terrible look.

"There goes some more of our silver lining," he rasped. "Skinner, what are you? Now, just for that, I'm going to agree with Matt. A man has got to believe something in this world or go crazy, and I prefer to believe that the ship is safe with those two Hibernians aboard—win, lose or draw. And I want you two to quit picking on me; I don't want the word 'Narcissus' mentioned in my presence until the ship is reported confiscated by the British, if her coal is for the Germans, or by the Germans if her coal is for the British—which it isn't—or until Mike Murphy reports at Manila or Batavia and cables us for orders."

"I'm with you there, sir," Matt Peasley declared. "I'm going to bank on the Irish, and refuse to believe it possible for the Nar—for a certain vessel flying our house-flag to be caught by the wrong warship, a couple of thousand miles off her course and with coal, or evidences of coal, in her cargo space. Buck up, Skinner. A little Christian science here, boy. Just make up your mind no man in authority is going to come over the rail of the Narcissus and ask Mike Murphy or his successor pro tem. for a look at his papers!"

"If she is ever confiscated on an illegal errand," Skinner mourned, "and Mike Murphy has nothing more tangible than a dime-novel tale of coercion as an excuse for being in that latitude and longitude—well, we'll never get our bully big ship back again!"

And for the first time in his life the efficient Mr. Skinner so far forgot himself as to swear in the office!

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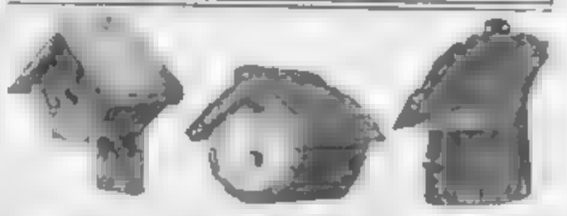

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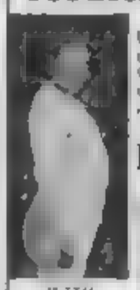

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The Weil Health Belt Co. 36 Elm St. New Haven, Conn.
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Study this dissected tire.
Note the sturdy tread, the special binder strip, the thick resilient cushion, the multiple plies of Sea Island cotton duck.

ONE YEAR AGO, comparatively few car owners could get Quaker Tires. Even now, despite increased facilities, **the supply is limited,** for Quakers are built by hand and slowly with all materials and every stage of the work rigidly inspected.

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THE TIRE OF THE FUTURE will be made of **shock-absorbing** rubber, but you can get it, **now,—years in advance**—in Quaker Tires.

QUAKER MULTI-TUBE possesses wonderful elasticity and increased tensile strength, because it, too, is made of **tempered** rubber.

Look up the nearest Quaker Dealer or write to us for his name and location. Address Factory Sales Dept.

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Here a very bright cheerful library
Beaver Boarded dining room.
In this office the Beaver Board
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It's Beaver Board that makes
this living room so attractive.
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Beaver Board walls and ceilings First
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Beaver Board stands the racket
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Thousands of people with wall and ceiling problems no different than yours, have found that Beaver Board *does* fit into their plans better than any other material.

Look at these eight pictures. In each case Beaver Board saved time and money, and the satisfactory results are plain to see.

But note this. All of these users insisted on getting the *real thing*.

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Genuine Beaver Board, and genuine Beaver Board only, is kiln-dried (a process regulating its moisture content) expressly to meet the known humidity conditions of each section to which the Board is shipped. In arid Arizona, dry aired Colorado or the moisture-filled air of the seacoast and lake districts, real Beaver Board walls and ceilings "stay put"—always firm, flat and solid

Selecting the quality of white spruce, shredding the logs, building up the fibre, using the right adhesive and moisture resisting ingredients, pressing into panels, surface-sealing and sizing both front and back (patented)—all these steps are of the greatest importance in securing the durability and superior painting surface of Beaver Board

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Inspect the board personally. Make sure it has the Beaver Board trade-mark on the back of each panel. It's the one way to be sure of the many exclusive merits of Beaver Board, and to obtain the service of our expert Design and Decoration Department—free to all Beaver Board users.

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TURNING CITIZENS INTO SOLDIERS

(Continued from Page 27)

Thus, the raw material furnished, being one part patriot, one part physical fitness and one part sharpshooter, the problem of producing an army in Switzerland is readily solved. All that is necessary is some supplementary special training in teamwork. Every American knows the significance of that word, and I do not hesitate to pronounce that the whole secret of an efficient army is compassed in the teamwork idea.

When he is nineteen the young Swiss presents himself at the mayor's office of his town and undergoes a rigid physical and moderate mental examination. If he passes the physical test, which includes running and walking endurance trials, and fails mentally, he is sent to night school until it is time to report for military training. Physical failure debars a man from service. Such a misfortune is considered almost a social calamity. The town belles have little time for those rejected on this count. The severity of the examination is attested by the fact that, out of the forty thousand—approximately—young men who annually present themselves, twenty thousand, or fifty per cent, are rejected.

The following spring the accepted recruit receives notice directing him to report to the nearest training ground there are eight scattered over Switzerland—and then he begins his sixty-five days' work in the Recruit School. Here the tyro soldier is supplied with a uniform, complete accouterments for field service, a rifle and ammunition. This equipment is his property until the end of his liability for military service. When not in use he keeps the complete outfit in his home.

This Swiss militia is a business army. From the first the recruit is trained under field conditions—no fancy manual-of-arms exercises in million-dollar armories; no reviews; no parades. The recruit devotes a full eight-hour day to intensive training. All exercises take place out of doors. The corps of instructors, a specially trained staff, who perform their never-ending duties with religious idealism, cram more specific military instruction into a given time than is the case with any other army in the world. A fourth classman at West Point—and he has few idle moments—has a sinecure compared with the Swiss recruit. Night work, long, fatiguing marches and trench digging bring no let-up in the usual eight-hour-day schedule of exercises. The men come through the course as lean as leopards. Perceptions are razor sharp. Faculties are on edge. This sixty-five-day period of concentrated military toil completed, the militiaman goes home. He has a solid foundation in all the duties of a soldier.

Eleven-Day Training Periods

The annual eleven-day terms of instruction are picnics compared with the Recruit School. Of course, a man is assigned to his home company. The work begins with an inspection and company drill. For two days this instruction proceeds in all detail; then the men are marched to a point where three other companies are met, thus forming a battalion. Exercises for this larger unit continue for two or three days, when the battalion marches to a regimental camp. The same process is repeated until the company passes through brigade, division and corps training. Sometimes the work terminates with a march in field order.[3] All this instruction takes place within eleven days. Under this system, supplemented by universal musketry practice, Switzerland turns out a force entirely competent for home defense in one hundred and forty-two days' actual training.

Is national life affected by this training favorably or unfavorably? A Swiss would laugh if you asked him that question. Discounting the patriotism of the people, you have the answer when you know that the majority of Swiss citizens who have migrated to other countries return each year for their military service. Democracy is never imperiled, for all officers are selected step by step from the ranks. I have seen General Wille, the commander-in-chief of the forces of Switzerland, in Berne, and no officer could possibly show less military swank.

Comparative figures on the efficiency of men who undergo the military training and those who do not are not always obtainable. Insurance actuaries figure that it adds an average of five years to a man's life. Since the system was inaugurated, the work of the juvenile courts has perceptibly slackened. The training helps in the matter of obedience and orderliness, and this shows in every field of industry. It is the opinion of some of the big business men of Switzerland that the plan is responsible for the speeding up of all work in factories. The habit of concentration developed because of intensive training, according to a Zurich steel magnate, is a mental improvement that has indirectly solved some of the Alpine nation's tremendous railroad engineering problems.

Switzerland needs no committee of boosters. It comes as near the Utopian democracy in its concept as will be found on this footstool of Providence. Here every fit male has rigorous military training; yet the country remains without a taint of militarism.

Turning to the unrivaled exponent of the military art, our balance drops to the opposite level. Germany openly scorns all democratic ideals, and militarism pervades every cranny of the social structure. Notwithstanding these conditions, as we are searching for a military system, we cannot afford to overlook the best the war has developed. The superlative is injected in a purely professional sense. Consider it not as an indorsement of German standards.

The German System

Everyone has a general idea of the military demands made upon the German citizen. To freshen us up on the details I will epitomize the scheme.

In Germany military service is universal and compulsory, but before the present war there were many exemptions from duty with the colors. On his seventeenth birthday the young German was liable for the call, but actual military work never began until he reached his twentieth year. At forty-five his service ceased.

During these twenty-five years of liability for duty the German compasses the entire gamut of military instruction. For seven years he trains with the First Line, Active, or what might be called the standing army. The initial two years are spent in the ranks, where the recruit is grounded in every detail of the duties of the soldier. The instruction is imparted with a severity and thoroughness seen in no other army; but, from a strictly professional point of view, the means are justified by the results. Frederick the Great himself could find few flaws in the German Active Army. Following this two-year period, when all is subordinated to military training and the German citizen gives his complete time and thought to the army, he passes into the reserve for five years, where he still belongs to his corps and is obliged to join it twice for two terms of training, limited by law to eight weeks. In custom these periods seldom lasted more than a month or six weeks.

In this outline I deal with the infantry; length of service varies somewhat with cavalry and artillery.

The next stage of the German's military life is passed with the first Ban of the Second Line Army, or *Landwehr*. Liability for this duty lasts five years. During these years *Landwehr* men are called out twice for war maneuvers, serving from eight to fourteen days on each occasion. This ends his active military instruction. The German citizen is assigned to the second Ban of the *Landwehr* until he has completed his thirty-ninth year, where no training is required. Finally he lands in the *Landsturm* and stays there until his forty-fifth birthday. Theoretically this was a home-defense force of two divisions—first, all citizens between the ages of seventeen and thirty-nine who for one reason or another received no military training; second, all the other subjects of the Kaiser, trained or untrained, aged from thirty-nine to forty-five.

Leaving out of consideration the demands of present war conditions, Germany, with a population of over sixty-six million, had over a million citizens present themselves for service each year. About fifty per cent were rejected on various counts. Of the remainder, two hundred and fifty thousand were actually drafted for duty with the colors.

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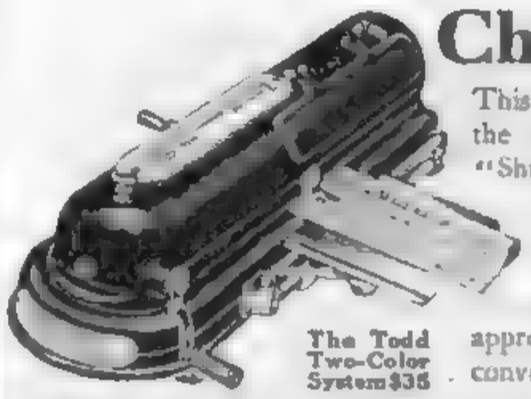
BANKER: **Just a moment, my dear sir: There's no sign of erasure. It looks about like all your checks. You admit your signature. How could our teller suspect this genuine check had been tampered with?**

CAN YOU PROVE IT'S BEEN RAISED?

There's the rub—to prove it to a judge and jury. Check raising is getting so common; genuine checks are so skilfully raised nowadays, that *any check written with pen or typewriter is dangerous* unless the amount is "shredded" with the

Protectograph

Check Writer (Todd Patents)



The Todd Two-Color System $35

This beautiful 1916 Model Perfected Instrument is the highest development of the famous Todd "Shredding" System (patented). The full amount is written and protected in the body of the check, exact to the penny, in two vivid colors—all at one operation—a complete word to each stroke of the handle. There's nothing to approach it for the combination of protection, speed, convenience.

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Do you know what "raised check" means? Do you realize what a "glass eraser," or a drop of ink eradicator can do to *your* check, no matter how carefully written? If you can stand a shock, mail this coupon attached to your letterhead to show you are entitled to some confidential information that we send only to responsible people.

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The enamel finish of the steel body can be restored to its original lustre until the car literally looks like new

This is constantly being done by owners after months of use. The enamel is baked onto the steel at intense heat. Dust and mud and neglect may dull its appearance—but the glossy finish is still there, waiting to be brought back by a simple process of cleaning.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
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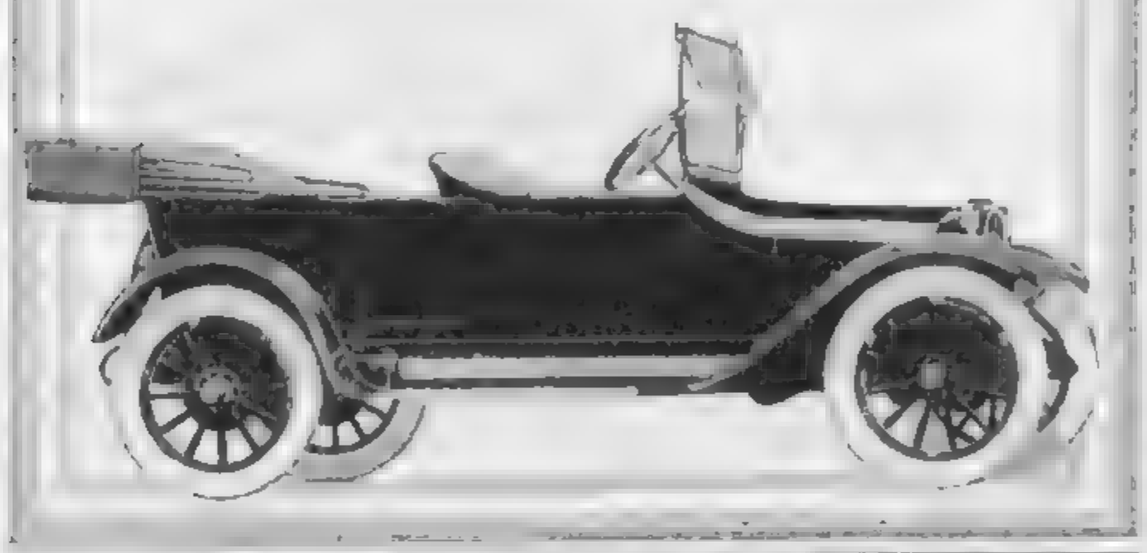

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Cut down living expenses. Easy to save time, labor and money by using
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This No. 4 Planet Jr combined Hill and Drill Seeder, Wheel Hoe, Cultivator, and Plow includes practically every plant and cultivate a large or small
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Ponce de Leon
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He wandered through life, seeking what did not exist.

Many men wander from job to job, seeking always "the big job" that is just ahead. The big job doesn't exist for wanderers. They don't stay put long enough to get the experience that leads to bigness.

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It is no easy matter to introduce an outsider into a sort of camera obscura where the German viewpoint on militarism will be revealed. In Prussia the content of the word is an inheritance passed on to the whole German people by Frederick the Great. Yes, the germ of the idea was even planted by the Great Elector when Prussia was a minor principality of little more importance in Europe at the time than Paraguay is in South America to-day.

Any German will tell you, with sincerest conviction, that the strength—and he means the wealth—of the nation is the blossoming offshoot of the military tree. Disinterested political economists partly agree with this contention. The men brought up in the German ideal cannot see and will not admit that it has unlovely sides. Far from having a warping effect on the mind, the subject of the Kaiser firmly believes the intellectual standard of Germany is founded on military training. In a conversation with a German reserve officer in Berlin during the early months of the war I got the Teuton argument in a sentence: "The army is the poor man's university." Anyone who has made a study of the German system must agree in large measure with this dictum. My informant, who had spent several years in the United States and knew our prejudices, went on to explain:

"In the army our citizen receives the cheapest, most thorough and scientific education of its kind known to pedagogy. His mind is trained. His muscles are trained. His spirit is trained. After two years he is a complete mental, physical and moral entity."

It was a broad statement, but, allowing for native enthusiasm, accurate. The officer paused as if seeking in his mind a concrete expression of his argument.

The German Army as a School

"The goose step!" His eyes lighted at the words. "Let me tell you a secret: German soldiers enjoy the goose step. It is the outward sign of their devotion to an ideal. Psychologists will assure you that when a man has complete control of his muscles—such control as develops in army work—his mental efficiency is enormously increased. But this is not news to you. You have seen it with your own recruits. *Nicht wahr?*"

I was constrained to admit that my observation, to a certain degree, bore out his statements, but I could not allow that this result could only be accomplished in military training.

"Would that those who criticize our German system could see some of the concrete results! Take men from the mountains of Silesia. Many do not know their right hand from their left. They cannot read or write. The word cleanliness is absent from their vocabulary. As your poet said, they are brothers to the ox. After years' hammering"—this is a quotation—"the peasant is transformed. He has learned to read and write. He is clean, orderly, punctual, obedient, a credit to the empire. Such is the pernicious product of militarism!"

Passing to the generalities my companion continued:

"In the army the people are welded into one efficient national machine, a highly trained social machine, with all its component parts working toward a common end—the German ideal."

Of course this was an officer stating his views; but he was not a regular, only a reserve, and so not wholly tainted with the professional habit of mind; in fact, I found practically the same view of the effect of military training to be general throughout Germany. Bankers, merchants, artisans—all agreed that the greatness of the German Empire was firmly planted on the compulsory plan of service involved. When this is the consensus of opinion of practically an entire population who have tested the plan, the idea merits some hard thinking.

There are those who condemn the system of conscription. They are in a minority so small that finding one is like hunting through oyster shells for pearls. The Socialists, as a party, oppose compulsory service. However, you must use a microphone to hear any criticism under present conditions. Dr. Karl Liebknecht, whom the German press would like to label as a bad boy of the Reichstag, is unutterably opposed to war, and all the pomp, pageantry and prostration incident thereto. His effusions on the subject fill several handy volumes of the Reichstag Record.

(Continued on Page 88)

BE SURE OF satisfaction—get perfect fit, correct style, with a full measure of comfort and service—wear The Florsheim Shoe.

Ask the Florsheim dealer for the style you prefer. Look for name in shoe.

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This Advertisement is all about Comfort in Suspenders

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Remember Shirley President means Suspender Comfort—Guaranteed.

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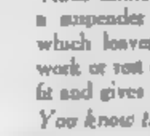

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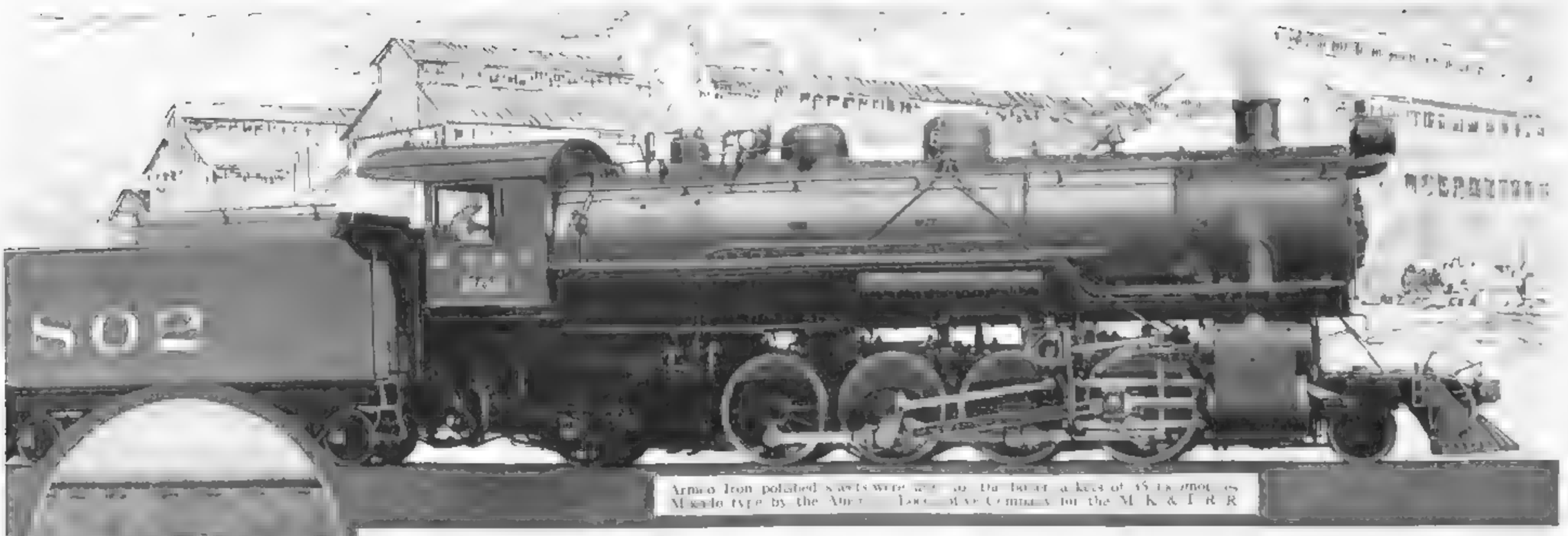

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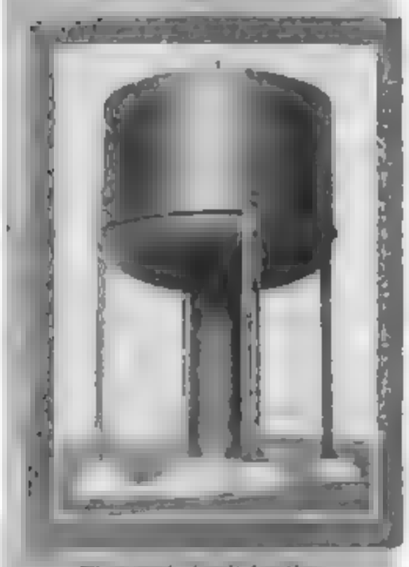
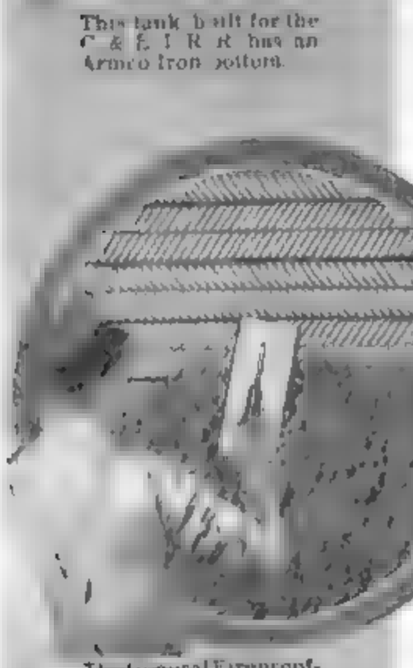


The rust-resistance of Armco Iron Culverts has led to their general adoption



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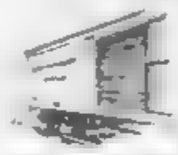

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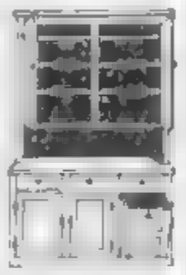

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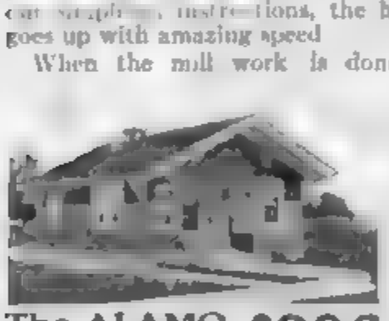

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Educational Division, Box 304

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA.

(Continued from Page 86)

He feels so strongly on the point that once, on a seeing-the-front party where I was a guest, this distinguished statesman and writer for a long time refused to appear on the same film in a war writers' group because some *feldgraue Pickelhauben* filled the background. As his colleagues, we insisted he should take the center. He consented; but when one of the officers, without a smile, politely invited Herr Liebknecht to join an exclusive military group he intimated that to do so would insure something worse than eternal damnation. And Liebknecht is elected regularly. Ernst Meyer, the plodding editor of *Vorwärts*, is also antimilitarist.

The German military instructor has not the same material to work with as is found in Switzerland. Though the educational plan adopted includes first-class physical instruction, it is natural that general results in so large a population could not be so good as in the smaller country. Yet this fault is cured in the army.

Again, the army is the economic ally of German industrialism. When a butcher, a baker, a barber is enrolled he takes his place in the specific department of the organization for which his training fits him; and then and there his industrial efficiency advances. He is taught to be a clean and saving butcher. As a baker he is taught the chemistry of dough in addition to practical bread making. The barber becomes a rapid-fire artist. All learn the vital lesson of hygiene as reflected in their special trades. It is unnecessary to multiply examples. The same principles hold with shoemakers, farriers, tailors, carpenters. In after life it is always the artisan who has completed his two years' service that gets the most work in his village.

Military Training in France

I have seen the German Army from within and without, and am convinced that most of the claims made for the system are in some degree fulfilled; yet the whole idea is repugnant to American standards. Admitting that conscription has made the defense of home and country everybody's business, and not the affair of a few hired men, it has evolved the officer caste. German defense preparations may have produced many industrial by-products—Essen steel for safety vaults, tools, turbines; nitrocellulose mixtures for billiard balls and moving-picture films, and the like—but no one can say that militarism is an unmixed blessing. But, to quote again from my reserve officer, "It suits the German people." Would it suit plain Americans? I wonder.

It is as true now as it was in Napoleon's heyday of triumph that the *poilu* carries a potential marshal's baton in his haversack. Keep this fact firmly embedded in your thoughts while reading what follows. It is the keystone of the French defense scheme. And by a curious paradox—for the project first emerged from the brain of a hyperautocrat—it has molded the soldiers of France into a completely democratic army. By way of parenthesis my opinion is that our home-grown fighting force might be more representative if encouragement were freely given the American private soldier to aspire after a general's stars.

To return to the French, their method, briefly sketched, is as follows: Service in the national—or, as it is called, metropolitan—army is compulsory for every French citizen, except such as show they are hopelessly unfit physically. No other exemptions are considered. From the age of twenty to forty-eight all Frenchmen are part of the army. The last law—1913—on the subject decreed service with the active force—in the ranks continued for three years—from the twentieth to the completed twenty-third year. For eleven more years the Frenchman was classed as a reserve, and after a seven years' enlistment in the territorial force his liability to serve ended with seven years in the territorial reserve. Reservists for the active army turn out twice in the eleven years for maneuvers that last about four weeks for each period. The territorial army trains once for two weeks. The reserve of this force is never called for training.

Though the French Army has certain points in common with the German, actually they are as wide apart as the poles. The two systems split on the rock of officer caste.

I shall never forget the shock all my preconceived military ideas sustained when first I saw the French Army in action. It was in the early days of this war. I had

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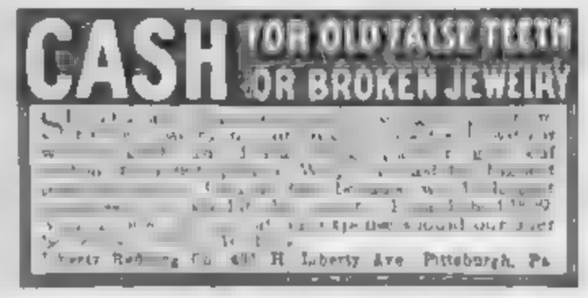

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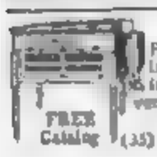

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literally been sitting down on the banks of the Meuse while two divisions of the Germans and French were fighting it out overhead for the possession of the bridge that crosses the river under the cliffs at Dinant. The night of the second day of the engagement, having a premonition of what was coming, I executed a strategic retirement to a near-by village.

It was a raw, rainy night. The village inn was a two-room shack. One room served as office, lounge and bar—principally bar. The other was the bedrooms. The plural is what I mean. When you made known your preferences it mattered not whether you wished a sunny southern exposure or a quiet corner on a court; you were shown to "the bedroom"—not all of it, just a straw-strewn section thereof.

Outside, what seemed to me to be the whole French Army was rumbling past in boulevard motor busses. In the lounge-office-bar I made myself as inconspicuous as possible. Members of the divisional artillery staff, from general down, were the only officers present at the moment. A technical discussion was in progress. There was nothing odd in that, for of all the military species the artilleryman is the most argumentative. But what opened my eyes to the popping point was the manner in which a major—a mere major!—talked back to the general.

A Free-and-Easy Democracy

What have since become the famous "75's" were then being tried out. The point in dispute was purely professional and is outside my story. The astonishing part of the duologue was the vehement manner assumed by the major toward his superior. He strode up and down gesticulating. He harangued "his" general—all superiors are addressed in the possessive in France—in the tone of a stump speaker. The discussion was largely technical, but I gathered enough to understand that the emphatic major would get the decision if the matter were left to an unprejudiced referee.

Frankly I expected the general to call for a couple of the largest and fiercest gendarmes in the vicinity and send the major back as far as Bordeaux in arrest for disrespect to a superior. Instead, *Mon Général* mildly argued with his subordinate and held that the functions of the divisional artillery precluded the course of action advocated. That was all that happened. One or two of the other officers seemed slightly interested, but the rest took the affair as a matter of course.

Ten years in the Federal prison at Leavenworth would be about the court-martial sentence of that major if he sassed a superior in our service. In Germany they would not even wait for dawn to shoot him.

Before the night was over I was to get another jolt on my military solar plexus, as you might say. The rain came down as if a deluge scheduled for Philippine service had been switched into that part of Belgium. Now the Hôtel Hut began to absorb blue-and-red soldiers as a sponge does water. Actually the two rooms were sopping with privates. I remember the raindrops in the flickering lamplight glistening like diamonds on their rough blue coats.

Officers filtered in as well; one tall azure dragoon, with his helmet crowned with horsehair, gave a striking touch to the bizarre scene. And all, from field officer to private, mingled in what from a professional viewpoint would be designated easy familiarity. With amazement I saw all ranks stand at the bar and swallow their bocks. For a United States officer to be seen at a bar where privates drink would bring swift reprimand, if not court-martial.

I reveled in the wonder of the scene—the "real thing" in that sudden cataclysm, the War of Europe; but all the time I kept questioning myself on the apparent passing up of discipline in the French Army. The whole foundation was pushed out from under my army experience, and my military notions tumbled about me like a child's house of blocks when I went into the bedrooms. Spread over the floor, without distinction of rank or birth, were as many Frenchmen as the room could hold. Patrician and *poilu* all snored in happy accord. Lulled to sleep by the sonorific nasal chorus that lifted gently to the rafters, I concluded that, so far as the army was involved, the French ideals – *Liberté!* and *Fraternité!* and *Egalité!*—were no idle dreams.

In that little low-ceilinged, lamplit room the secret of the French system was made

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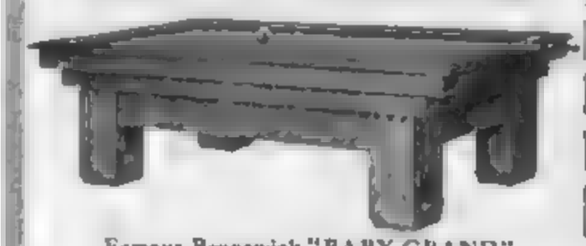

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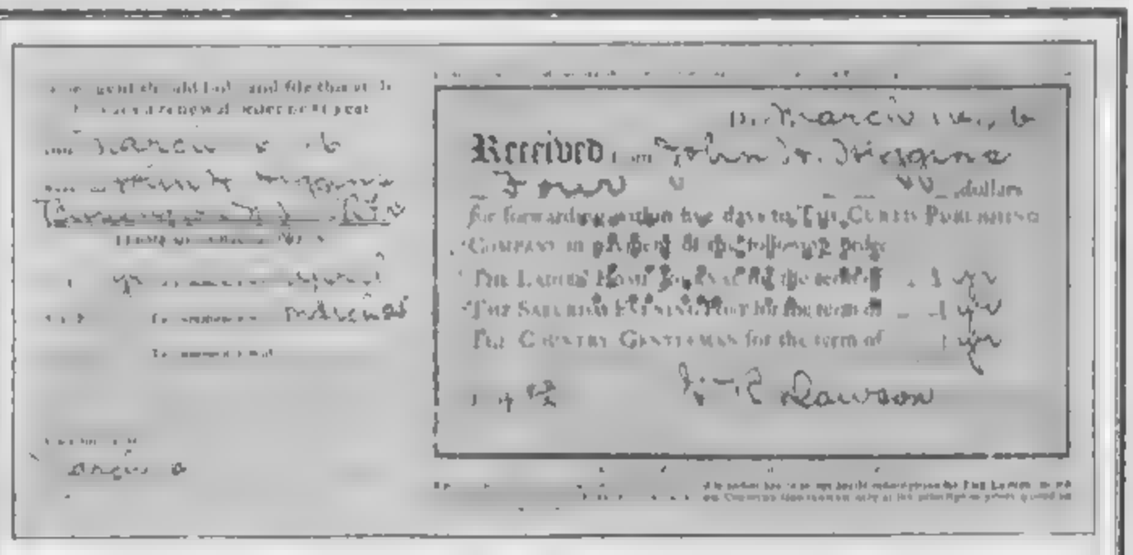

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clear to me. It was unconscious idealism. It was not the conventions of the service that knit those Frenchmen into the peculiar fabric of an army, where in time of stress the distinction of rank might be ignored without imperiling discipline. Back in the mind of every man in that room was the thought: "We are all fighting for France!" Even though it is the custom to bury the officers in separate graves, none knows better than the Frenchman that, certainly in death, president and private are equal.

France is a nation of paradoxes—the war has proved this statement; and from the soil of empire we get an equality that needs no violent assertion to prove its existence. Universal service in a large measure accounts for this phenomenon. America owes a great debt to France. Should it happen that we get a hint from the French which will help solve our defense problem, the debt will be doubled.

Since my first experience I have had many others showing this curious attitude of officer toward private in the French Army. I am convinced that it is the mainspring of French strength to-day. Actually I believe General Joffre's troops know more war lore this minute than any of their allies or opponents. The confidence existing between the captain and his company has brought this about.

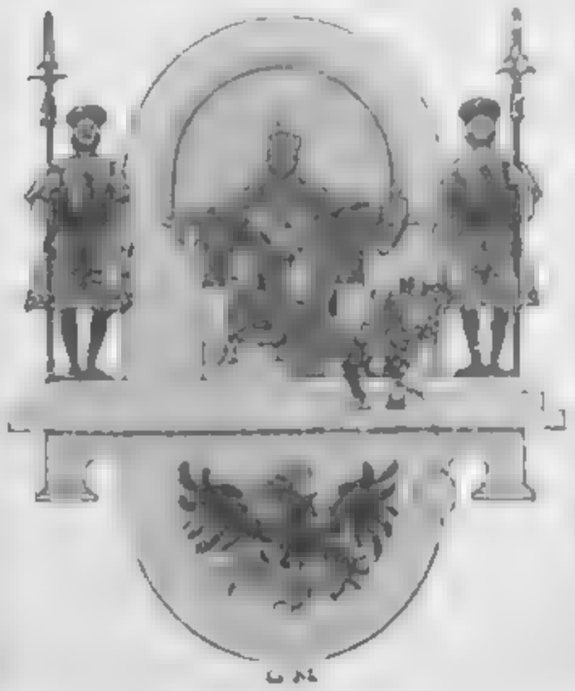
For instance, there was a case where a French common soldier had an idea—no uncommon thing with Gallic common soldiers. The idea was concerned with an improvement in bomb throwers. He took the notion to his officer. "We'll try him, *mon vieux!*" Imagine any other type of officer calling a private "Old Boy"!

Together they went to work with the enthusiasm of artists. Shortly the contraption was rigged. The whole company gathered in a corner of the trench to watch the *début* of the machine. All was ready. Then the muffled snap of a spring and fifty pounds of explosive was silently wafted into the midst of a startled band of *Boches*. Such was the origin of the noiseless bomb thrower, to-day one of the most important articles of furniture in any trench.

What economic effect army training has had in France is difficult to specify. You know the Socialists waged an unremitting war on the institution before the present crisis. The army was considered the foe of labor. In France that argument is forever closed. The instinct of self-defense is stronger than all minor economic considerations.

It is contended by some that the sporting revival in France is indirectly the result of universal training. Certainly the statistics show an advance in the national physical standard. How this training helps in all industrial effort has been dwelt on in describing the results in Switzerland and Germany. The same generalizations apply to France. But the real worth of the military work lies in the national spirit developed. The morale of the race, nursed in the camps and barracks, gives to-day what some glibly call a regenerated nation. If France is regenerated she has her army to thank for this birth of new life.

When you see the defenders of France in the trenches, where every element is fighting to break their spirits, and contemplate the insouciance with which they meet the dregs of discomfort, wounds and—death, you realize that her sons are citizen soldiers in the ideal distinctions of the term. Then another truth dawns on you: Out of solidarity of service France has found her soul.



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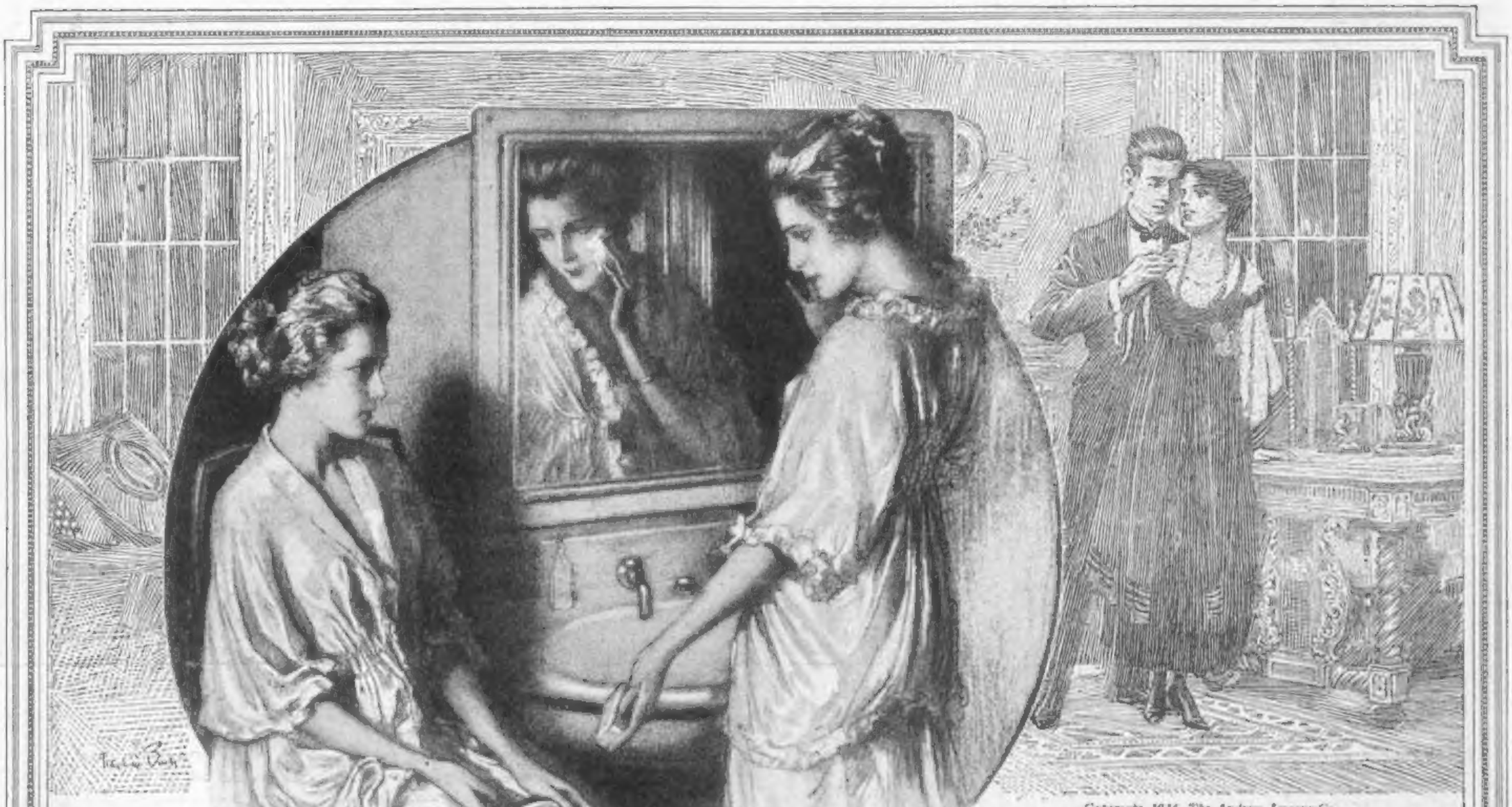

"Both were young and one was beautiful"

"There was a garden in her face where roses and white lilies blow"

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"You can make your skin what you would love to have it"

Whatever condition is keeping your skin from being attractive, *it can be changed.* Your skin, like the rest of your body, is changing every day. As the *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms in its place. Every day, in washing, you rub off the tiny, old dead particles.

This is your opportunity. Your complexion depends on how you take care of the *new* skin. By using the proper treatment—one suited to the nature and condition of your skin—you can keep the new skin so active that it cannot help taking on the greater clearness, freshness and *charm* you have longed for. Among the four Woodbury treatments below is one which will help you—as it has thousands of others—to make *your* skin what you would love to have it.

To reduce conspicuous nose pores

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in, *very gently,* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if the nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.*

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, strengthens the small muscular fibres so they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently.* It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and cause them to contract until they are inconspicuous.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing, in your usual way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.*

This treatment will make your skin fresher and cleaner the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

To clear a blemished skin

Just before retiring wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this. Let it dry and remain on over night. In the morning wash again in your usual way with Woodbury's.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment with it every night until the blemishes disappear. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so strong and active that it will resist the local cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.

To care for a tender, sensitive skin

Dip a soft washcloth in warm (Not Hot) water and hold it to your face. Do this several times until the pores are opened and the skin feels softened. Then make a light warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft, white lather. Rub this gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse the face lightly with clear, tepid water, then with cold. About once a week rub the face with a *piece of ice.* Always dry carefully.

This treatment will bring health to a tender skin, make it resistant and keep it attractive. Try it tonight. You will feel the difference immediately.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get its benefits in the treatment above best suited to your skin. The first time you use it you will feel the difference—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c. cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these treatments.

Send today for "week's-size" cake

For 4c. we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of *your* skin treatment. For 10c. samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c. a copy of the Woodbury Book "A Skin You Love To Touch" and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today! Address *The Andrew Jergens Co., 2424 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2424 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.

For sale by dealers every where throughout the United States and Canada.

Children's Shoes Last Three Times as Long

Mothers and fathers, do you get the full force of the message?

Children's shoes last three times as long when soled with Neolin.

Take a long, deep breath of relief, and bid good-bye forever to that household bugaboo—the monthly or semi-monthly children's shoe-bill. It is gone—gone "for good-and-all," from the day that Neolin comes into your home.

Take the old pairs to the *cobbler*, today, to be soled with Neolin—or insist upon Neolin soles at the *shoe store*, if you're about to buy new ones.

And when all the little feet are shod with Neolin—tell the children to run, and jump, and dance, and slide, to the top of their bent.

Neolin sets them free to follow their childish instincts, at the same time that it sets you free from the big shoe-bill bugaboo.

Bless their hearts—let 'em do their worst with Neolin, and Neolin will still make good!

And the cost-cut-down isn't the only thing.

Neolin soles are *noiseless*.

Neolin soles *won't scratch*—floors or furniture.

Neolin soles are waterproof.

They won't keep the uppers dry, if the youngsters slosh around in a mud-puddle.

But the water can't get through Neolin soles no matter how wet the ground or streets may be.

Neolin soles last three times as long for children—twice as long for grown-ups.

Why the difference in favor of children, you ask?

Because, on account of the scarcity of the supply, many children's shoes are made of *inferior leather*.

You've been blaming the kiddies, in other words, for some things of which they weren't guilty.

They're hard enough on soles, goodness knows; but they had to put up with poor leather, too—and that's why the coming of Neolin means so much to the American home.

The children's story is so big, we haven't space to talk to grown-ups in this advertisement.

But Neolin soles are for you too—very much for you.

No shoes soled with Neolin need to be "broken in."

And Neolin soles on men's or women's shoes wear twice as long.

They are flexible—and have a tendency, therefore, to strengthen the muscles of the feet.

They are strictly water-proof.

Take the children to the cobbler or the shoe store today—and ask for Neolin for yourself.

If the cobbler isn't Neolin equipped—tell him to go to the nearest "shoe findings" house and get equipped.

If the shoe dealer hasn't shoes soled with Neolin—ask him to wire or phone to his jobber or manufacturer at once.

Don't be without Neolin shoes another week.

There should be no increase in price for shoes which are equipped with Neolin soles

Neōlin

Better than Leather

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Why *Orange Day*

—Saturday, March 18th—Is the Day to Buy

Sunkist

California's Selected Oranges

1. Because trainloads of delicious, sweet, juicy, tender, seedless navel oranges have been coming into the market from California—ten million oranges daily—to supply the Orange-Day demand, and these oranges are the finest seedless navels that the great Golden State can grow.

2. Because this is the time to start an all-spring and all-summer orange-eating habit—the most healthful diet-habit that anyone can acquire. Oranges are food and drink combined—they aid in keeping the blood pure—and in the proper assimilation of other foods.

3. Because most dealers on Orange Day, Saturday, March 18th, are making a specialty of oranges. Your dealer, probably, has an abundant supply of this luscious, sweet, juicy fruit. Order today—a dozen, or a box. Ask your dealer about the Sunkist Orange Juice Extractor.

Write us now for our *free book*, "Sunkist Salads and Desserts," which will tell you scores of dainty ways to serve Sunkist Oranges.

All first-class dealers everywhere sell Sunkist Oranges and Lemons.

Save Sunkist wrappers for beautiful silverware.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

Co-operative—Non-profit

Eastern Headquarters: Dept. B-9, 139 N. Clark Street, Chicago

Williams'
Shaving Cream

Wet your brush, squeeze a small bit between the bristles and go to it. Or apply the cream directly to your face if you prefer.

Pretty smooth stuff, this Williams' Cream—smooth looking, smooth feeling, quick acting. It's almost lather when you start; it's all lather an instant later—the same moistening, lasting lather that you always get in Williams' Shaving Soap no matter what the form.

If you are a cream devotee, remember that Williams made shaving soap before cream was thought of and that the soothing, refreshing, enduring lather that has made Williams' Shaving Soaps famous for 75 years is in Williams' Shaving Cream.

Try it; compare it; in the tube; on your face; throughout the shave and after the shave. Your nearest druggist can supply you.

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid

Send 10 cents in stamps for a trial size of all four forms, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, *Dept. A*, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder